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Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 28, 1970/50¢

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New Camaro. Feb. 26th.

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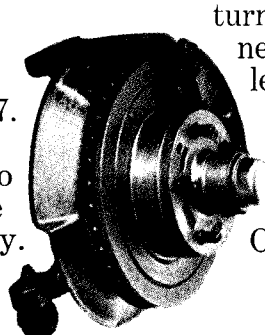

Front disc brakes are standard.

Other sportsters feared it might come to this. And they were right. Only their timing was wrong.

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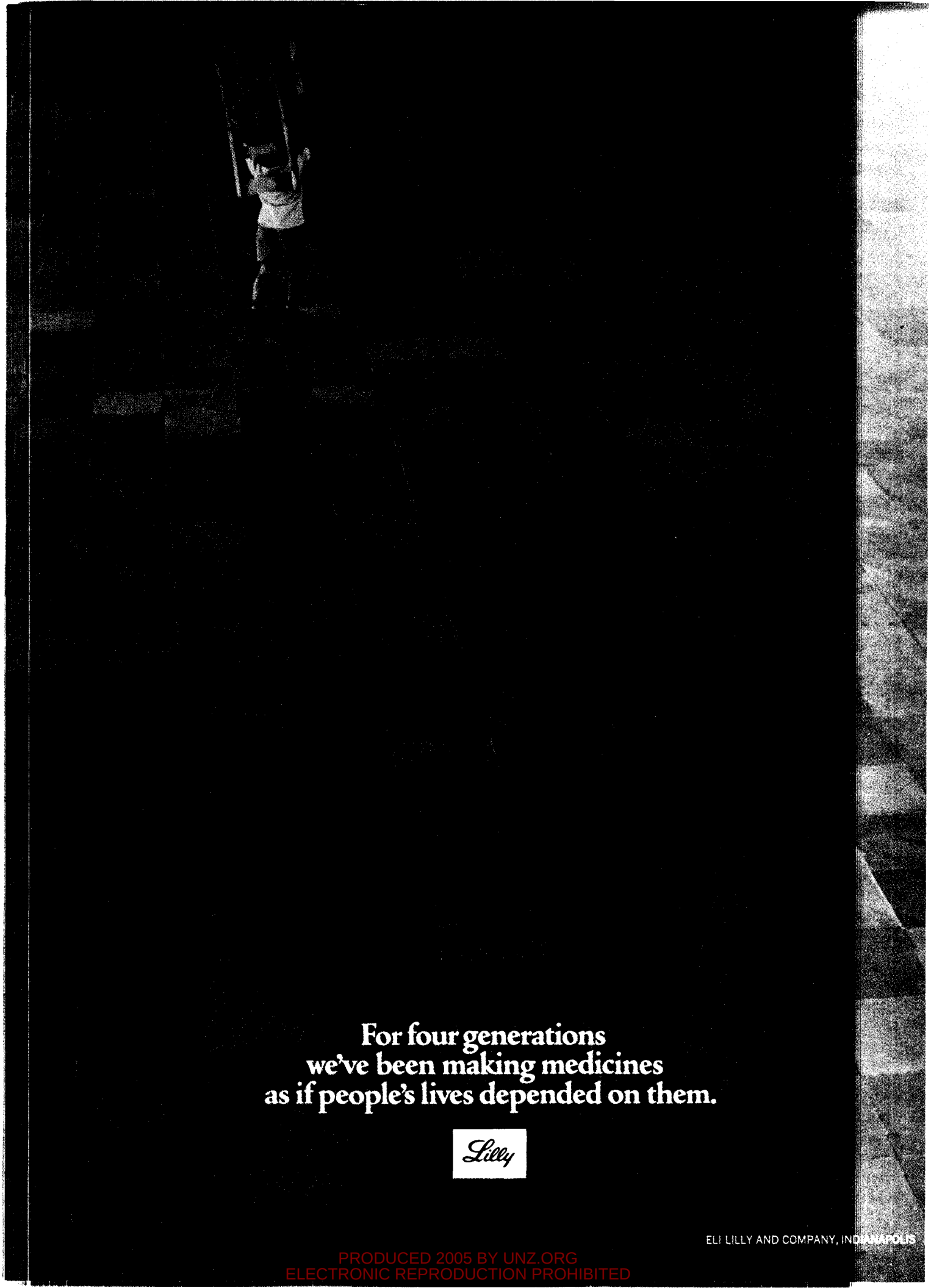
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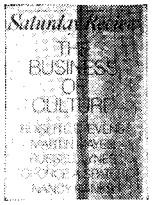
February 28, 1970

Saturday Review

Cover story, page 17

The Business of Culture
A Special Issue

Cover: Bob Cato



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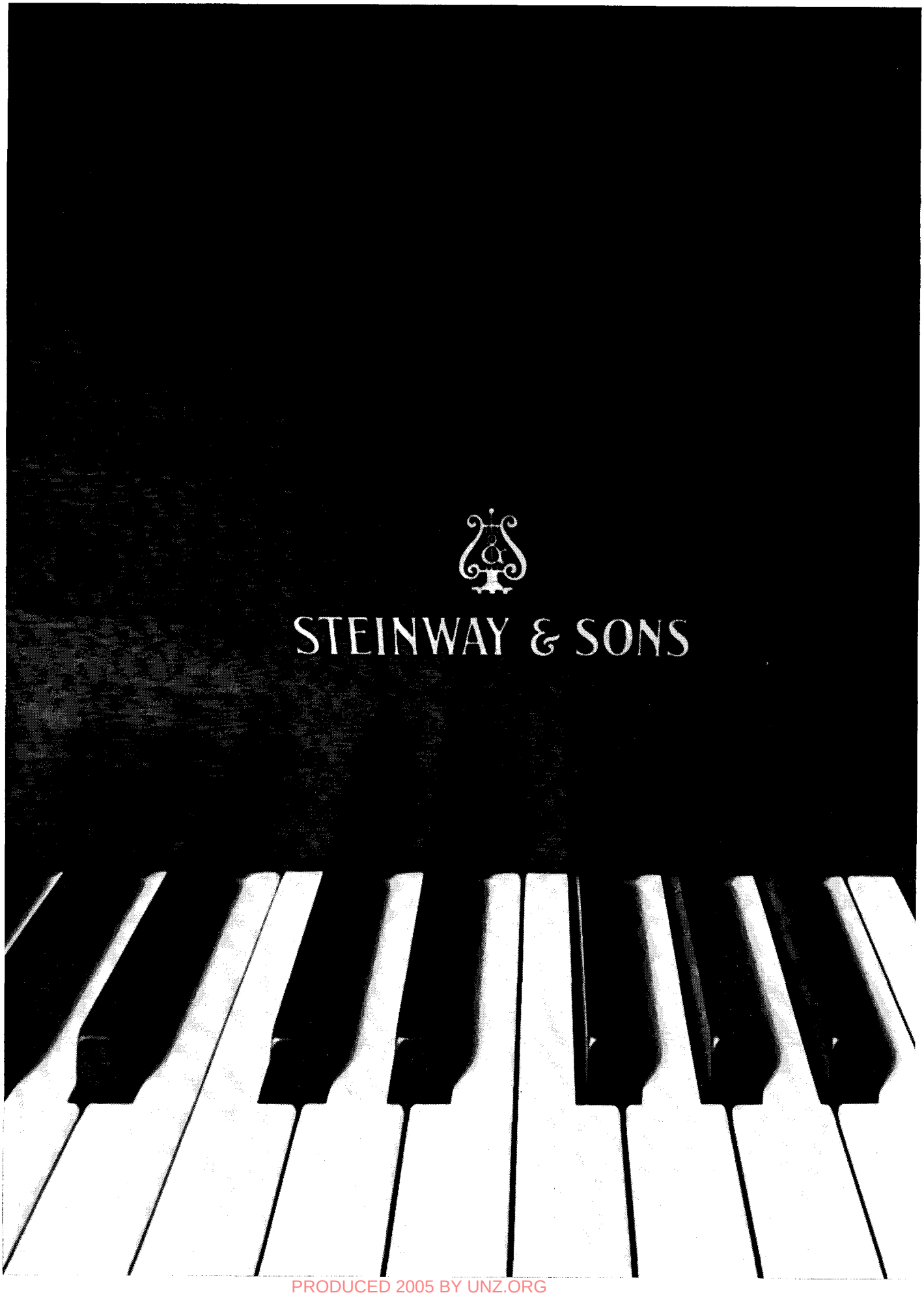

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by

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Modern Living (with apologies to Time's department of the same name)

Girl researchers at Time have been counseled not to wear pants on the job. —NEWS ITEM.

THE PANTS IN THE DESK DRAWER

LAST THURSDAY green-eyed, long-limbed Sandy Culotte, twenty-four, got to the office fifteen minutes early, stealthily entered the building, darted into the ladies room. She wore slacks, clutched a plain brown paper bag in her right hand. Inside the bag: her skirt. Sandy left the ladies room, hurried to her tiny office, guardedly slid the plain brown paper bag—now containing her slacks—into the lower left-hand drawer of her desk.

The place was not the Christian Endeavor Building in Peoria but the Time-Life Building in Manhattan. There had come to Miss Culotte, as it had to all *Time*'s girl researchers,† a memo from *Time*'s top brass: no pants for *Time*'s girls at their desks. By 9 a.m. sixty-eight girls were on the job,

all in skirts. In sixty-eight lower left-hand desk drawers: sixty-eight sacks with slacks.

"I spend forty-three minutes getting here in the morning, including seventeen minutes on the coldest streets Manhattan has known in nineteen years, and twenty-one minutes on a bus which holds its doors open forty-eight seconds every three minutes," shivered the pretty researcher. "Skirts leave me cold."

Reached by phone in Phoenix, Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce gave her succinct opinion of the latest Timedict: "Pantalunacy!"*

At week's end *Time*'s management, still mum, issued a terse statement with a reference to "going Ibsen one better." A veritable vestal virgin tracked the cryptic allusion in five minutes: *An Enemy of the People*, Act 5: "One should never put on one's best trousers to go out to battle for freedom and truth." —PATRICK BUTLER.

† Originally "checkers," *Time*'s researchers were promoted early. The promoter: Henry Luce himself, who once called them "the veritable vestal virgins whom levitous writers cajole in vain, and managing editors learn humbly to appease."

* Onetime editor *(Vanity Fair)*, playwright *(The Women)*, congresswoman (from Connecticut), ambassador (to Italy), Luce stirs echoes of her Bartletted barb at Vice President (1941-45) Henry Wallace's global thinking: "Globaloney!" (1943)

Dog Barrier

MY WIFE broke her toe last week when the dog barrier fell on it. We drove to the hospital. I steadied her as she hopped inside on one foot. "How did it happen?" asked the receptionist.

"I dropped the dog barrier on it," said my wife.

The receptionist smiled and turned to me. "How did it happen?"

"The dog barrier slipped out of her hand and came down on her foot, which had no shoe on it," I answered.

The girl frowned and asked me for my hospitalization cards. We went into the emergency room. "How did it happen?" asked the nurse as she got things ready.

"We have this barrier between the kitchen and living room to keep the dog in the kitchen, and I dropped the barrier on my foot," explained my wife.

"It's made of plywood and it slides up and down," I said.

"Must be pretty heavy," said the nurse, helping my wife into a wheelchair.

"The bottom piece alone isn't so heavy," I said, trotting alongside as my wife was wheeled to the X-ray room. "But the puppy got bigger, and I had to add a second piece of plywood to the top. That made it twice as heavy."

My wife put her foot up to be X-rayed. "There are hinges between the two pieces of the barrier," she said.

"Got your toe caught in the hinge, huh?" commented the X-ray technician.

"No," answered my wife. "The hinge was down, or rather the top part was down. I just dropped the whole thing on my foot."

"The dog barrier is hinged so we can step over it," I said.

There was a chorus of blank looks. A short time later, a doctor appeared

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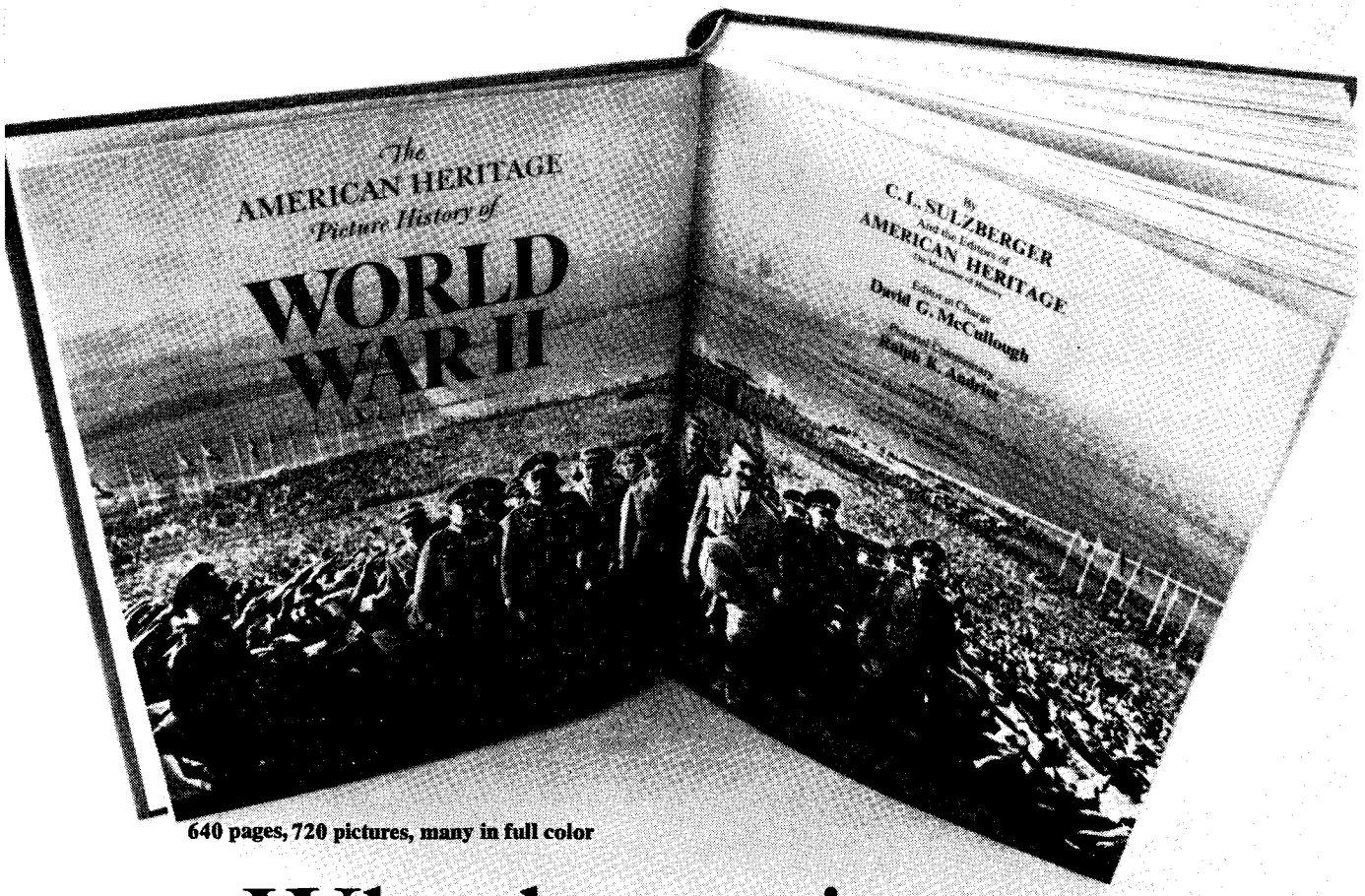

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with a wet X-ray. "It's broken, all right," he said. "How did it happen?"

My wife and I explained that we had a hinged dog barrier that slid up and down on tracks so you could pick the whole thing up and remove it from the doorway if you wanted to. "I tried to pick it up, and it slipped out of my hands and dropped on my foot," said my wife.

The doctor didn't say anything. He began to apply a plaster cast. A hospital volunteer beckoned me from the next room. She asked me questions, and wrote down my answers on a form. We got through Name, Address, Telephone Number, Time of Accident, and Place of Accident. Then came Give Details of Accident.

I tried evasive action. "My wife dropped a piece of wood on her foot."

"Was she carrying firewood?"

"No, it was in the house. A piece of wood between the living room and the kitchen. Really two pieces of wood."

The volunteer waited patiently.

"It was the dog barrier!" I blurted out. I rushed into a three-minute monologue, but it was no use. The volunteer said she couldn't put "dog barrier" on the form. We settled for "fell in home."

My wife appeared with a freshly plastered foot. I wheeled her down the corridor and out to the car. We said "dog barrier dog barrier dog barrier" to everyone we met.

When we got home, the living room was a shambles. The dog had jumped over the barrier. I guess I've got to add a third hinged piece to it.

—DERECK WILLIAMSON.

Saline Solution

IT'S BEEN quite a while since the Soviets began to operate the world's only nuclear desalination complex. Yet they don't say much about it. Why? As some scientists speculate, is the project in trouble?

I suspect a residual problem. Salt. Too much, too soon. To dump the salt back into the sea would require repeated processing of it. So the plant accumulates a surplus of salt. Thus the plant operates only intermittently, as the salt is consumed, or disposed of otherwise. Our Moscow embassy staff might do well closely to observe the posters around town. Is the populace urged to eat more salted peanuts, sea food, and sliced tomatoes?

Of course, if that be the case, the Soviets may confront a related problem. Water. Too little, too late. The Soviets' nuclear desalination capacity simply is unable to equate with their probable thirst potential.

—MACK BRANDEWIEDE.

"The White Rock people don't understand me."

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You're never too young to learn.

Most kids learn to switch channels before they learn to talk. By the time they're old enough for school, they've seen more of this world of ours than Marco Polo or Christopher Columbus ever did. Coming of age in the 1970's is a full-time occupation.

What was the last startling fact your child surprised you with? Where did he get it? He'll probably tell you, "Television."

The world is coming into focus through television; current events isn't just a bulletin board sheet at school. More likely it's the Six O'Clock News.

The kids running down the street will one day face important issues in a voting booth. Wouldn't you like to feel that practically everybody knows how the city and the country are being run? TV helps make it possible for everyone to know the facts. You're never too young to be aware.

Join the kids and watch some of these in March:

Discovery. Riches from the Earth; The French Canadians; The Chesapeake Oystermen; The Harbor Pilots and The Towboatmen; Discovery Goes to Key West. Sundays, March 1, 8, 15, 22, 29 (11:30-12 Noon).

NBC Experiment in Television. This is Al Capp; The Engagement; Fellini: A Director's Notebook; other title TBA. Sundays, March 1, 8, 15, 22 (5-6 pm).

Earth in the Shadow of the Moon—The Solar Eclipse. Special covers total eclipse of sun. Saturday, March 7 (1-2 pm).

Winnie the Pooh and the Honey Tree. Animated version of A. A. Milne's classic. Tuesday, March 10 (7:30-8 pm).

Those Incredible Diving Machines. The Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau—Documentary on man's methods of mastering ocean depths. Tuesday, March 10 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Mystery of Pain. Who, What, When, Where, Why—Study of man's most common ailments. Tuesday, March 10 (10-10:30 pm).

The Young Americans. Popular young singing group performs contemporary music. Thursday, March 12 (9-10 pm).

Three Boys on Safari. Mrs. Ted Yates and sons on journey of discovery in East Africa. Friday, March 13 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Neither Are We Enemies. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Drama of a generation gap in Judea at time of Christ. Friday, March 13 (8:30-10 pm).

The Switched-On Symphony. Los Angeles Philharmonic traces today's pop sounds to their roots in the classics. Saturday, March 14 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Ballad of the Iron Horse. How the railroads united the nation. Sunday, March 15 (7-8 pm).

David Copperfield. Dickens' classic with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Michael Redgrave, Richard Attenborough, Emlyn Williams, Wendy Hiller, Ron Moody. Sunday, March 15 (8-10 pm).

To Confuse the Angel. Prudential's On Stage—A doctor faces a crisis of faith. Starring Lee J. Cobb, Blythe Danner. Sunday, March 15 (10-11 pm).

Horton Hears a Who. Dr. Seuss's animated fantasy. Thursday, March 19 (7:30-8 pm).

Mission Possible: They Care for Their City. Examination of San Francisco and the ways of fighting air pollution, housing problems, urban ills. Friday, March 20 (10-11 pm).

Archie and his New Pals. The gang from Archie comic strip. Sunday, March 22 (7:30-8 pm).

Save on Your Taxes with Sylvia Porter—Parts 1 and 2. "Now"—Miss Porter answers tax questions. Mondays, March 23, 30 (10:30-11 pm).

Hot Dog. American Rainbow—How Americana is manufactured. Saturday, March 28 (11:30 am-12:30 pm).

The Call of the Deep. The Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau—A survey of Cousteau's research. Saturday, March 28 (7:30-8:30 pm).

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert. Leonard Bernstein conducts Beethoven's "Fidelio: A Celebration of Life." Sunday, March 29 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street

Tuesday: First Tuesday (appearing first Tuesday each month)/CBS News Hour

Saturday: The Banana Splits Adventure Hour/Jambo/ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Camera Three/Bullwinkle/Discovery/Frontiers of Faith/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/G-E College Bowl/Wild Kingdom/The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Simon Says

FOR SOME time now I have been basking, though modestly, in the glow of being a celebrity. And it's not because of any special phosphorescence I give off personally. It's due to the fact that playwright Neil Simon, in interviews on TV talk shows, has mentioned that he broke into comedy writing twenty-three years ago as a member of my staff of radio writers.

In case you've been out of the country the past nine years, visiting your money in Switzerland, let it be retold that Neil Simon is the author of nine successive hit Broadway plays, beginning with *Come Blow Your Horn* and on through *The Odd Couple, Plaza Suite, Promises, Promises,* and other titles I should remember but don't. I've been so busy being a proxy celebrity.

It all began several years ago when, on the day after one of Mr. Simon's hits had opened, someone phoned to ask me if I had watched last night's Johnny Carson TV show. I replied I hadn't, because if I'm up that late I'm usually asleep.

"Well," said this friend, "you sure missed it. Neil Simon told Carson that he got his start as a comedy writer on your staff."

I was quite pleased. I preened a little. I said it was true. But I didn't tell him that my total recall of the faces of that staff of eight neophyte writers was nil. I did remember the names of two talented brothers, Neil and Danny Simon, who were included in the group I had hired at CBS to train to raise the level of radio comedy. But I thanked him for calling to tell me.

"Hey," phoned another friend, "I didn't know you started Neil Simon as a comedy writer. He told it last night on the Carson show." There were more calls, and soon I was saying, "Yes, I always predicted he would be a successful playwright and turn out nine hits in a row." By day's end, Neil Simon began zooming more clearly into the delayed replay of my polluted nostalgia.

It all comes back—we wrote in conference. That is, I would sit at the typewriter, and my staff would throw jokes at me. We would discuss their worth, and use those I felt would work. I remember mostly that Neil Simon was a shy and quiet-spoken young fellow. He volunteered very few lines. It was his brother Danny who hollered out the funnier bits. I didn't know until a year after we broke up that Neil had whispered most of the gags to Danny, who tossed them into the pot.

The scripts we wrote were used in an hour radio program that CBS had given us as a laboratory, a hodgepodge of jokes to be hosted by Robert Q. Lewis. Neil Simon was later to say in a newspaper interview that he hated writing for this and, more important, radio shows to which he graduated. He also said in a recent interview that he is not going to write any more plays just for laughs. There would be something "meaningful," he said, a message of some sort, a pause in the laughter for a tough look at our social mores.

In the "golden days of radio," as they say, the young writers never bothered with messages. A joke was a joke was a joke. One or two of the more intrepid writers tried to sneak in a daring message such as "Honesty is the best policy." Or "Early to bed and early to rise," or a whopper like "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

But never, never did a radio writer dare to fool with something like "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife." As a matter of fact, they don't fool with that message now either. Coveting is out. In today's entertainment, movies especially, nobody "covets" a neighbor's wife. He just takes.

Which is the theme of the third act of Simon's latest comedy hit, *Last of the Red Hot Lovers*, a hilarious, poignantly written play you can't afford to miss. After the play opened and the critics had spent superlative adjectives as if they were credit cards, Neil Simon went on another talk show and again mentioned our early association.

More phone calls. And I got that old celebrity feeling again. This was my ninth time around as a celebrity, and I should have been able to handle it more gracefully. But as the telephoners grew more expansive in their accreditations ("That Neil Simon's sure lucky you let him work with you"), my responses grew apace. I added lines such as "Yes, looks like we've written another hit."

But it was at the Friars for lunch that day that I went completely ape. I was greeted too cordially by brother Friars, who recognize a celebrity when they see one. An hour later when the waiter placed my check before me, I signed it: "To Harry, with love, 50-cent tip."

"When does Rotary meet?"

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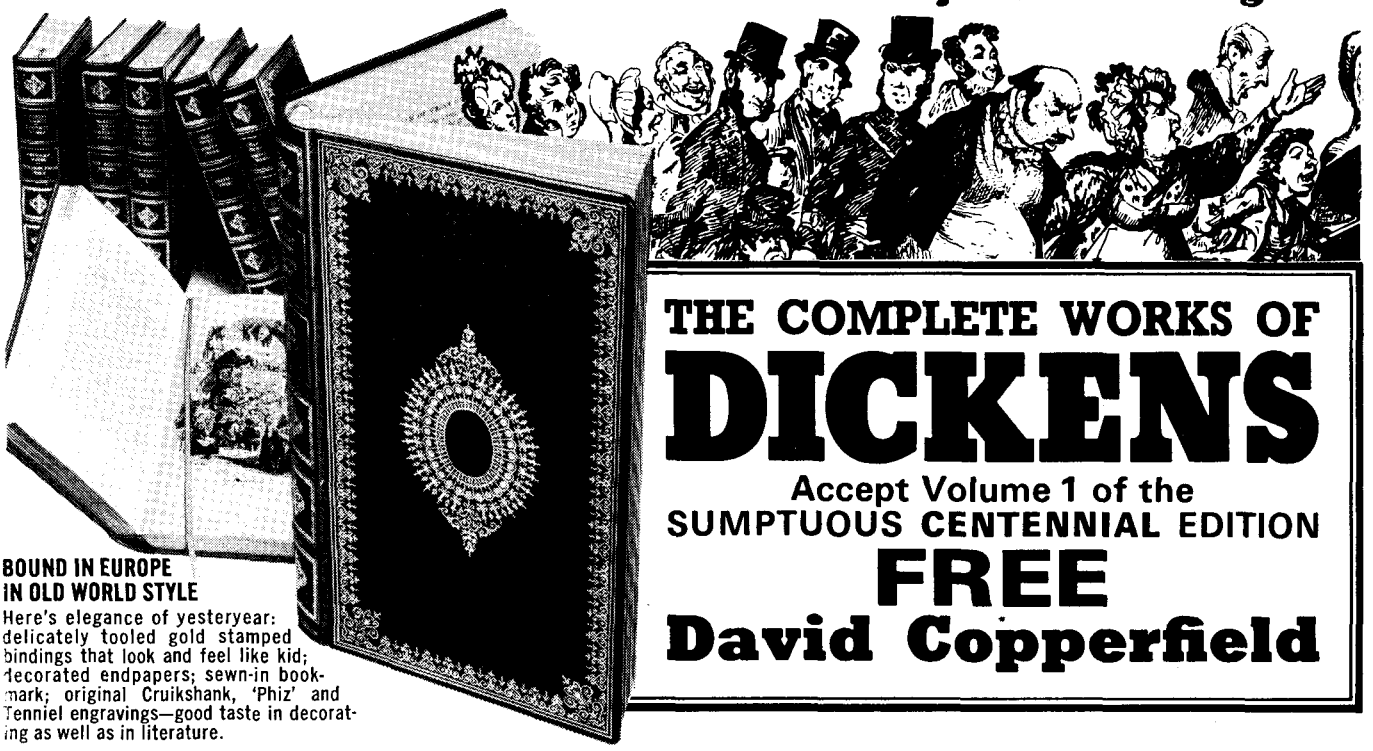

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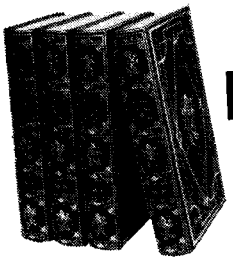

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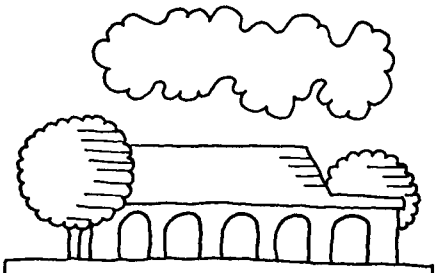

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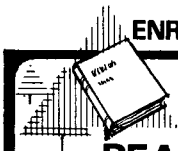

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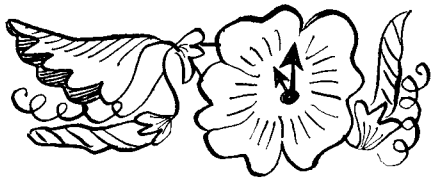
Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

A lady tells me she was at a party in Houston where they were talking about odd yet authentic names of people, such as Gizella Werberzerk-Piffel and Rinetta Davydink. A man recalled a girl in Waxahachie, Texas, named Naughtybird Curtsey.

My friend says she was reluctant to believe this, until a young woman spoke up and said to the man, "I know a Naughtybird Curtsey in Waxahachie. I wonder if it could be the same one."

You could probably do away with your clock if you had a green enough thumb. According to the late Ware T. Budlong



in her *Performing Plants* (Simon & Schuster), dwarf morning-glories tell you it's about 5:30 a.m. when they open and around noon when they close; four-o'clocks, of course, open at that time in the afternoon, while California poppies close. When day lilies or dandelions close, it's probably time to get ready for bed. And so on. Linnaeus made a floral clock two centuries ago. If you knew your scents your nose told you the time when you entered the scientist's garden.

Mrs. Budlong's interesting book tells about plants that do things for you. A compass plant points north and south. The gas plant gives off a volatile oil, and, if you like to live dangerously, you can hold a match near and a flame will flash from the flower. You can grow carnivorous plants. The Venus's-flytrap likes its hamburger raw. There are plants, such as the nasturtium and the marigold, that give off light. Mrs. Budlong reports that a soldier in Burma wrote a letter home by the glow of a cluster of luminous mushrooms. There are also plants that make explosions, shooting out seeds.

Performing Plants also explains how to affect the growth of plants by electricity. Some people maintain that plants grow better if they are talked or sung to. (I think I read once that a plant shriveled up after it had been called "Communist" every day for several months.) Mrs. Budlong reports on an experiment at the New York Botanical Gardens, where scientists played a song called "The Stripper," recorded by the David Rose orchestra, to see if that tune could cause the plants to shed their leaves. They didn't. I guess you would need Performing People for that.

The young students in the King's Chapel Church School, which is situated I know not where, as my correspondent failed to tell me (the postmark was Boston), got together and prepared what they called "A Children's Version of the Ten Commandments," as follows:

No killing
No littering
No pollution
People should be kind to others
No stealing
Parents shouldn't force children
Peace
Give to needy people
People should go to school
Respect people
1) everyone
2) if they deserve it

Recently someone made a joke about his wife who, when notified by the bank that her checking account was overdrawn by $50, sat right down and wrote a check for that amount and sent it in for deposit to make up the deficiency. Somehow, as I reflect upon

it, it isn't funny. The banks have changed a good many of our concepts by their various inducements to spend money and charge everything. For a while now there has been a system whereby you cannot run out of money in your checking account. If your balance goes below zero, the bank puts cash into it. I don't know where it comes from, but I am sure it isn't being donated. No wonder that poor gal was confused.

The banks just love to have folks borrow money. I notice that if you make a deposit you have to stand in line. But if you admit you're broke and in need, they take you to a chair and let you sit down. If you have a lot of bills outstanding, the bank will pay them for you, but then you owe the bank more than the bills added up to. But they have a nice way of making you feel as though everything is all

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right, as though even if you don't need the money it might be a good idea to borrow some.

I think some of this philosophy has extended into the medical insurance field. I just read a full-page ad in the Boston *Globe* headlined, HOW TO LEAVE THE HOSPITAL WITH EXTRA CASH IN YOUR POCKET! It describes a "remarkable plan" whereby the sicker you are and the longer you stay in the hospital, the more money you can make out of it. It is such a compelling idea that I caught myself wishing something would happen to me so I could become wealthy.

Sharps and Flats: *Ring of Bright Water* was an entertaining movie, but I have not been able to reconcile the idea of that man falling in love with an otter, ignoring that pretty young Scottish girl who was there for the taking. I mean, like when he returns after a trip to London, there she is waiting patiently on the desolate moors for him to get off the bus. The first thing he says is, "How's Mij?"

► The New York *Daily News* knows what's going on. In reporting the results of a teachers' strike, it said that "teachers with batchelors' degrees will get an immediate increase."

► Alice Cromic took her dog to the Grayslake, Illinois, Animal Hospital, where she found this sign: PLEASE DO NOT PUT PETS ON COUNTER. RECEPTIONIST BITES.

► Do not say *the I Ching*. That's like saying chili con carne with meat.

► One of Harriet Stolorow's students at Jackson (Michigan) Community College wrote an essay on his objections to the Vietnam War, concluding, "I do not want to wind up full of holes in a rice patty."

► Walter J. Klein, Jr., says he met a real Right-winger in California who carried a pistol in his waistcoat pocket. It was the Fascist gun in the Vest.

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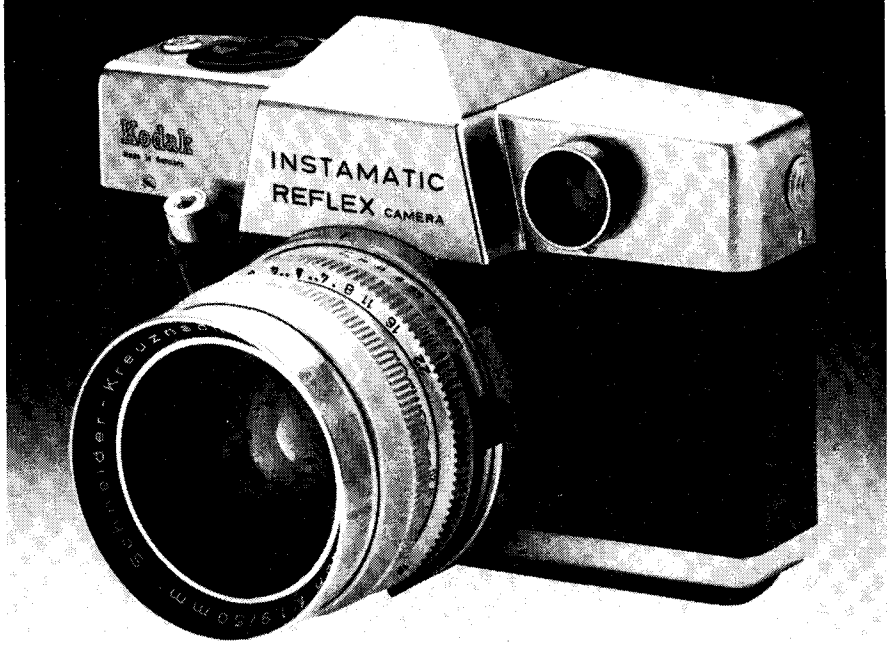

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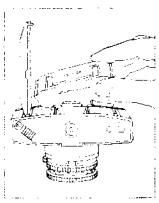

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Archibald MacLeish has said:

" . . . We need the power of art as no other modern generation has ever needed it, and yet we have done everything, both in the arts and out of them, to destroy that power. What the arts serve — have always served — is our human understanding of our lives, our relation to them. But it is precisely our relation to our lives we have somehow lost: our touch with them, our feel of them, our sense of their reality, of the dignity and meaning they seemed once to have. We have filled them so full of things, of appurtenances, of possessions, devices, machinery — of what we call, with perhaps unconscious irony, our 'affluence', that there is no room left for ourselves. And the result is the CROWDED, CONGESTED, DEAFENING, UNBEAUTIFUL* emptiness of our existence."

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Saturday Review
February 28, 1970

THE BUSINESS OF CULTURE

■ For forty-five years *Saturday Review* has been privileged to chronicle the steadily ascending curve of interest and participation in the arts. But the arts in the United States today are in trouble. Renowned cultural organizations such as the Metropolitan Opera are precariously in the red. Great museums have curtailed acquisitions, hours of service, even routine maintenance, and face still deeper cutbacks. Venerable music schools, distinguished symphony orchestras, accomplished dance companies, and eminent public libraries are within a step of bankruptcy. All this in the world's wealthiest nation at a time of new apogees in income, education, and leisure.

In the following special section, coordinated by Editor-at-Large Alfred Balk, *SR* examines the economic crisis in the arts. First, Roger L. Stevens, chairman of the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts and former chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts, discusses "America's Stake in the Arts." Next, author-critic Martin Mayer, reporter for the forthcoming Twentieth Century Fund study *Bricks and Mortar and the Performing Arts*, writes on "Where the Dollars Go." In the third article, "The Artist as Uneconomic Man," social critic Russell Lynes, president of the MacDowell Colony, points up the economic plight of the individual artist. Accompanying his article is a summary of an exclusive MacDowell Colony survey of painters, sculptors, composers, and writers. Then George A. Spater, president of American Airlines and a member of the Business Committee for the Arts, outlines "A New Mission for Business." Nancy Hanks, chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts and National Council on the Arts, contributes a guest editorial (page 32); and, in a related article in the RECORDINGS section (page 81), Amyas Ames, president of the New York Philharmonic, focuses on the financial problems of symphony orchestras.

—THE EDITORS.

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—*Guy Gilette.*

Lincoln Center Plaza—"We Americans need to regain our feeling of purpose as well as our sense of the marvelous in life."

America's Stake in the Arts

by ROGER L. STEVENS

With the thousands of words that have gushed forth from all directions about the sad condition of the arts, the importance of the arts, and the financial problems of the arts, I think it is time that we ask some fundamental questions. What stake does this country have in the arts? Why should we all be concerned? Actually, there is great need for concern, if for no other reason than that the world's most prosperous civilization is suffering from a malaise that seems to defy explanation.

Ironically, socialist and communist countries that are trying desperately to raise their living standards and create an economic system that will excel U.S. achievements do not seem plagued with the problems besetting our country. Their struggle to overtake us seems to provide a motivation and *esprit de corps* that we no longer have. In spite of our affluence there is general discontent—youths are disillusioned; the poor are dissatisfied; the wealthy are bored; the blacks are angry; the middle class is frustrated and bewildered by rapidly changing values and mores; and ever increasing violence occurs. It seems obvious that we must develop a new approach to life through which we can utilize our new affluence in a more meaningful way. It is at this point that we should consider what role the arts can play in enriching our lives and curing the malaise that permeates our society.

If only for a purely selfish reason, each individual should become personally involved in the arts. There always are new pleasures and excitement to be derived from day-to-day living if one expands his interest in every field of the arts. And if one is willing to devote the time and effort necessary to specialize in one area, the rewards will be even greater.

Whether one is an artist developing his talent or an individual developing an appreciation of the arts, one must expend discipline, training, and effort. Unfortunately, many people tend to expect instant satisfaction when they dabble with the arts, failing to realize that reaping true benefits requires as much preparation and hard work as any other field of endeavor, if not more. The simple fact is that there is so much music to hear, so much literature to read, and so much visual art to see that if one spent all his life attempting to absorb the arts he would merely scratch the surface. If one stops to contemplate the personal rewards received from exploring these areas, it is difficult to understand why most of us do not realize the opportunities. Were we more successful in utilizing these vast resources and incorporating the arts into our daily lives, we would undoubtedly be closer to the utopia promised us by religions and political systems for centuries.

With today's shortened work week and lengthened life span, the average American is left with a tremendous increase in leisure time. Many people faced with retirement seem to wither away because they failed to acquire outside interests during their more active years. When they no longer have jobs, boredom and depression set in. Had they developed the necessary mental resources and habits of concentration, they could enjoy their free time.

The disaffected youths of today seem more and more attracted to the arts, even to the point of making their careers in this field. Many see weakness-

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es and faults in business and feel that the arts are more compatible with their views of life. Unfortunately, our educational system has performed miserably in the arts. The presentations made by most art teachers are so dull and unimaginative that they deaden student interest. As a result we lose many potential audiences and much potential talent.

The failure to teach students to appreciate design and beauty at an early age has appreciable impact on the appearance of our cities and roadsides. The squalor in most American cities is beyond belief; what the automobiles, parking lots, highways, and utilitarian buildings have done to our cities is criminal. Were Americans taught to become more concerned with shaping their environment, they would not allow their cities to be desecrated with the usual hot dog stands, gaudy gasoline stations, garish store fronts, and generally bad designs. If esthetic principles instead of purely utilitarian ones carried the day and the ugliness of our cities were not so pronounced, one could enjoy the exhilaration that comes from beautiful surroundings.

Our image abroad is deteriorating continually in spite of the billions spent to foster good will. If we would stop feeling that our greatest threat is atomic war and waken to the fact that the real battle is for the minds of men, we would realize the importance of the arts in securing the good will of intellectuals and artists who are world opinion-makers.

There is, however, an ever-present problem of financing. To deal with that, we must get rid of the general notion that art should pay for itself like a manufactured product. It is time, too, to stop asking the artist to subsidize the arts indirectly by accepting inadequate compensation for his work. It has always seemed strange to me that this nation, which was the first to recognize the importance of making free education available to everyone, has failed to understand the importance of making the arts available for all.

It took *Sputnik* to awaken this country to the necessity of vastly increasing its budget for scientific research and development. We who have been trying to promote support for the arts have always said that what we needed was our version of *Sputnik*. It may be that the revolt of today's disillusioned youth will provide the impetus we have needed. Government, foundations, and business might then decide to allot the kind of resources necessary for real development in the arts—the long-term benefits of which could possibly be even more exciting than a moon landing.

We should spend at least $5-billion a year on the arts—which is less than 10 per cent of the total spent on education. This would finance building of museums, performing arts centers, and other necessary facilities throughout the country, and provide sufficient subsidy to enable everyone who wishes to participate in some artistic endeavor to do so. The ideal situation would be to secure combined support from government, foundations, business, and individuals, so that no one group would dominate.

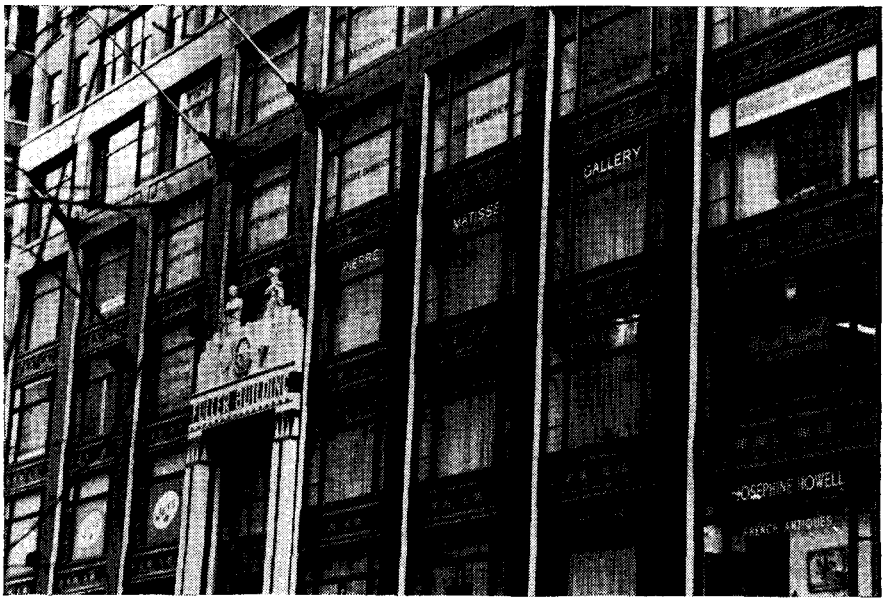
Actually, there is much more government money available for the arts than might appear at first glance—if we include funds available through individual and corporate tax deductions, as well as indirect educational aid. But it is not nearly enough to do an adequate job of attaining the artistic development that the American people deserve. Government budgets for the arts —federal, state, and municipal—must be increased substantially. Government is the appropriate source of assistance to organizations such as performing arts groups that are in desperate financial straits, since the political overtones would be considerably less than in more controversial individual grants. The latter could be handled by foundations and private individuals.

Among the principal villains responsible for the arts' financial problems are the foundations, which, according to statistics, give less than 4 per cent of their total income to arts programs. With the government increasing yearly the money available for education and health, the arts would seem to be the logical alternate place for foundations to put their money. The foundations should function halfway between government and individuals. If properly operated, they could be the ideal source of funds: There is always the danger of too much control when government supplies most of the money, and individuals can be just as dominating as government, as evidenced by the experiences of painters, sculptors, composers, and writers who were financed by individual patrons.

Unfortunately, however, foundations often suffer the same disease that can afflict federal agencies—the tendency to "play it safe." In the arts this can be fatal. One reason for the weaknesses in the operation of foundations is that many were formed by those who wished to avoid taxes rather than undertake good works. As time goes on, however, and the foundations mature —and laws make them live up to their credos—it is hoped they will all operate in the manner in which the Ford, Rockefeller, and Mellon Foundations do.

Corporations are another source of funds that have hardly been tapped, and they must be brought into this alliance. The time is long overdue for big business to face its responsibility of improving the society that has allowed it to become so successful. One very encouraging development has been formation of the Business Committee for the Arts [see box, page 30]. If, as hoped, committee members are able to convince the business community to increase its appropriations to the arts twentyfold, as was done for education by the Council for Financial Aid to Education, it could mean an increase of hundreds of millions of dollars for the arts.

Assuming we are fortunate enough to obtain the funds necessary for the arts to fill their proper role in our civilization, it must then be decided how to disburse the money in a man-



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ner that will insure the maximum benefits. In the space available here it would be hard to detail the specific uses of the $5-billion mentioned earlier, but I can briefly mention some categories that must receive attention.

ART EDUCATION: A first order of business should be completely to overhaul our system of art education at all levels. The quality of teachers must be improved by better training and more attractive rewards. One way to insure good instruction might be to require artists receiving government aid during their developing years to devote a certain amount of their time to teaching. Outstanding art teachers should be recognized, and suitable awards of money and prestige should be made.

More imaginative programing must be introduced. Methods and techniques must be updated. Some strongly advocate use of audio-visual materials. Development of cassettes for TV sets could drastically change present teaching methods. The Kodály system, developed in Hungary, goes to the other extreme: It teaches music using only voice. Instruction begins at the age of five and continues through high school. It will take time to measure the benefits of these relatively new methods, with many controlled experiments.

If properly mobilized, local museums and performing arts groups can be used effectively to help educate the community by working with schools and local groups. Although there has been some cooperation in this area recently, it can be greatly increased.

Traditionally, professional artists go through basic training at specialized schools and then undertake advanced individual tutorial study. But conservatories and private art schools are suffering serious financial problems, and their costs are rising rapidly. Federal programs, for the most part, have been oriented toward the sciences. The young scientist is usually attached to an institution that is well equipped, and he is taught by teachers who have research opportunities and above-normal salaries because of federal programs and other aid. On the other hand, the young artist usually finds himself with a school that has an obsolete physical plant, poor equipment, and underpaid teachers. Private gifts to such institutions are rare, and alumni usually can barely provide for their own needs, much less help their alma mater. We must institute a program of substantial aid immediately or expect to see a considerable decrease in the amount and quality of professional training available to young artists.

SUPPORT AND ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE INDIVIDUAL ARTIST: Recently I attended a meeting of arts deans, who unanimously agreed that one of the most serious problems facing the arts is the large percentage of individuals with talent who do not pursue arts careers because of economic considerations. Young people with talent first must be persuaded to enter the field, and then they must receive financial support during the difficult time of adjustment between their university training and the development of sufficient ability to support themselves. Socialist and communist countries, whose repressive controls hardly provide ideal climates for the artist, at least always have recognized the importance of his influence on society and offered him financial security. The artist in these countries enjoys great community respect, as well as a high standard of living. Hopefully, the day will come in this country when our artists will enjoy the same admiration and prestige that we offer athletes.

For an example of what financial assistance to individual artists can accomplish, we need only look at the WPA and PWA programs, which offered assistance to all needy visual artists during the Thirties. Although no accurate study has been made, it is generally acknowledged that about 80 per cent of the painters and sculptors who gained world recognition in the Forties and Fifties were supported during the Depression by government funds—not to develop art, but for sociological reasons. Obviously, a percentage of the artists would have continued their work even if these funds had not been available, but a great many would have had to turn to other endeavors to survive. As a result of this subsidy, so many great artists were developed that New York is now generally acknowledged to be the center of the visual art world, which previously had been Paris. An interesting question is, "What panel of experts in the Thirties would have picked people like David Smith, Mark Rothko, or Jackson Pollock as the most promising artists of the future?" In other words, this shotgun approach gave all outstanding talent a chance to develop and brought our country to its present eminent position in visual art. Ironically enough, the financial gain from increased taxes and values has far exceeded the government cash outlay.

DEVELOPMENT OF MANAGERIAL TALENTS: There is an acute shortage of administrators for museums and the performing arts. In fact, the lack of qualified people has resulted in much justified criticism from potential contributors, and in many cases has meant the loss of a great deal of money. It is difficult for a nonartist to do a good job in this field even though he may be a capable administrator. What is really needed are individuals with artistic bent, although not necessarily with great talent. However, it is frequently difficult to get an artist to admit his lack of progress and persuade him to undertake the immensely important job of administration, which can be so important to all concerned and often can improve his own position in life. But again, if we are to receive additional funds, we must make this field more attractive to qualified people.

PLANT AND EQUIPMENT: There is a great need for additional facilities and equipment, the provision of which is taken for granted in such fields as education and manufacturing. Though financial assistance to many new arts centers is constantly questioned and criticized, I think one would be hard put to deny that uncomfortable, unpleasant surroundings cannot produce the best art —from the point of view of either creator or audience. We must continue to provide more theaters, opera houses, studios, and museums to communities throughout the country.

IMPROVEMENT OF ARTISTIC STANDARDS IN URBAN DEVELOPMENT: Good architects and designers should be given many more opportunities to protect our cities and roadsides from being continually despoiled. A massive program should be instituted that would take advantage of the natural beauty of our rivers and harbors, which, if properly developed, could add immeasurably to the appearance of our cities. Insurance companies and banks, which, along with government, finance most of the building in this country, could easily insist that certain esthetic standards be met. There will be those who say that this will mean too much control, but, on the other hand, what right do some individuals or business concerns have to inflict ugliness upon the rest of the community and desecrate its environment?

An interesting example of how a city can improve its architectural environment exists in the little town of Columbus, Indiana, where the progressive Cummins Engine Company donated the architect fees for new public structures, provided they were designed by one of five or six of the leading architects in the country. Consequently, this little city has more beautiful schools, churches, and other public buildings than many other cities twenty times its size. This kind of a program should be adopted in more cities.

DEVELOP MORE DISCERNING AUDIENCES: Developing more intelligent audiences for all art forms is a gigantic task but

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one that must receive top priority, not only because it will provide the artist with a greater opportunity to become self-supporting but also because it will guarantee a much happier public. People who do not necessarily have creative talents, but who are interested in painting, theater, music, and the dance, should be encouraged to become "Sunday painters" or to become involved in amateur musicals, theatricals, and concerts. Facilities and equipment should be made available so they may sense the excitement of personal involvement and better understand the work that goes into these productions.

Television offers an excellent vehicle for introducing good art to the public, as well as offering a showcase for artists. If one considers that the average child watches TV twenty hours a week, one realizes the marvelous educational opportunities that could be exploited. Unfortunately, to date, very little quality art is being produced for TV. We must make every effort to see that this is changed. Since many sections of this country rarely, if ever, are exposed to quality performing arts groups, touring companies should be subsidized. Touring dance programs sponsored by the National Council on the Arts have been extremely well received throughout the country.

EXCHANGE OF ARTISTS FROM ALL NATIONS: A proper exchange of leading artists the world over should be adopted as a major part of our foreign policy, so the best ideas can be exchanged and evaluated. If this exchange were increased as much as it should be, the cost would be heavy; however, we could take some of the funds from the national defense budget and use them for this purpose. The benefits in increased knowledge, influence, and understanding might provide a higher return for money spent than the very expensive military equipment we have been supplying to date to other nations.

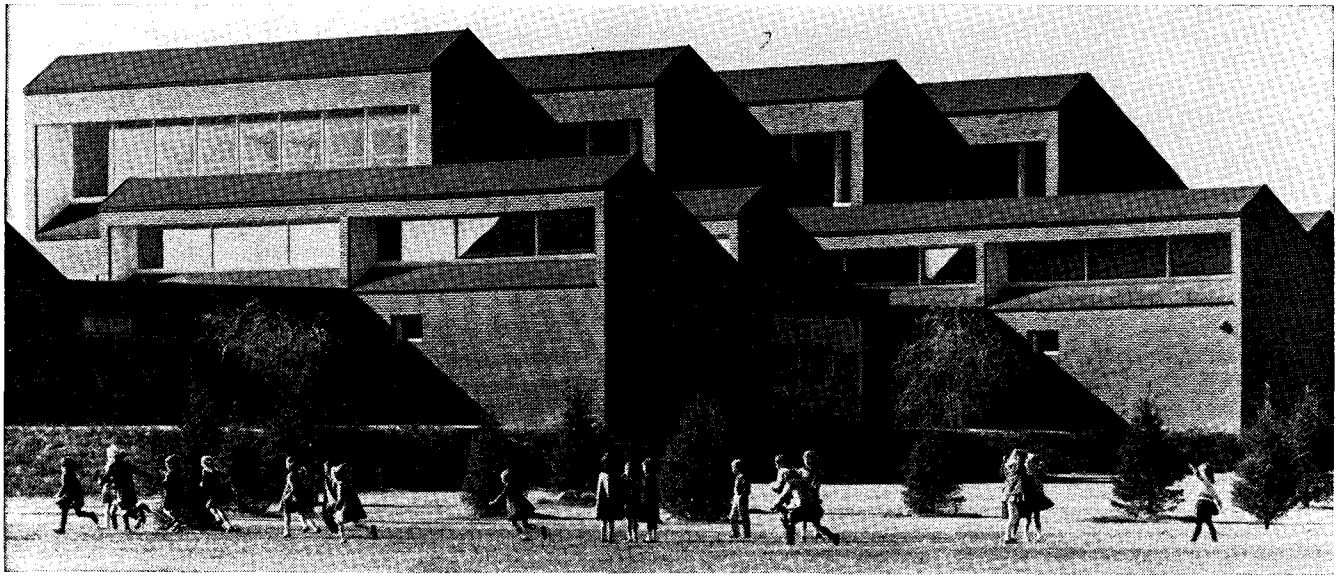
ASSISTANCE TO ART INSTITUTIONS: Finally, we must face the fact that if our leading art institutions are to survive we must be prepared to subsidize them. With the profit-minded mentality in this country it is often considered disgraceful for institutions to operate with deficits. But it is virtually impossible for most orchestras, opera companies, dance groups, and theater groups to operate without deficits, even when playing to capacity audiences. In a machine age, it is impossible for the arts to mechanize, and therefore they feel rising costs more than most businesses.

There are frequent complaints about the price of theater tickets. While doing some research on ticket prices, I found that the Globe Theater, which was built on Broadway in 1908, originally charged $3 for an orchestra seat. Considering the depreciation of the dollar, it would be necessary to receive ten times that amount today—which is seldom the case. So unless admission prices are raised considerably—which, whether one likes it or not, would eliminate most of our audiences—our performing arts groups will never be solvent. The use of the word "deficit" actually is unfair and should be applied to operations in the performing arts only when the receipts, gifts, and any government aid are less than planned expenditures.

Generally speaking, we should charge admission for the performing arts, except in the case of school children. In addition to the economic considerations, people tend to appreciate something more if they are required to pay a slight fee. I even advocate charging admission to museums that are now free. In Europe, which has had a long tradition of subsidizing the arts, there has always been a charge for attending museums and the performing arts, even though the amount may be small. However, if prices are to be kept reasonable, some form of subsidy always will be necessary to make up the difference between receipts and costs.

We Americans, who are renowned for our ability to achieve almost anything, once more need to regain our feeling of purpose as well as our sense of the marvelous in life. There are still discoveries to be made, unknown frontiers to be crossed, great things to be accomplished. Not least, we are challenged by that long line of social philosophers and critics who delight in pointing out the fact that no great democracy has ever lasted long enough to produce a high culture. We are today the oldest democracy in the world, and we are now faced with having to prove those critics wrong.

I believe the arts and our democracy are compatible, and that we have every reason to aspire to that high culture. I believe that we can achieve that high culture, especially when we as a people learn that the arts are not the province of the few, but the staple of the many. Bernard Berenson, just before his death, had a vision of what we might become through the genius of the arts. "All the arts," he wrote, "poetry, music, ritual, the visible arts, and the theater, must singly and together create the most comprehensive art of all, a humanized society, and its masterpiece, free man."



Richards Elementary School, Columbus, Indiana—"more beautiful schools, churches, and other public buildings than many other cities twenty times its size."

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WHERE THE DOLLARS GO

by MARTIN MAYER

John Crosby's lovely Santa Fe Opera will open as usual in July, with seven productions, four of them new and one of the four a world premiere. But the decision to go ahead in 1970 was more of a gamble than the bankers who must advance the money ordinarily like, and nobody is guaranteeing that there will be a Santa Fe season in 1971. The Metropolitan Opera is "looking into an income gap" of little less than $5-million next year. The New York City Opera needed contributions of $1.5-million (including those from sponsors in Los Angeles for the brief season there) to keep afloat this year; and the Chicago Lyric last autumn saw its season deficit rise above $1-million for the first time.

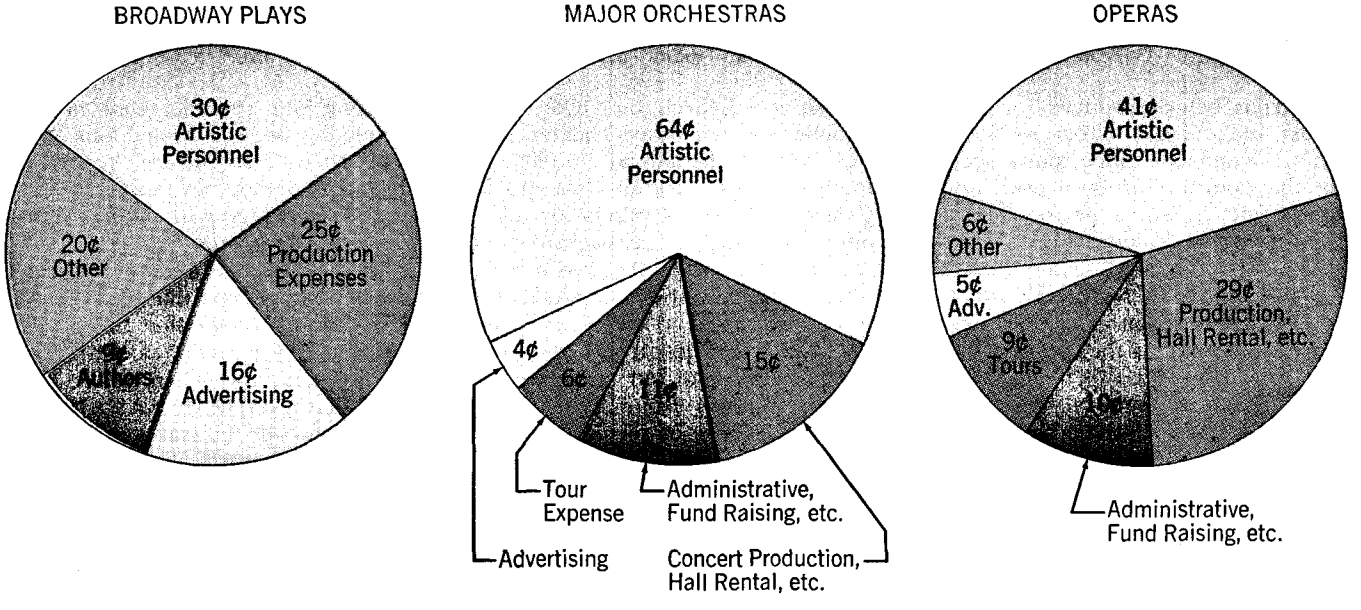
Last May, the management consulting firm of McKinsey and Company reported to the presidents of the Big Five orchestras (Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, New York, and Philadelphia) that their total annual operating deficit, which had been $2.9-million in 1963-64 and $5.7-million in 1967-68, could be projected conservatively at $7.9-million in 1971-72. These orchestras earn nearly two-thirds of their costs in box-office receipts, record royalties, and such. Most lesser symphony orchestras are proportionately much worse off; some, indeed, are technically bankrupt, and are borrowing to pay this year's expenses, planning to repay in the spring when next year's subscription revenue arrives.

Ballet, until recently a coterie affair in America, has finally achieved here the broad popular appeal it has always known in Europe, with four major touring companies employed virtually all year long (New York City Ballet, City Center Joffrey Ballet, Ballet Theatre, and National Ballet of Canada). With its small orchestras and low-paid dancers, ballet is an inexpensive art form next to opera and symphony, yet the four ballet companies, despite their vastly expanded box office, among them showed an operating loss of well over $2-million in 1969.

Only the regional repertory theaters are still free from multi-digit deficits, and their time, clearly, is coming: The two largest enterprises, the Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis and the Lincoln Center Repertory Theater in New York, are already on the beach, gasping for money. Like the symphony orchestras a decade ago, the repertory theaters in smaller cities are sustained financially by the willingness of their employees to accept psychic income in lieu of decent salaries. With increasing numbers of theater companies securing permanent housing in arts centers, actors will soon be asking why they must work for half (or even one-third) the income of the musicians in the orchestras next door. At heart, the actor is just as petit bourgeois as the musician, and as the cigar-makers and printers proved long ago it's the skilled petits bourgeois who build the toughest union.

The arts seem cursed by their own success: The greater attention paid to them, the more money they use. Worse yet, the condition is inevitable and irreversible. The problem in its simplest terms is the artist's inability to improve his economic productivity. Since Carnegie Hall was built eighty years ago, the average American industrial worker has more than quintupled his productivity—that is, aided by machinery, he produces more than five times as much per man-hour as he produced in the 1890s—and the farmer's productivity has gone out of sight. But an orchestra playing to a full house at Carnegie performs precisely the same services that its great-grandfather did when old Andy's friends were in the audience. If the musicians of the orchestra are to maintain their income relative to that

How the Money Is Spent



—Source: *Performing Arts: The Economic Dilemma* (Twentieth Century Fund).

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of industrial workers, the seats at Carnegie must sell for five times as much in constant dollars. This trend is by no means confined to the arts: Educational, legal, and to a lesser extent medical and domestic services—even storekeeping—are subject to similar relative inflation. As William J. Baumol and William G. Bowen of Princeton put it in their study *Performing Arts: The Economic Dilemma*, the unit costs of labor-intensive services necessarily rise in an economy where wage rates are pegged to the productivity of capital-intensive manufacturing.

To some degree, a few of the art forms have been able to take advantage of changing technology to improve their productivity, if "productivity" can be defined as the numbers of people who enjoy contact with the performance. Recordings and movie use of material, for example, have made possible the continuing and ever more expensive production of Broadway musicals (the Metropolitan Opera, supposedly so wasteful, mounts new opera productions far more elaborate than anything on Broadway for about one-third the cost of launching a new musical). Records have also helped the balance sheets of two symphony orchestras, The New York and The Philadelphia; and complicated interaction with film and television has kept the "legitimate" theater from feeling the full effects of union wage scales.

Other performing groups have been able to reach larger audiences through expansion of traditional activities—by touring or "running out" to serve additional communities, by lengthening seasons, by increasing the number and variety of performances for school children, by moving to larger halls and theaters, or simply by selling more seats through more professional promotion and manipulation of the subscription series device. Especially in the eastern half of the country, the rapid growth of new summer festivals has enabled orchestras—and, surprisingly, ballet companies—to play to larger audiences for longer seasons.

Such activities—plus higher ticket prices—have generated substantially greater income for the performing groups, and the increasing cash flow is beginning to produce side benefits in the form of better management. Not the least of the handicaps the arts have been carrying is incompetent business leadership. Among the horror stories of recent seasons were the near-catastrophic depletion of the Chicago Symphony endowment fund after management contracted for renovation of the concert hall on the basis of a conditional gift, which the orchestra board later rejected; the total loss of control over production expenses at the Metropolitan Opera in its first year at Lincoln Center; the payment of large consulting fees by the Saratoga Performing Arts Center to prominent New Yorkers, some of whom never even bothered to visit Saratoga; the expenditure of the promotion budget for the entire first year before Ottawa's National Arts Center opened its doors.

Tyrone Guthrie Theatre, Minneapolis—"The problem in its simplest terms is the artist's inability to improve his economic productivity."

These situations were ultimately remedied: The director general of the Ottawa center took over the public relations department himself, Saratoga and Chicago got new general managers, the Met hired a skilled corporate comptroller from the oil industry. Elsewhere, management failures produced more lasting trouble. In Atlanta, the umbrella organization producing for the new Memorial Arts Center collapsed under a hail of bouncing checks. One of the nation's more prominent repertory theaters dissolved when accounting failed to explain the deficits satisfactorily. A new manager arriving in the offices of a medium-sized symphony found that his predecessor had absconded with some tens of thousands of dollars; he then learned that the board didn't want to take action because prosecution might hurt the orchestra's image.

Improvements in management practice will slow the movement of the arts on the road toward insolvency. Ford Foundation internship programs and

—Wide World.

Metropolitan Opera orchestra and chorus on strike—"It is highly unlikely that private giving can continue to pay off the constantly rising deficits of the performing groups."

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American Symphony Orchestra League training efforts have already increased the supply of young managers who know at least something about what they are supposed to be doing. UCLA has begun the construction of an academic program leading to a degree in arts management. And salaries are rising, increasing the prospects of attracting and holding people of talent.

But after all the possible economies within management are deducted from the cost side of the ledger, and all the probable revenue increases from higher priced tickets or bigger audiences are added to the income side, the future balance sheet for the performing arts still tilts alarmingly toward "Loss." Even if a company's operating revenues can be made to rise as fast as costs, deficits rise, too. From 1964 to 1969 the Metropolitan Opera's earned revenues rose a little more rapidly than its costs —96.6 per cent for revenues, 95.5 per cent for costs. As a result, the operating loss increased by "only" 94 per cent, from $1.8-million to $3.5-million.

It is highly unlikely—almost unimaginable—that private giving can continue to pay off the constantly rising deficits of the performing groups. Disaster is much nearer than outsiders seem to realize for a number of institutions, some of them world-famous. Corporate contributions, on the rise recently under the leadership of the Business Committee for the Arts, cannot be expected to increase during the profits squeeze of the next eighteen months and may very well decline. Most large individual contributions have been in the form of stocks, thanks to a provision in the tax code that permits the full market value of donated property to be taken as a deduction from taxable income—even though that market value includes a hefty profit on which the owner has paid no taxes. (This provision is one of the loopholes through which some millionaires have entirely escaped income taxes, and for a while last summer Congress seemed ready to kill the deduction; if it had, it would also have killed a lot of orchestras at one blow.) But the stock market is down 20 per cent from the highs of last spring, which makes giving less attractive.

Fickle fashion directs the attention of the rich to do-goodery in the slums, while labor disputes in the arts diminish the psychic rewards of giving. Ultimately, the tragedy of the Metropolitan Opera strike may turn out to have been the late-afternoon encounter of board members and artists at the Drake Hotel, where the directors discovered, apparently for the first time, that the singers and dancers and musicians were not always grateful for the efforts of the board in raising the money to help pay their salaries.

Federal aid to the arts has been, of course, very substantial. Most of the money given to performing groups comes from the rich, the larger corporations, and the foundations—and at least half that total is in fact a government contribution through operation of the tax laws. In European countries, such contributions are not deductible from taxable income, and government appropriations for arts support can be seen as a centralization of help given here on an utterly decentralized basis. Except in the case of opera, which is massively supported by government grants in Europe (enabling opera houses there to bid against the Met for the services of the superstars), the figures are often comparable. The London Symphony Orchestra, for example, receives about 16 per cent of its total income from the British Arts Council, which probably is somewhat less than the proportion of the total income of American orchestras attributable to taxes forgone by the Treasury.

Nevertheless, as President Nixon recognized in his message to Congress requesting an increase to $40-million for the annual funding of the National Foundation for the Arts and Humanities, federal support to the performing arts will have to be lifted substantially in the next few years if our institutions are to survive, let alone prosper. We have gone further along the productivity road than have our European contemporaries, and our unit costs for services are thus relatively higher. W. McNeil Lowry, Ford Foundation vice president and founder of its arts program, has commented glumly that the need (including rescue of drowning art museums) is closer to $160-million a year. Even if the President's figure is right, he is talking about a necessity rather than a panacea.

It should be remembered that money alone guarantees very little. Government grants have helped London's Covent Garden to become one of the great opera companies of the world, but they have failed to lift the Paris Opera from its slough of inconsequence, or to remedy the tradition of slapdash performances in Vienna. Nobody in his right mind would compare the state-supported ballet companies of the Italian opera houses with any of our major dance groups.

Moreover, while right-wing worries about political domination of the arts are clearly ridiculous, there are reasons for concern about the directions government-sponsored committees might take in awarding grants. Traditionally it has been the experimental company and the avant-garde artists who needed help from organized charity, and many of those who would be involved with federal aid programs are still living in an older era. There is a real danger that federal support will be biased toward high-fashion hermeticism and academia, that orchestras playing to annual audiences in the hundreds of thousands will be allowed to wither, while grants are awarded to, say, "exciting" theater groups presenting improvised drama in nonsense syllables to audiences of thirty-seven humorless friends. Someone will have to fight to win adoption of the British Arts Council's policy of allocating most—by no means all—government funds to groups that can show substantial public support at the box office.

Federal largesse, moreover, cannot possibly "solve" the financial problems of the performing arts. Demands expand to absorb the available resources. In many cities, orchestras and opera companies live by selling season subscriptions made attractive by the occasional appearance of celebrity soloists and singers; aware of their importance to the marketing operation, the most celebrated of these artists have upped their fees to as much as $10,000 a night. One singer has gone even higher: Last year she demanded from an opera company $7,500 per performance, *after taxes*.

The greatest single gesture of generosity ever made to musical performance was a Ford Foundation grant of $85-million (three times annual box-office receipts) to the nation's symphony orchestras, awarded on a matching basis for endowment purposes. To date, this munificent gift seems to have weakened rather than strengthened the orchestras. The huge figures thrown around in the newspapers and in campaigns to raise the matching funds stimulated demands from the musicians much greater than they would otherwise have made. Of course, the money is now in the bank, and if things get rough Ford's superbly practical donation will doubtless allow it to be used as necessary. But actors and dancers and musicians have been underpaid too long to permit the institutions that employ them to build a kitty at their expense.

An exacerbating element in the attitudes of working artists has been the nation's immense capital investment in the arts during the last half-dozen years. President Nixon in his message to Congress estimated that in 1969 alone no less than $207-million was spent on new theaters and arts centers. This was at least equal to the total box-office receipts of all live professional performances above the nightclub level, and it was something more than five times the total operating deficit of our

(*Continued on page* 80)

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The Artist as Uneconomic Man

—Clemens Kalischer.

by RUSSELL LYNES

It is unlikely that there has ever been a time when patronage of the arts has received more coverage in the mass media, consumed more hours of discussion at cultural conferences, or drawn more money from the coffers of private philanthropy than now. It may be equally unlikely that there has ever been less general understanding of the problems of the individual artist, the so-called creative artist, who works alone when he can work at all. An abundance of romantic literature and a good deal of myth surround the solitary writer and composer and painter—his tribulations, his lack of recognition, his alienation—but there is little published solid fact. Artists know how their colleagues do or do not make out; few others have any idea.

The artist who has been getting most, though not quite all, of the attention in debate over the state of the arts is the performing artist. As noted elsewhere in these pages, he and the vast, uneconomic cultural centers being built for his performances have been the subjects of several studies. But, until recently, there had been no comparable study, as far as I know, of the nonperforming arts; no investigation into the problems of the writer, the painter, the sculptor, or the composer.

Now, however, at least a preliminary investigation has been undertaken by the MacDowell Colony in southern New Hampshire. The colony's business is to provide art-makers with, as nearly as possible, an ideal situation in which to "do their thing," a place where the mechanics of life are coped with, and solitude and a comfortable studio are provided. During the past sixty years, an extraordinary amount of distinguished work has been done in the colony's studios—cabins spotted around 400 acres of rolling countryside—by such creative talents as Edwin Arlington Robinson, Milton Avery, Aaron Copland, Thornton Wilder, and James Baldwin. It is a place for artists of whatever age who have demonstrated their professionalism and seriousness of purpose; it is not for dilettanti or hopefuls.

The study deals with men and women who have worked at the colony and are active in their respective fields. They range in age from early twenties to late seventies, and in prosperity from poets who sell a few poems a year (and sometimes none) to successful novelists who have occasional best sellers and to composers famous enough to be invited to conduct symphony orchestras. Of 750 questionnaires sent to former colonists, about 350 were completed. As samplings go, this is a large one, but what it reveals must be regarded as indicative rather than conclusive.

The artist who earns a living solely from what he creates is rare indeed. The artist who makes a living from his profession, however, is not rare at all. Most artists, in other words, live on the by-products of what they create,

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which means they live on the reputations they have made by their creating. Fiction writers and poets give readings and lectures; they teach "creative writing" in colleges; some work as editors, some as part-time publicists. Composers work as performers in theater orchestras or local symphony groups; they teach in colleges or music schools, or take private pupils; they conduct amateur choruses. Painters and sculptors teach painting and sculpture, and sometimes supplement their incomes with commercial jobs. This is nothing new in this country. To an artist, making money from art is a necessary by-product; it is never (well, almost never) an end in itself. The luxury in an artist's life is the act of working, or as one sculptor said, "The only way to use your time and have it, too, is through creative work."

Responses reveal that painters and sculptors are, by and large, in worse economic straits than composers, who in turn are less well off than writers. This is, however, a matter of splitting pennies. Roughly half of the writers, plastic artists, and composers earned less than $1,000 from what they created in 1968, and about 10 per cent of the artists sold nothing at all in that year.

Artists, if they are successful enough to have periodic one-man shows at a gallery, may make no sales between exhibitions. A composer may work for several years on a symphony and, if he is lucky enough to have it performed, receive a few hundred dollars. In one year, a poet with luck may sell half a dozen poems for which he is paid a dollar or two a line; in five years he may have collected enough to put together a small volume on which a publisher is likely to lose money and which he prints for "prestige." A novelist may hit the jackpot, get on the best-seller list, and sell to the movies and then, as one colonist did, not write another commercially successful book for fifteen years. The remarkable fact of the economics of an artist's life is not how little he earns, but how much he manages to create in spite of his niggardly earnings. "Art," as one of the colonists accurately said, "is subsidized by artists."

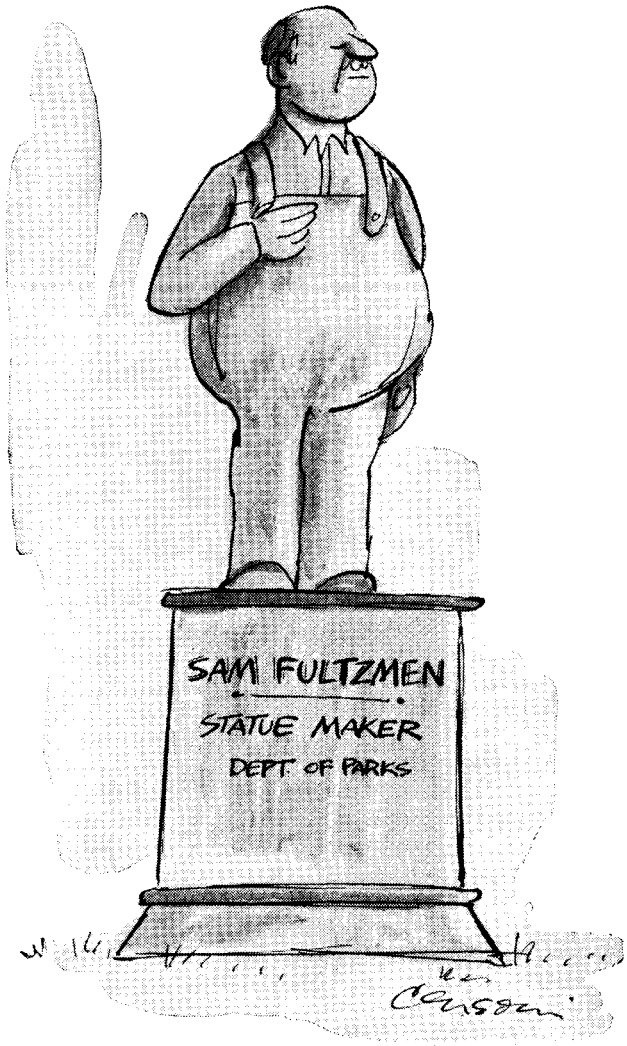
A young writer questioned "the reliability of this survey," which, he said, "is totally betrayed" by its sample. "Who is surveying the artist so ignominious, so poverty-stricken, so unrecognized as not to have come to the attention of the MacDowell Colony, or not to have entered the circle of my acquaintance?" It is a reasonable caveat, but it is a mistake to assume that, except for a relative few, those who are recognized are well off. The tables accompanying this article provide a demonstration to the contrary.

Of the painters and sculptors questioned, only one in ten was able to support himself and his family on what he earned from sales of his work. Materials they work with are not cheap; the painter who likes a heavy impasto is not going to paint thin to save on materials. Marble comes high and so do extruded aluminum and plastics and bronze and steel and the other basic materials of the sculptor's craft; moreover, the finished product is bulky and heavy and often extremely expensive to transport. "You practically have to be in the trucking business," one sculptor said. A few sculptors such as Noguchi and Calder and Hadzi are pursued by important commissions; most sculptors, like most painters, are playing their guts and convictions against the long odds of public taste or whim.

So the nine out of ten painters and sculptors do a variety of things to make ends meet. They replied to the questionnaire that they design window displays, work as colorists for textile firms, make models and picture frames, illustrate textbooks, do interior decorating, and have occupations that are at least cousins of their primary business. But they also reported that they wait on tables, teach figure skating, dig ditches, take clerical and sales jobs, pick apples, cut the grass in cemeteries, and, logically, paint houses.

The writers are in much the same situation, though nearly a quarter of them live from their pens. The odd jobs they do are not unlike those done by artists, but obviously writers lean toward what might loosely be called literary or literate jobs such as high school teaching, translating, reading scripts for films, "buying used books and reselling them to dealers," and ghostwriting for politicians. They also do manual chores (taxi and truck driving, for instance) and clerical jobs. A good many write only in their spare time, while holding down full-time jobs as editors, public relationists, and teachers. One runs a gift shop, and one writes copy for a pharmaceutical firm.

None of those who replied to the questionnaire could be classified under the time-honored heading of "starving artists," and if some were starving as artists they were not starving as individuals. Their hunger was for more time to work at their art, and some



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who a decade or two ago might have found no way of satisfying that hunger except public welfare had what might be termed full artistic dinner pails. One poet recalled that when she was a young woman in New York at "the tail end of the Depression" in 1941 she "couldn't get a job, wouldn't write home for money . . . ate in cafeterias and offered to pay the check by doing the dishes . . . shoplifted from department stores for clothes, and finally when evicted for nonpayment of rent . . . went on relief." She added, "Got some poems made during this period of enforced leisure." She reported that in 1968 she made $16,000 from her art.

A poet? $16,000? This distinguished poet, May Swenson, made only $1,500 five years ago. Last year she had $11,300 in foundation grants and $1,000 from publishers' advances. She made $1,500 from royalties, and she received $1,400 from the sale of her work. To this she added another $1,300 from teaching and lecturing. In other words, without the foundation grants her income would have been $5,200, which, for a poet, is considered rich indeed.

There is a current notion that foundations are contributing generously to the support of artists. Of writers who responded to the questionnaire, fewer than one in ten had received grants of any sort. More than half of that fortunate few received less than $2,500, and only one, Miss Swenson, had received more than $10,000. Roughly a third who received grants got between $5,000 and $10,000 or about a miserable 1.5 per cent of the writers who answered the questionnaire. The figures for painters and sculptors are roughly comparable. More of them received grants, but more of the grants were for less than $1,000, and none matched the one Miss Swenson received. The foundations, on the whole, did better by composers than by either writers or artists. Nearly a quarter of the composers had grants of some sort, though nearly half of them were under $1,000.

Reports of the market for the arts are even more misleading than reports of foundation support. A painting by Andrew Wyeth fetches $100,000 at a New York gallery. A member of "the New York School" complains that he has made so much money this year that he must get rid of $65,000 and thinks he will spend it on making a movie—a tax-deductible expense. Another painter I heard of recently was trying to decide whether to keep his old Rolls-Royce or turn it in for a new one. When I first met him about twenty years ago, he was a "name" but not yet a "big name." He is the kind of artist who is regarded as a "growth property" by the new mutual funds organized for the purpose of buying

The Artist's Plight

A sampling based on 309 responses to a 1969 MacDowell Colony survey of former "residents"

	Writers	Composers	Painters/ Sculptors
Marital status (married):	47%	66%	53%
Have dependents	42	58	48
Earnings, 1968*:			
Under $ 1,000	49	50	50
$1,000 - $ 5,000	28	32	43
$5,000 - $10,000	12	9	3
More than $10,000	11	9	4
Receipts from foundation grants:	9	24	17
Under $ 1,000	17	45	44
$1,000 - $ 5,000	41	22	31
$5,000 - $10,000	33	31	25
More than $10,000	8	—	—
Receipts from advances:	32	10	
Under $ 1,000	24	33	(Royalties/
$1,000 - $ 5,000	54	56	sales
$5,000 - $10,000	15	11	only)
More than $10,000	7	11	
Receipts from royalties/ art sales:	47	70	76
Under $ 1,000	48	61	41
$1,000 - $ 5,000	40	30	46
$5,000 - $10,000	10	5	9
More than $10,000	2	3	4
Could support self by earnings from one's art:	Yes - 26 No - 74	Yes - 8 No - 92	Yes - 12 No - 88
Longest period spent on a single project:			
1 - 4 mos.	6	4	33
5 - 9 mos.	5	18	13
10 - 12 mos.	9	25	13
More than a year	80	53	41
Did the project pay?			
Financially	Yes - 97 No - 3	Yes - 17 No - 83	Yes - 28 No - 72
Artistically	Yes - 97 No - 3	Yes - 97 No - 3	Yes - 99 No - 1
Hours a week able to give to creative work:			
Less than 15	22	55	21
15 - 25	41	22.5	38
More than 25	37	22.5	41
Percentage of truly professional artists you know forced by pressure for adequate income to put aside their creative work**:			
0 - 25%	27	19	20
More than 25%	73	81	80
Way one's work must be marketed is a:			
Help	50	32	39
Hindrance	50	68	52
Couldn't differentiate	0	0	9

* Although writers now report the best financial condition, five years ago 35% of them earned more than now, compared to 14% of the composers and 18% of the painters/sculptors.

** Where part-time jobs were mentioned for *writers* they included: gardener, speaker for school assemblies, truck driver, free-lance translator, market researcher, dormitory housemother, substitute teacher, domestic, political speech-writer; for *composers*, teacher, editor for music publisher, lecturer, copywork preparer, worker in record shop, player in dance orchestra; for *painters/sculptors*, teacher, designer for children's theater, free-lance commercial artist, clerical worker, free-lance display window designer, ice-skating instructor, landscape gardener, interior decorator, genealogical researcher.

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art works for their capital gains potential.

Similar exaggerated notions prevail about writers. A novel that is considered an "artistic success," such as *Portnoy's Complaint*, sells to the movies for a quarter of a million. Gore Vidal turns out *Myra Breckenridge*, a "comic novel" (and complains, mind you, that Americans do not understand his humor); it becomes an immediate best seller and a movie. All of which goes to prove that a "serious writer," as Vidal considers himself, makes a mint whenever he wants to.

The fact is that we enjoy the myth of the "starving artist" and the myth of the "millionaire artist" equally, and we forget that most artists manage somehow, although most of them manage very poorly indeed. What most of them want, if their answers to the MacDowell questionnaire are to be believed, is more time in which to work at what they believe is their mission in life. Money, of course (or not having to worry about money), makes time, and time with talent makes poems and paintings and short stories and sonatas and sculptures and plays and novels. Obviously, the artist wants to share what he makes with others; this means publication to the writer, exhibitions and sales to the painter and sculptor, and performance of his work to the composer. Without sharing his work he cannot build a reputation, and since the artist is driven by a desire to be heard (or seen) because he believes he has something to say, reputation is necessary to spread his voice and his influence.

There are various ways in which the artist's time is devoured, some of them in the name of helping him to create, and about these he has strong feelings. Let's look at a few.

Colleges and universities today are surely the most consistent patrons of artists, writers, and composers, partly because they want them on faculties and partly because they want them as elements of the atmosphere (or in a more chic manner, the ambience of the campus). It is evidently more satisfactory to the incumbents to be atmosphere than to hold jobs. The "Artist (Composer, Writer) in Residence" at a college for the most part is just there, a sort of caged lion for the students to observe, to consult with, to drink tea (or whatever) with for the sake of being exposed to men and women who are "creative." These "in residence" appointments are not likely to be of very long duration, and, unlike members of the faculty, their incumbents have neither tenure, on the one hand, nor academic responsibilities on the other. However, being an artist in residence is considered "a good thing," because it denotes recognition of one's professional status and demands little beyond the pleasures of getting to know the young and what they have on their minds and possibly helping them to find insights. Faculty, on the other hand, have the customary teaching schedules, committee assignments, and the politics of the department and campus to cope with.

The reactions of former MacDowell colonists to the campus are varied, but they lean toward discontent. The composers felt most strongly. To those who believe, as one composer put it, that "the campus has enhanced the role of the artist in contemporary society," many answered in somewhat the same tone of voice as that of another composer: "Students tend to drain creative strength and imaginative powers from the artist. . . . An artist must be *selfish*, not selfless, these days in order to find his powers." But it was not the students who were generally considered the enemies of creation; it was one's colleagues. The campus environment has a "tendency to intellectualize music," and members of music faculties are "too cramped, too cozy, and too ingrown, with everyone patting each other on the head so that no one jeopardizes his position in the department or standing with his insecure colleagues. . . . The sum of expedient means is a dishonest end." Others complained that composers became inclined to compose only for their colleagues, with resulting cliquishness and faddism in their work. From the composers' point of view the campus provided one rich benefit that many noncampus composers rarely enjoy. They had a chance to hear their music performed by their colleagues and students.

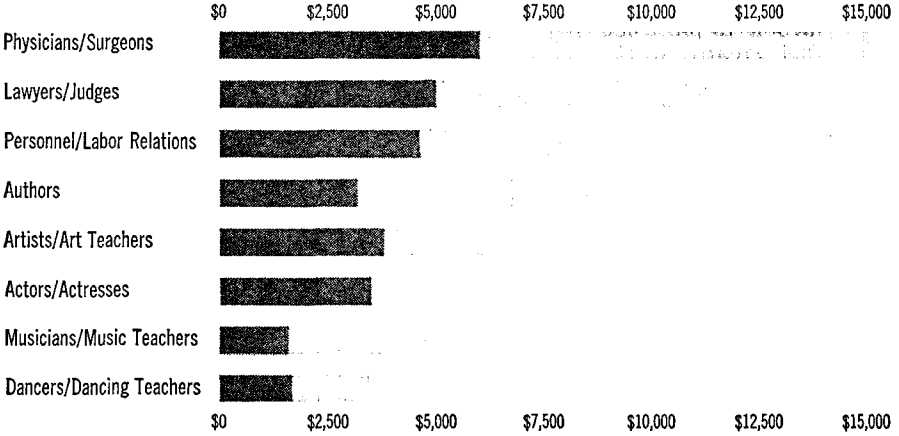
The attitude of writers who serve on faculties was hardly more enthusiastic. The worst thing about a writer's presence on a campus, one author said, was that it "encouraged too many academics to imagine they were artists." Another went further, but in a different direction: "The college . . . goals are antithetical to those of art," he wrote. "It is patently absurd to have him [the artist] pose as a glorified specimen at the mercy of those who, in the depths of their hearts, despise him."

As I read the responses to the questionnaire I was struck by how much more vigorous was the language of the painters and sculptors than that of the writers and composers. Since words were not their medium, they didn't mince them. "Once the artists get into the colleges, they feel secure and the hell with creativity," a painter said. Another blamed the colleges for taking art out of the art schools. "It's made the art student a dilettante and killed the apprentice system." There were those who found "mingling with the young" invigorating to their work, others who found it a drain of their creative energies or a distraction from their proper function. Still others were quite simply grateful for a paycheck and others did not want a paycheck that was related to their main business because it dissipated their energies from their "own thing."

The attitude of artists and writers and composers toward the entrepreneurs who handle their work varies, as might be expected, with how successfully their works are sold. Authors whose books do not sell blame the publishers for not advertising and distributing them properly. Artists who cannot get galleries to handle their work regard dealers as venal merchants interested only in a quick buck. In-

(*Continued on page 79*)

Median Income, by Occupation*



** Darker portions denote income earned by women, some of which is part-time.*

Source: *Performing Arts: The Economic Dilemma* (Twentieth Century Fund, 1966.)

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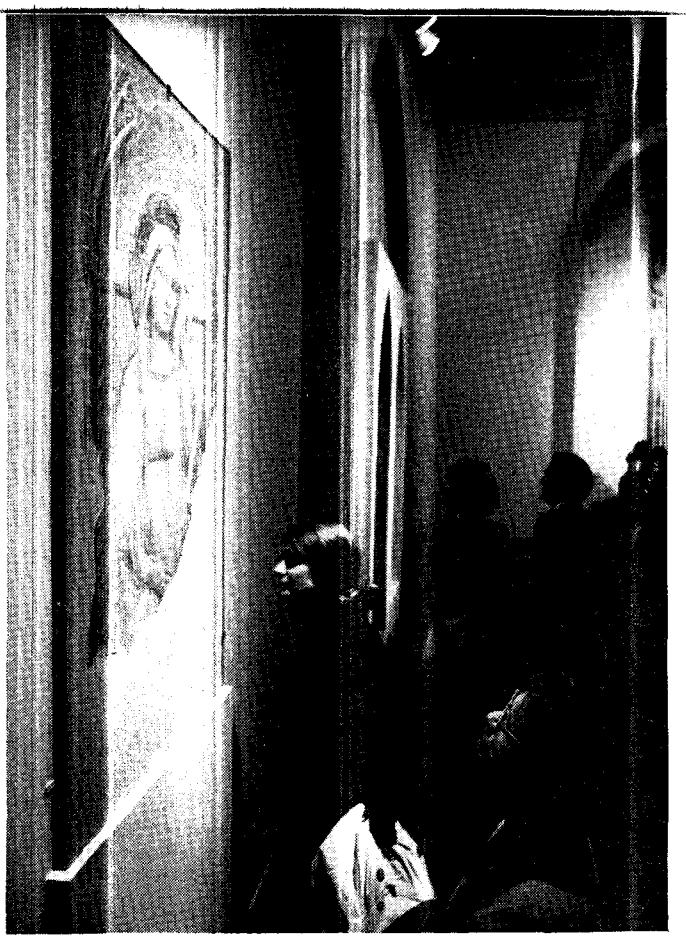
A New Mission for Business



One recent contribution by Olivetti-Underwood—underwriting of the Metropolitan's "The Great Age of Fresco."

by GEORGE A. SPATER

It would be impossible to write a comprehensive history of the arts without mentioning Maecenas, the Medici, and other great patrons. Horace, Vergil, Michelangelo, Botticelli, Titian, Dürer, Rubens—all benefited from the patronage of individual wealthy businessmen. Florence, the "cradle" of the Renaissance, was also the manufacturing, banking, and trading center of the period. In this country the Carnegies, Rockefellers, and other famous business families long have been prominent in fostering the arts, but the idea of corporate participation is relatively new. In fact, until about thirty years ago, the law student was taught that corporate contributions for charitable or cultural purposes were *ultra vires* — beyond the power of the corporation.

During the First World War, a group of Wall Street lawyers decided that corporate gifts to the Red Cross could be made only by the declaration of special Red Cross dividends that were sent to the individual stockholders with the request that they endorse them over to the charity. The Depression of the 1930s brought about many changes in our laws, including those relating to corporate contributions. By 1968, annual corporate contributions exceeded $900-million.

Today, according to a survey by the National Industrial Conference Board, published in *Business in the Arts '70* (Paul S. Eriksson, Inc., $6.95), 70 per cent of our largest corporations are contributors to the arts. The number contributing and the amount contributed are heading sharply upward. In 1965, the arts received about 3 per cent of all corporate giving. By 1968, the figure had risen to 5 per cent. Converted into dollars, the total support of the arts by corporations — outright contributions plus cultural assistance treated as corporate expense — amounted in that year to an estimated $85-million. If the Business Committee for the Arts realizes its goal, the rate of assistance to the arts will be doubled—to 10 per cent of all corporate giving.

Why this sudden interest in the arts by corporations? Only a few generations ago the average American businessman, according to Henry James, regarded culture as the special concern of "women, foreigners, and other impractical persons." The quick answer is that the world has changed, and so have corporations and corporate leadership.

Individuals who provide financial support to cultural activities do so, in the main, for four principal reasons: They and members of their families derive pleasure from the activity supported, they believe the activity benefits the community, they regard the contribution as enhancing their prestige, and, in one corner of the arts—painting and sculpture—they are interested in the potential profit from the purchase and sale (or a tax-deductible contribution) of art. These reasons are not mutually exclusive; some individuals are motivated by several—in some instances, all—of these purposes.

The corporation's reasons for supporting the arts are not very different from those of the individual. The corporation that has adjusted itself to the realities of today's world has a genuine interest in stimulating its employees; it desires to help improve the communities in which it is located; and it places a high value on its prestige in these communities and throughout the country. Indeed, a corporation can profit from the fulfillment of these objectives in more ways than an individual can.

Employees who are bored, or even irritated by their surroundings, become more productive when exposed to works of art or other cultural attractions, both on the job and after hours. The old practice of entertaining workers by having someone read aloud to them (common to the tobacco and dress trades) finds modern parallels in providing music and displaying paintings in work areas. The arts stimulate creativity. Dr. Frank Stanton, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, has pointed out that the modern business leader must be better educated, in the broadest sense of the word, than his predecessor, and

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that "a continuing awareness of the arts is as essential to wise business leadership as it is to any other kind of leadership, spiritual, intellectual, or social." Further, that "management is going to be more imaginative, more creative, and more enterprising than anything we have seen in the past," and this will result from the "liberalizing of the liberally educated man."

It is significant that many of the businesses whose success depends most on innovation among their employees have been among the first to support the arts. The painting collection of IBM is an early and noteworthy example. A program called the Experiment in Arts and Technology, begun in 1967 to bring together artists and engineers in working collaboration, is supported by such companies as American Telephone and Telegraph and Xerox.

The desire of a corporation to advance the community in which it is located has several rationales: It assists the corporation in hiring and retaining bright young people who want to live and bring up their children in a cultured atmosphere, and it can increase the number of visitors to the area, directly benefiting local business interests. The architectural enrichment program of the Cummins Engine Company in Columbus, Indiana, referred to by Roger Stevens elsewhere in this section, is one example, as is Macy's regular advertising of new Broadway plays and other local cultural events to help bring people into New York City. The arts programs of the Hanes Dye and Finishing Company of Winston-Salem, North Carolina—ranging from architectural restorations to projects in music, theater, and the dance—have similar impact.

The third corporate purpose—that of keeping its name before the public in a favorable light—is perhaps the basis for most corporate support of the arts. Some of the best-known examples are Texaco's sponsorship of Metropolitan Opera broadcasts for more than a quarter-century, and the many touring exhibits of paintings and sculpture supported by such businesses as Johnson Wax, the Mead Corporation, Pepsi-Cola, and Philip Morris. The Sears Roebuck Foundation in a single year supported forty-five arts projects involving the visual arts, dance, music, and drama, and reaching an audience of 1.3 million persons in forty-seven states.

Some corporate participation in the arts is more specifically directed at increased usage of the corporation's products, including—although not limited to—improvement in the design of the product and of the container in which it is sold. To cite a few examples: In 1968, the Vermont Marble Company provided the stone at Proctor, Vermont, for ten outstanding sculptors from the United States and four foreign countries in a project that attracted more than 100,000 visitors to the area. Clairol has sponsored an art show of mother and child paintings, some borrowed, some commissioned. Department stores in many cities have exhibited paintings and sculpture to help draw more customers. Westinghouse station WBZ-TV, which has sponsored a national instrumentalist competition, surely has its viewers in mind.

Companies that do not support the arts most commonly emphasize the high priority of other community needs. Also, a few large businesses believe that contributing to the arts is incompatible with the corporate goal of maximizing profits. However, rather than providing a justification for nonsupport, these reasons seem more properly to raise the twin questions of *how much* cultural support a corporation shall undertake, and in what *form*. That there are other more pressing needs is recognized by the BCA's goal of securing 10 per cent of the corporation's total giving for cultural purposes. There are so many ways of assisting the arts that it is difficult to imagine a business that could not find some cultural participation that would enhance its profits, present or future.

The air transportation industry has many demands on it for financial assistance, because of its public service aspect and the many communities in which it operates. Past government regulation has kept the industry's earnings at levels substantially below those of most American businesses. Yet many airlines have found forms of cultural participation that are within their means.

Most businesses have the opportunity to assist the arts through the design and decoration of the buildings they occupy. Attractive architectural design can be pleasing and stimulating to employees, to the community, and to customers. The American Airlines terminal at Kennedy Airport in New York, for which Kahn and Jacobs were architects, was rendered distinctive by a huge stained glass front 23 feet high and 317 feet long—the largest stained glass window ever constructed—designed by Robert Sowers. In the interior there are two large murals by a Brazilian painter, Hector Bernabo, professionally known as Carybe. This artist was selected in a design competition participated in by a number of prominent artists, each of whom re-

Robert O. Anderson

A Business Committee for the Arts comparable to the Council for Financial Aid to Education first was proposed seriously in a 1965 Rockefeller Panel Report, *The Performing Arts: Problems and Prospects*. David Rockefeller, chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank, endorsed the idea in a 1966 speech to the National Industrial Conference Board, and in October 1967 former Secretary of the Treasury C. Douglas Dillon announced formation of the committee, of which 107 top executives now are members. Dillon, the founding chairman, was succeeded last month by Robert O. Anderson, chairman of the Atlantic Richfield Company.

BCA activities include research, counseling for firms with questions on support programs, regional round tables, annual awards for outstanding company endeavors, publication of the quarterly *BCA News*, and commissioning of two books, *Business and the Arts: An Answer to Tomorrow* by Arnold Gingrich (Paul S. Eriksson, Inc., 1969; $4.95) and *Business in the Arts '70*, edited by Gideon Chagy (Eriksson, 1970; $6.95). The latter, just published, is a well-edited, handsomely illustrated guide summarizing the history of business patronage in the arts: a survey of corporate activity, a variety of noteworthy programs, and guidelines for formulating programs. Free brochures and other information can be obtained from the BCA, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Other publications of interest in the field include: *Performing Arts: The Economic Dilemma* by William J. Baumol and William G. Bowen (Twentieth Century Fund, 1966); *The Corporation and the Arts* by Richard Eells (Macmillan, 1967); *Readings in Company Contributions* (National Industrial Conference Board, 1967); and *Policies Underlying Corporate Giving* by Ralph Lingo Thomas (Prentice-Hall, 1966). —A. B.

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ceived a fee. The airline's newest passenger terminal, at Love Field, Dallas, houses an especially commissioned Alexander Calder mobile. Exhibited in the same terminal is a figure from the airline's collection of eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century carved wooden eagles, and an amusing diorama of small wooden figures entitled *Law West of the Pecos*, which is the delight of everyone—particularly children, for whom a special viewing platform is provided.

Lounge facilities in American Airlines' Admirals Clubs in Dallas and other cities have been used for the display of paintings and sculpture by local artists, many of whom find it difficult to exhibit elsewhere. During 1969, twenty-three paintings were sold in this way for the account of the artists, at prices ranging from $175 to $1,000. Pictures from the collection of my predecessor, C. R. Smith, and several owned by the airline have long been a feature of these lounges. We currently have a modest fund set aside for the continuing purchase of art by living American painters, to be displayed in our public areas. One of our employees, a Sunday painter, has been given a show in our Kennedy Airport terminal, and his paintings hang in many halls and offices at our general headquarters.

The interiors of our newer terminals and ticket offices, the interiors of our aircraft, and the exteriors of both flight and ground equipment have all been designed by Henry Dreyfuss, famous for his ability to merge the esthetic with the functional, as evidenced by his distinguished work for the Bell System, among dozens of examples. Our airline, as a part of its good citizenship policy, also makes small contributions to symphony orchestras or other musical organizations and museums in the cities it serves. Nearly a hundred institutions are included.

For seventeen years, from 1953 to 1970, the airline sponsored a good-music program over ten major radio stations. Called *Music 'til Dawn*, it was originated by C. R. Smith because he didn't like what radio was offering late at night. The program received the Peabody Award in 1966, and thousands of letters of appreciation have poured in from students, insomniacs, astronomers, night drivers, and other people who stay up late. Unfortunately, the broadcasting system over which the program had been transmitted recently decided that its listeners preferred news to music. Undaunted, we plan to replace *Music 'til Dawn* with some other type of cultural musical program.

In the belief that we had been "talking down" to listeners of the taped classical music aboard our aircraft by serving a pabulum of musical nothingness, I personally selected music used during September 1969, and enough enthusiastic letters were received to indicate that we were headed in the right direction. Since last month the programs have been selected by William E. Watson of station WQXR in New York City, and Mr. Watson's comments in the tapes are a delight to listeners. We are also making progress in upgrading the quality and scope of the writing in the magazine provided for passengers on our airplanes. The introductory article in the January 1970 issue was by Arnold Toynbee; V. S. Pritchett has agreed to do a series of articles on Mexico.

The two largest cultural programs the airline currently undertakes are American Youth Performs and the American College Theatre Festival. American Youth Performs provides talented high school musicians with the opportunity to perform in orchestras under skilled conductors such as Leopold Stokowski, and with noted guest artists. The 1969-70 schedule calls for sixteen local and regional concerts at points served by the airline, concluding with an appearance in Carnegie Hall May 7. Audiences consist of not only friends and families of the young performers and music lovers in general, but also many of our customers, travel agents, and employees. The American College Theatre Festival, now in its second season, has been jointly sponsored by our company, the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, and the Smithsonian Institution. In 1969, about 175 colleges participated in regional performances, climaxed by a two-week national festival in Washington, during which thirty performances were presented by the colleges. This year the national festival will begin in Washington on April 28.

A number of other airlines have made distinctive contributions to the arts. Eastern Airlines granted $500,000 to the New York Metropolitan Opera for a new production of the Wagnerian *Ring*. The handsome Trans World terminal at Kennedy Airport was designed by Eero Saarinen, and that company sponsored a European tour of the New York Philharmonic. Northwest Airlines, in the November-December issue of its in-flight magazine, demonstrated a way in which business may assist the arts at modest cost: It publicized *Objects: U. S. A.*, a collection of American craftmanship sponsored by S. C. Johnson & Son (located in an area served by the airline), to be displayed at museums across the country. As another example, Trans Caribbean Airways, a small carrier, commissioned leading artists of Puerto Rico to make posters, which are used for the covers of menus on Puerto Rico-bound flights. These contributions, a tiny part of what has been done, illustrate how business and art can be combined for the advantage of both.

There is a general belief that corporate art benefactions follow the taste of the head of the company, and I must confess that I personally like the things we are doing. But I would hope that, if we did not do them, someone else would. I believe that what we are doing benefits our stockholders. It produces more interested, more creative employees. It benefits the communities in which we operate—the communities from which we derive our passenger and cargo traffic. It enhances our image among the tastemakers, the leaders of both our economic and our intellectual society. To use the crass commercial jargon of our industry, I believe it "sells tickets."

Executives of other corporations concur. As C. Douglas Dillon, former chairman of the Business Committee for the Arts, writes in *Business in the Arts '70*: "During the past year, the case for the arts has been put forward by many of America's most prominent businessmen. They have concluded, as have more and more executives in companies of all sizes, that participation in the arts need not follow other programs in a list of priorities. The arts can be not only a valuable element in many kinds of projects, but can often further the business aims of the company."

The Corporate Pledge

THE Metropolitan Opera now lists 108 companies as corporate patrons—firms which contribute annually to its operating budget.

Texaco, in addition to sponsorship of Saturday afternoon opera broadcasts the past thirty years, makes an annual contribution. American Export Isbrandtsen Lines gave $135,000 for a new production of *Aïda*, and Eastern Airlines pledged $500,000 for Wagner's *Ring*. Pepsico gave $50,000 as cosponsor of free 1968 concerts in New York parks. Olivetti underwrote the 1969 June Festival Week. And Glen Alden Corporation pledged $150,000 toward new productions of *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci*. Other patrons range from Air Reduction Company to Xerox.

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Government and the Arts

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week's guest editorial is by Nancy Hanks, chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts and National Council on the Arts.*

The Sixties were a time of extraordinary change in the arts in this country, not only in the form and content of the arts but in the nature of the audiences they reached and in the volume of demand. As we enter a new decade we are only beginning to feel the long-term effects of these changes.

The extraordinary vitality and diversity of the arts in America can be considered sources of great strength and pride. Ironically, however, the "cultural explosion" can also be described in terms of skyrocketing costs and an increasingly acute financial situation that threatens the stability of some of our most highly respected cultural resources and seriously inhibits development of new outlets and approaches in the arts. Costs of labor and material have risen sharply at the same time that the demand for more public service activities has increased. The resultant gap between expenditures and earned income has widened to the point where private philanthropy is no longer able to make up the difference. Funds from new sources of support, including public monies, have not been sufficient to meet this growing need.

It is inconceivable that institutions which represent the very highest achievements of our nation's cultural heritage will be allowed to fail. Without adequate assistance from both public and private sources, however, it is entirely possible that many organizations will not be able to meet their public responsibilities and that the quality of performance or presentation that has made them national—even international—treasures will suffer. This cannot be tolerated in a nation of our material resources. A curtailment of community service or a decline in artistic quality is not an acceptable solution to the current financial crisis.

There is an important role for every level of government in assuring that we will not see an erosion of these remarkable and irreplaceable resources. Just as the preservation and development of our natural resources are prime concerns, these cultural resources deserve similar attention. But governmental contributions in themselves can never guarantee that the great potential of the arts will be realized. Our cultural heritage is largely the result of the efforts and contributions of the private sector, and the vitality and strength that it has provided cannot be replaced. What is needed now is a concerted effort by *all* elements of our society—private and governmental alike—to assure that the arts can make the contribution of which they are capable to the quality of life for all Americans. As emphasized by other authors in these pages, this effort must include the support not only of individuals, but of foundations, business, and other organizations in the private sector of our economy.

To refer solely to the "crisis" in the arts or to assume an attitude of panic creates a false and unduly pessimistic picture. In a country where more college seniors express interest in arts careers than in business (according to a Louis Harris survey), where museum attendance has mushroomed from 50 million visits annually to well over half a billion in less than thirty years, where the arts have begun to move out of concert halls and museums and into the streets of our urban areas and into remote regions as well, one must feel optimism for the cultural future of the nation. The financial dilemmas that now confront us, however difficult they may seem, must be considered in light of the opportunities that the burgeoning demand and rapidly changing nature of the arts present.

President Nixon has called on Congress to extend the life of the National Foundation for the Arts and Humanities and to approve $40-million in new funds, virtually doubling the current year's level. If Congress concurs, the arts in this country could receive important impetus.

This would be a happy development, for it is clear that the arts are playing an ever more important role in our national life and are making a palpable contribution to our national well-being. Our creative and performing artists can be found the world over, celebrating both our civilization and the common life of mankind. It is not too much to say that, like our teachers, they make up an essential part of our Gross National Product.

As Robert Shaw, conductor of the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra, said in Congressional testimony earlier this month:

> It is to the credit of art and the arts that, except for short periods when they have been subverted by politics or principles not their own—as in Hitler's Germany or Stalin's Russia—they have been a unifying force in the affairs of men, have promoted understanding and affection rather than half-truth and no-trust. . . .
>
> Evil is real in this world. Economic and political and social problems exist, both internationally and internally, and they are not going to be solved simply by singing.
>
> But a generous and lively communication of the liberal and performing arts can accomplish some things: it can gain us time, and it can give us the hope that if we understand each other so warmly and naturally in affairs of the spirit, we may one day be able to compose political, economic and social differences.

The arts seem, on all the evidence, to be entering an exciting new period of development. If even a small part of its promise is realized, we shall witness a most memorable and rewarding decade of activity in the creative and performing arts. —NANCY HANKS.

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Letters to the Editor

Timeliness of Frontier Freedoms

As a Midwestern small-town dweller, I protest on two scores the assertion by C. W. Griffin, Jr., in "Frontier Freedoms and Space Age Cities" [*SR*, Feb. 7] that Los Angeles is a prime example of a city that suffers from "the frontier mythology" of individualism or free enterprise because the source of L.A.'s difficulties, according to the author's reasoning, is the Midwestern small town.

First, the frontier mythology, while weird and fantasy-laden, is not all that bad. The basic difficulty afflicting Los Angeles is not materially different from that experienced by many other metropolitan areas in our country, and has to do with ingestion. Our larger cities have been called upon to add great numbers of people of widely varying backgrounds to their populations before they were ready to assimilate these groups.

Second, historically speaking, individualism and free enterprise in our country have found visible expression in the development of factories and industries, nearly all of which have been located in our larger cities. On the other hand, the heart of the cooperative movement has been in the country.

It is generally true of our country's western cities—with the possible exception of San Francisco—that they are spread out over more territory, and have more individual homes, especially ranch-type houses, than cities of the Eastern Seaboard. But this is not an illusion of freedom; it represents, at least to a degree, its achievement.

Avery D. Weage,
Scribner, Neb.

C. W. Griffin, Jr., exaggerates the extent to which Americans romanticize the freedom, independence, and adventure of the frontier. In any case, such romanticization should be regarded as a symptom rather than a disease. A happily married man does not daydream about romantic love. Similarly, a man does not romanticize frontier freedoms unless he is suffering from a lack of personal autonomy. Mr. Griffin apparently would like to change people to make them fit the restrictive structure of society. Perhaps a better solution would be to change the structure of society so that it becomes possible to allow people some of the freedom and independence that they seem to crave. A society, after all, is supposed to be designed for the benefit of the people that live in it, not the other way around.

Griffin would put the blame for our environmental problems on excessive *individual* freedoms. Actually, most of the problems are direct or indirect results of the activities of large organizations—corporations and governments. It is these organizations, after all, that control the structure and development of society. Perhaps the most unfortunate thing that has ever happened to individual liberty was its being used as an excuse for the misdeeds of huge corporations. Now the evils perpetrated by these highly collectivist organizations are blamed on "individual liberty."

Theodore J. Kaczynski,
Lombard, Ill.

Profits and Losses Statements

Senator William Proxmire's article "The Pentagon vs. Free Enterprise" [*SR*, Jan. 31] is a notable contribution. Members of the Subcommittee on Economy in Government deserve much praise.

The practice by manufacturers of acquiring huge profits on weapons and associated equipment for the Department of Defense must be stopped. I wonder how the board of directors and other top management officials of large so-called defense contractors would respond if they were drafted in their present positions at subsistence levels as a supplementary program to the Selective Service. Such a program would provide a means by which these men could make their patriotic contribution during periods of war (declared or not). The 450,000 men in Vietnam are making unbearable sacrifices. Over 44,000 have made the supreme contribution. Many soldiers have discovered they gave their souls, vis-à-vis Mylai, etc.

I think we know what the response would be from the directors; they would *protest* in their usual and successful way, and suddenly the war would be over. Someone said it long ago: "Take the dollar profit out of war and there would be no more war."

Let it be done soon!

Richard D. Harvey,
Urbana, Ill.

Within the span of seven pages [*SR*, Jan. 31] one sees the shocking priorities of our society demonstrated. Senator Proxmire states that this country spent one-fourth of its total budget on military procurement alone, and that $10-billion of the total amount spent on military matters could be pared without "diminishing national security in the least." His article ended by saying, "Our priorities as a nation need to be restructured, and the place to start is with the bloated defense budget."

Seven pages later, Miss Jeanne Gueydan [Letters to the Editor] tells of the lack of proper medical attention through which she must suffer, because "no Louisiana person, group, or agency . . . will grant the practical aid I need." Our President has told us that we need to fight inflation, and he has told us something else by choosing as his target the HEW appropriations bill. The immoral $2-billion cost overrun on the C-5A cargo plane would have made the difference between what Mr. Nixon and the Congress wanted on this piece of legislation, and incidentally would have provided the resources to fulfill the human needs of the millions of Miss Gueydans across our fair land.

Bill Caltrider,
Graduate Department of Education,
Johns Hopkins University,
Baltimore, Md.

"I'm ready for the moment of truth."

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"...and I'd like to thank my publisher, my typist, my proofreader, my first wife, my illustrator, my jacket designer, my binder, my advertising agency, and my muse, for making all this possible."

THE 21ST ANNUAL NATIONAL BOOK AWARDS

On Wednesday, March 4th, the seven winners of the 1970 National Book Awards will be honored in a presentation ceremony at Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, in New York. Meanwhile, these are the books by American authors published in the United States in 1969 which the judges regard as among the most distinguished:

ARTS AND LETTERS

LILLIAN HELLMAN–*An Unfinished Woman*, A Memoir. Little, Brown
RICHARD HOWARD–*Alone With America*, Essays on the Art of Poetry in the United States Since 1950. Atheneum
NOEL PERRIN–*Dr. Bowdler's Legacy*, A History of Expurgated Books in England and America. Atheneum
JOHN UNTERECKER–*Voyager*, A Life of Hart Crane. Farrar, Straus & Giroux
GORE VIDAL–*Reflections Upon a Sinking Ship*. Little, Brown

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

VERA AND BILL CLEAVER–*Where the Lilies Bloom*, (Ill. by Jim Spanfeller). Lippincott
EDNA MITCHELL PRESTON–*Pop Corn & Ma Goodness*, (Ill. by Robert Andrew Parker). Viking
ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER–*A Day of Pleasure*, Stories of a Boy Growing Up in Warsaw. Farrar, Straus & Giroux
WILLIAM STEIG–*Sylvester and the Magic Pebble*, (Illustrated by the author). Windmill Books/ Simon & Schuster
EDWIN TUNIS–*The Young United States 1783 to 1830*, (Illustrated by the author). World Publishing

FICTION

LEONARD GARDNER–*Fat City*. Farrar, Straus & Giroux
LEONARD MICHAELS–*Going Places*. Farrar, Straus & Giroux
JOYCE CAROL OATES–*Them*. Vanguard Press
JEAN STAFFORD–*The Collected Stories of Jean Stafford*. Farrar, Straus & Giroux
KURT VONNEGUT, JR.–*Slaughterhouse-Five or The Children's Crusade*. A Seymour Lawrence Book/ Delacorte Press

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

DEAN ACHESON–*Present at the Creation*, My Years in the State Department. W. W. Norton
TOWNSEND HOOPES–*The Limits of Intervention*. David McKay
T. HARRY WILLIAMS–*Huey Long*. Alfred A. Knopf
JOHN WOMACK, JR.–*Zapata and the Mexican Revolution*. Alfred A. Knopf
GORDON S. WOOD–*The Creation of the American Republic*, 1776-1787. Univ. of North Carolina Press

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

KENNETH E. BOULDING–*Beyond Economics*, Essays on Society, Religion, and Ethics. Univ. of Mich. Press
LOREN EISELEY–*The Unexpected Universe*. Harcourt, Brace & World
ERIK H. ERIKSON–*Gandhi's Truth*, On the Origins of Militant Nonviolence. W. W. Norton
ROLLO MAY–*Love and Will*. W. W. Norton
THEODORE ROSZAK–*The Making of a Counter Culture*, Reflections on the Technocratic Society and Its Youthful Opposition. Doubleday

POETRY

DANIEL BERRIGAN–*False Gods, Real Men*. Macmillan
ELIZABETH BISHOP–*The Complete Poems*. Farrar, Straus & Giroux
LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI–*The Secret Meaning of Things*. New Directions
ROBERT LOWELL–*Notebook 1967-68*. Farrar, Straus & Giroux
PHILIP WHALEN–*On Bear's Head*. Harcourt, Brace & World/Coyote

TRANSLATION

DENISE LEVERTOV–*Selected Poems*, Eugène Guillevic. New Directions
RALPH MANHEIM–*Castle to Castle*, Louis-Ferdinand Céline. A Seymour Lawrence Book/Delacorte Press
PHILIPPE RADLEY–*The Italics Are Mine*, Nina Berberova. Harcourt, Brace & World
RICHARD SEAVER & HELEN R. LANE –*Manifestoes of Surrealism*, André Breton. Univ. of Michigan Press
JOHN UPTON–*Cumboto*, Ramón Díaz Sánchez. Univ. of Texas Press

The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, and consist of seven $1,000 prizes donated by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, the Association of American University Presses, the Book Manufacturers' Institute, the Children's Book Council, and the National Association of College Stores.

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An essay review of "The Lives of William Benton," by Sidney Hyman (University of Chicago Press, 625 pp., $10)

Success Didn't Spoil Bill Benton

by HERBERT BRUCKER

William Benton is almost as old as the century, having been born April 1, 1900, and his life parallels that of twentieth-century America in more than chronology. He has shared in some of its triumphs as well as in its chaos. His career, little enough known to his 200 million fellow-citizens, has been a fabulous success by American standards. It branched out early from advertising and radio into education and on to politics. His has been a life that sent off sparks of hope and achievement in all directions.

At the insistence of his mother, Benton, born in Minneapolis to genteel poverty, was educated at Yale, where he never really felt accepted by his Eastern Establishment classmates. There followed a swift rise from the obscurity of selling National Cash Registers for his cousin in Utica. After several years in the advertising business, Benton, not yet thirty, founded the Benton & Bowles advertising agency with an even younger Yale graduate, Chester Bowles, as partner.

This was on the eve of the 1929 stock-market disaster. Yet, characteristically, while the rest of the country sank into the red, this whiz-kid firm soared almost at once into the black, and even the gold. The two young partners seized upon radio during its beginnings and did much to shape its pattern, from box-top offers to singing commercials, thus helping set the direction of American broadcasting, including television, toward its present lowest-common-denominator sleaziness.

At thirty-six, Benton retired from business, a rich man. Though Sidney Hyman's biography does not make much of the point, the experience of early wealth, earned through advertising that succeeded because it tapped mass-man's weakness for the raffish, seems to have inspired a sense of guilt in both partners. Certainly both retired at an age when most others are still hoping they will make it, and both thereafter devoted themselves to public service in and out of government. But, with Benton, the Midas touch continued. He turned the infant Muzak into a wellspring of dollars. He acquired ownership of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, made it into one of the world's largest publishing companies and a major source of support for the University of Chicago. He has brushed against the fringes of journalism, and though he missed out on commercial television he generated ideas from which it might benefit. He is a founding father of UNESCO, the Committee for Economic Development, and the Voice of America. He was Assistant Secretary of State and United States Senator from Connecticut. Further, he has roamed the world from India to Russia to Latin America. What more could a man ask? Yet always, behind it all, there seems to have been a hunger for something else.

The Lives of William Benton is more than 600 pages long. The reader approaches it fearing he will echo the child who wrote that one-sentence report on a book about penguins: "This tells me more about Bill Benton than I care to know." Yet there is none of it that isn't interesting, and one puts the volume down with a new respect for its subject.

The book was originally conceived as a campaign biography for the Connecticut Senate race of 1962, but Benton didn't get the nomination. When later the project was undertaken for its own sake, it turned out to be unusually well documented, thanks large-

HERBERT BRUCKER, for nineteen years editor of the Hartford, Conn., *Courant*, now writes a syndicated newspaper column.

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—Blackstone-Shelburne, N.Y.

William Benton—"courage and insight."

ly to a gold mine of letters to and from his mother plus the Benton habit of keeping memos of important conversations. The finished product has the ring of accuracy and honesty. That Benton is not always easy to get along with and has a tendency toward tactlessness and abrasiveness are evident, along with the endless chain of victories.

The story begins with Elma Hixson Benton, William's schoolteacher mother, who was widowed at an early age by the death of a much older husband —another Yale graduate, who became an undistinguished professor of Old Testament and Romance languages at the University of Minnesota. She was resolved that her son must not repeat the "pattern of failure" she saw in many of the family's males. Extending back through 1812 and the Revolution to colonial times, the family had continually emphasized the importance of a college education in a time when this was rare. And it brought to the twentieth-century Benton an inheritance both New England Puritan and Southern Cavalier.

Elma Benton always dictated her son's actions and never gave him a word of praise no matter how hard he tried to please her. William dutifully knuckled under in everything, from going back to school after he had announced he wouldn't, to slaving summers on the 300 barren Montana acres his mother had bought. Belatedly, he declared his independence. When Bill was nearly twenty-two his mother feared he was headed for marriage when he couldn't afford it. The resulting finger-wagging letter stung him to this reply:

> You have mentioned very often how much I owe you, and how much you have given up to put me through college. . . . I realize all that, Mother. I suppose that in your eyes I am a gamble which has turned out bad, about like your mining stock. But I hope to make money in the future, and if you will send me a note for the approximate amount my education has cost, I will sign it and endeavor to pay it off with the first money I can ever get hold of. . . . You do not know me or own me as you did when I was three. . . . You know there is nothing I could not do for you, or to please you. . . . But you make me feel tied hand and foot. I think you would deprive me of the privilege of thinking for myself.

It was not long before he was able to think—and therefore act—for himself, and to support his mother until her death in 1942. But her domination in his formative years must have had much to do with his double-barreled drive to succeed financially and at the same time to achieve victories not measured in dollars.

When he quit Benton & Bowles in 1936 he had no idea what he wanted to do. His plan was to take a year off and go around the world with his wife Helen (who had brought to their marriage a Connecticut background like his own, including one ancestor who had been Yale's first student). That sabbatical over, he would decide what to do. All he knew was that "he was determined to turn his back on business of any kind."

It didn't work out that way. For one thing, his classmate Robert Hutchins, then the boy-wonder president of the University of Chicago, twisted Benton's arm into skipping travel and applying his public-relations talents to the university, which was in trouble because of the Walgreen case: a rich chain-drugstore owner was convinced that his niece was being indoctrinated by communist professors. Benton did help, and even persuaded Walgreen to make a donation to the university. And, by becoming a part-time vice president, he began a career in education that still continues.

It was inevitable that Benton should take an interest in the university's radio Round Table, an early success in the perennially losing battle to devote broadcasting to the public interest it is chartered to serve. He explored educational films and other visual aids. And in due course he took over the moribund Encyclopaedia Britannica from Sears, Roebuck, persuading the chairman of the board, Robert E. Wood, to make it in good part a gift to the University of Chicago. Over the troubled years Benton ran it himself, turning an ebbing income into a floodtide of gold.

At the end of World War II Benton was appointed Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs. His assignment was to pick up the pieces of the wartime agencies OSS, OWI, and OIAA and change them into an instrument useful to postwar foreign policy. It is a curious quirk of twentieth-century America that its know-nothing elements often suspect the very men who know the enemy best, and are hence best able to defend the country, of being near-traitors. William Benton made a point of ridding his new branch of state of such undesirables, including Communists, as had found their way in during the war emergency. But this did not prevent later attacks on him.

When Connecticut's Republican Senator Raymond Baldwin wanted to get out of Washington in 1949, he approached Chester Bowles, the state's Democratic Governor. To the horror of the Connecticut GOP—then on the way down from its once dominant position, due to sheer inability to get along with the modern world—Bowles appointed Baldwin to the state's top bench, and named Benton, hitherto an independent, as Democratic Senator to fill Baldwin's unexpired term.

What with the vicissitudes of politics, plus Benton's own insensitivity to the delicate balance between statesmanship and dirty work that politics requires, he was not in the Senate long enough to impress himself on the nation. Part of his difficulty was his stubbornness in doing what he saw as right despite the consequences. Once he bowed to pressure and voted for the repressive McCarran Internal Security Act. But again and again, on other issues, he stood on the side of the angels even when he could have gotten away with going along with the crowd.

Not least was his courage and insight in being the first in national politics to stand up against Joseph McCarthy. On the floor of the Senate on August 6, 1951, more than three years before the censure vote spearheaded by Senator Flanders of Vermont, Benton called on McCarthy to resign. He got no reaction beyond a few surreptitious compliments, and his friends were aghast that he should take such a risk. But later Senator Flanders gave Benton credit for making the eventual censure possible. Still later, Senator John F. Kennedy noted that if a new edition of *Profiles in Courage* were to be written, Benton would deserve a place in it.

In sizing up this smoothly whirring dynamo of a man as a whole, one concludes that his life should leave him content. There is much which is good in his record, as in that of the troubled century in which he played his part.

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Bias

BENJAMIN DEMOTT appears to have opened Saul Bellow's latest book, *Mr. Sammler's Planet* [*SR*, Feb. 7], with the preconceived notion that he would be treated to an optimistic view of man's future.

It seems a pity that Bellow's keen awareness of human frailty should have caused in DeMott such disillusionment that his critical comments amount to a bias against the entire work.

STANLEY W. BATES,
Concord, Mass.

Sorry Record

I WOULD DISAGREE with some of Dan Kurzman's doctrinaire criticisms of *The Rockefeller Mission Report* [*SR*, Jan. 31], for instance, his fear that the Report's recommendations "would have the United States no longer press for democratic government" in Latin America. Isn't it time we abandoned our arrogant pose as sole arbiters of the world's major national decisions, particularly the kinds of government other nations prefer? But in the main I applaud Kurzman's cogent analysis of the economic and political questions treated in the Report.

It is a pity that Governor Rockefeller's Mission has left totally unventilated the sorry state of our educational relations with practically all of the Latin American nations. Within AID, education has perhaps fared worse than agriculture, health and public administration. The record of twenty-five years needs to be reviewed.

Apparently the mission included no representatives of elementary, secondary or teacher education. Samuel Gould, chancellor of the State University of New York, and Kenneth Holland, president of the Institute of International Education, are understood to have been responsible for "Education, Sciences and Culture," the relevant section (of the prepublication version) of the Report. The section contains a scant ten pages, six of which consist of not very well selected graphics borrowed from AID and UNESCO. There are four other passing references to education in the Report.

A typical recommendation calls for the creation of "an Economic and Social Development Agency in the Executive Office of the President" to supersede the Agency for International Development, which is responsible to the Secretary of State. Name-changing is perennial in our inept juggling of foreign aid agency nomenclature. U.S. technical assistance organizations have been entitled, successively since 1942: 1) Institute of Inter-American Affairs, 2) Marshall Plan, 3) Economic Cooperation Administration, 4) Mutual Security Agency, 5) Technical Cooperation Administration, 6) Foreign Operations Administration, 7) International Cooperation Administration and, most recently, 8) Agency for International Development. Another name can scarcely be considered a significant development. Each of the changes of name took place with flourishes and solemn declarations about streamlining and strengthening the agency, but the melody lingered on, and staff morale has long been on the decline, encouraged by its increasing politicizing.

The top professional in the Ministry of Education of a country in which the U.S. has operated since 1943 told the writer, "Your country has sent us perhaps a hundred so-called experts, but I do not, myself, believe that more than six of them were of any use to us."

Since 1946 I have worked in eleven Latin American countries in which I participated in, or observed closely and often repeatedly, scores of U.S.-assisted education projects, and the same theme came through repeatedly.

DOUGLAS S. WARD,
Evanston, Ill.

Berrigan, Pro and Con

CONGRATULATIONS to *Saturday Review* for giving *Casualties of War* to Daniel Berrigan for review [*SR*, Feb. 14]. His conviction that "the military method is finished as a way of making history" is beautifully heretical but also so obviously true now that Vietnam has demonstrated its truth before the world that accepting that conclusion may be the twentieth century's chief contribution to life on this planet.

JOE VAN DYKE,
Alma, Mich.

DANIEL BERRIGAN'S stereotyping of American pilots being held prisoner in North Vietnam is indefensible. These men are not insensitive robots as he suggests, and his statement that "the lives or fortunes of such men as these have little interest for us" repudiates any claim he makes that he is a man of compassion. By his own insensitivity to the suffering of these men, Mr. Berrigan qualifies as a candidate for another form of "new man"—man so prejudiced against the military that he cannot see its members as capable of individual lives, consciences, or suffering. The military training of these prisoners does not make them any less responsive to the starvation, isolation, and torture to which they are being submitted while they serve as the North Vietnamese's "one slight bargaining point" in the war.

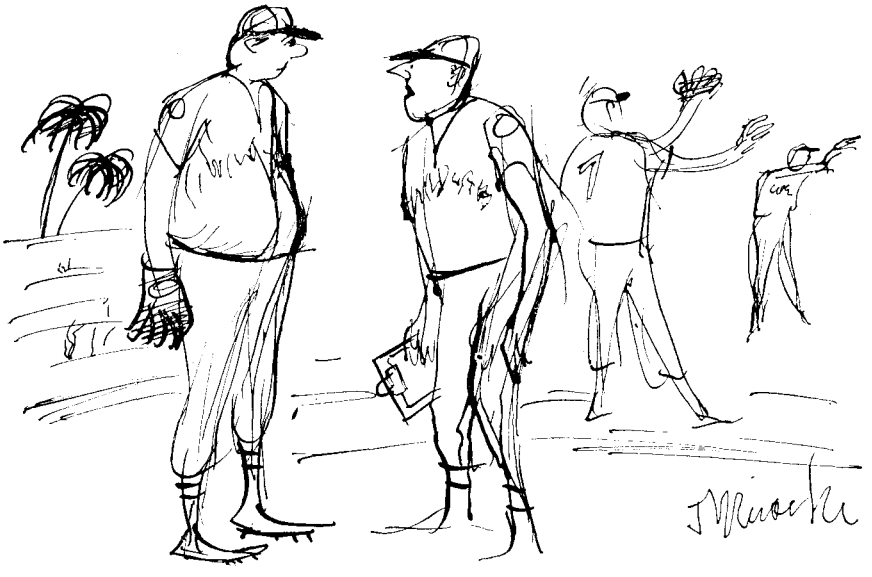
After spending over three years attempting to communicate with my husband through the North Vietnamese, I still do not know if he is alive. I have concluded that the compassion Mr. Berrigan so glibly discusses is closer to becoming extinct in North Vietnam than in America. Knowing that compassion is necessary in America as well as in North Vietnam before these prisoners can be released, I mourn its death in both countries. As long as these men continue to be mistreated, they, as much as napalmed children, are human testimonials to the apathy of the world toward suffering. By dismissing American prisoners of war as being of interest only as proof of "the debased methods of the military Dispos-All," Mr. Berrigan is doing all he can to hasten the demise of compassion. Surely to deny any man's humanity is to perpetuate his suffering.

MARILYN ELKINS,
Nashville, Tenn.

Inflated Disaster

I MUST PROTEST the use of truly valuable space in *SR* [Jan. 24] to review a book by Brigid Brophy which the reviewer calls a "disaster." Surely one column would have been more than adequate!

FAY MULHOLLEN,
Long Beach, Calif.



"I was afraid of something like this when your contract came back all gravy stained."

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The Dissenters

PICKING UP THE GUN: A Report on the Black Panthers

by Earl Anthony

Dial, 160 pp., $4.95

ALTHOUGH *Picking Up the Gun* has the superficial look of an "inside story," it is unintentionally a diary of confusion, revealing more about Earl Anthony's own weaknesses than about the three-year-old Black Panther Party. Apparently Anthony was never "inside" revolutionary politics at all, for his book is in no way a record of struggle, either within the party or within himself. Yet that is what revolutionary politics is about—the painful struggle to resolve the contradictions that exist within nations or peoples, communities, families, and even within a personality.

Mr. Anthony, who for four months in 1968 was the Panthers' deputy minister of information in Los Angeles, ended his book—and his days as a Black Panther—by deciding that for black people white racism is a greater problem than economic exploitation. "Racism," he says, "is the greatest enemy of people of color and the greatest sin of the Western world." But this conclusion seems arbitrary, since the thought processes that led up to it are nowhere to be found in his book.

Anthony, a college graduate with three years of law school, criticizes the Panthers for making coalitions with white radicals, and charges that "whites are consciously or unconsciously pulling strings" and manipulating any blacks who work with them.

There are several problems connected with this notion. Most obviously, it gives blacks little credit for being able to withstand white encroachment. Secondly, it ignores the fact that blacks, not whites, are leading the American radical movement and have been doing so since the early 1950s; Anthony overlooks this because he views the black and white movements as separate, unrelated phenomena rather than as a single historical development of two different peoples in response to the same oppressors. Finally, he distrusts radical whites because they "have never really attempted to change basic attitudes toward blacks among the white masses," which he concedes "would indeed be revolutionary." Anthony may be unaware of it, but the move to do this is now under way, though it is tragically belated and still at a primitive stage.

A recent issue of the Black Panther newspaper told why the party puts its main emphasis on socialism and only secondary emphasis on eliminating racism: "The Black Panther Party has never said that if socialism is instituted racism automatically ceases. . . . What we say is that in a socialist society the conditions are more favorable for a people to begin to struggle to eliminate racism." Anthony offers no critique of this idea. Nor does he analyze the practical Panther programs that have dealt specifically with racism —the attempts to stop police brutality in the black community and the current petition drive for community control of police.

The "objective" tone of Anthony's book implies that his disagreement with the Panthers is substantive and principled. But the substance of the argument is missing. Anthony refers to "facts" but doesn't list them. For example: "In March 1969, when I was a guest speaker before the African students at the Cité, in Paris, France, they argued vehemently for a strict interpretation of Marxism-Leninism, until fact after fact in our discussion intellectually, spiritually, and emotionally brought us back home. At the end of the evening, almost everybody was willing to admit that the white man had put something new in the game with racism, and that it was *our* problem to deal with it, and we had to come to grips with it before getting deep into Marxist dialectics."

What are these facts that Anthony talks about? They are not to be found in his book. And how does he propose to deal with racism without using Marxist dialectics? He never says. Panther chairman and political prisoner Bobby Seale, on the other hand, describes the dialectical approach: "Everybody knows you don't fight fire with fire, you fight fire with water. You don't fight racism with racism, you fight racism with solidarity. You don't fight capitalism with more capitalism, with black capitalism, you fight capitalism with socialism. And you don't fight U.S. imperialism with imperialism, you fight imperialism with proletarian solidarity!"

Even if Anthony's criticism of the Black Panthers were valid, it does not explain why a revolutionary would leave the revolutionary party. But neither does Anthony deal with the reason for having a party in the first place. Revolutionaries know that they can't be successful working alone or in a haphazard way; thus, the preservation and strengthening of disciplined revolutionary organizations is essential. In most cases, leaving the party means leaving the struggle, and for a person truly dedicated to eliminating hunger, war, and exploitation, as well as racism, anything would be better than leaving the struggle.

Mao Tse-tung provides revolutionaries with a powerful model for a struggle within the party. In the 1920s Mao had a major criticism of the theory of the Chinese Communist Party. At the time he was a member of the Central Committee, to which he submitted a report stressing the importance of the peasantry to a revolutionary strategy. The Chinese party was then following classic Marxist theory and was organizing the proletariat almost exclusively. Mao's report was rejected, and for a long time party leaders took a dim view of him for making such an unorthodox proposal. Nonetheless, he continued his work within the party and resubmitted his report several times. Meanwhile, tragic setbacks demonstrated that the classic model didn't work in China. After seven years, the Party finally accepted Mao's report and began to implement his theory. It became the basis for the winning revolutionary strategy.

Earl Anthony, however, did not stay within the Panther Party to argue for the position he believes correct. In fact, there is no indication he argued at all. He just drifted away and began doing his own thing—writing this book; traveling around the world making speeches. He was eventually expelled from the Party.

In the meantime, the importance of the Panthers has been made clear by the intensity of police response to their successes. The killing of Panthers Fred Hampton and Mark Clark by Chicago police in December 1969 climaxed a year of stepped-up repression of the party. Though local police attacks had been common since the Panthers' founding, it was only after President Nixon took office that systematic raids and absurd conspiracy busts became routine nationwide policy. The American Civil Liberties Union has charged, according to *The New York Times*, that "law enforcement as applied to the Black Panthers is a pattern of provocative and punitive harassment, denying to black militants the right to free political expression." If Earl Anthony had focused not on the party's relations with white radicals but on this utterly lawless repression, he would have been compelled to conclude that the Panther Party is the most threatening revolutionary force that U.S. capitalism has ever had to deal with on the home front.

The "avaricious businessmen and lying demagogic politicians" (as the Panthers call their enemies) and their local

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The reviewer, Marlene Charyn, a San Francisco Bay Area activist, has written about the Black Panther Party for numerous publications. Her views are offered to provide an insight into the reasoning of Black Panther partisans.

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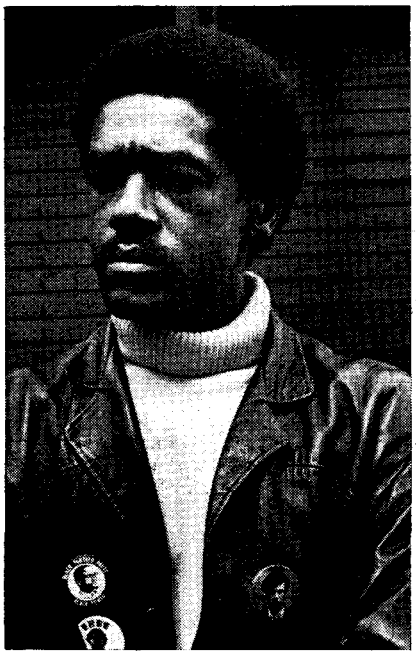

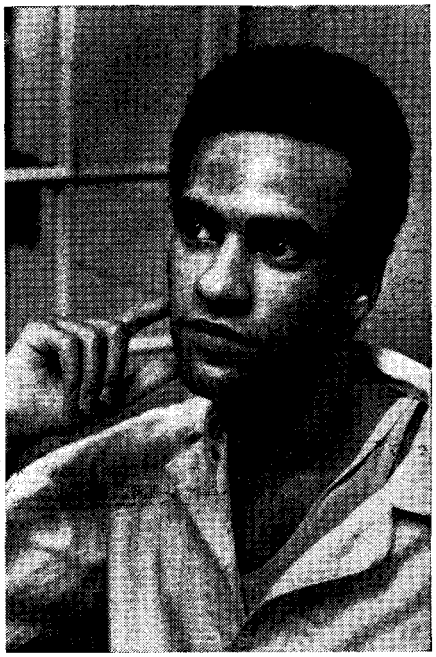

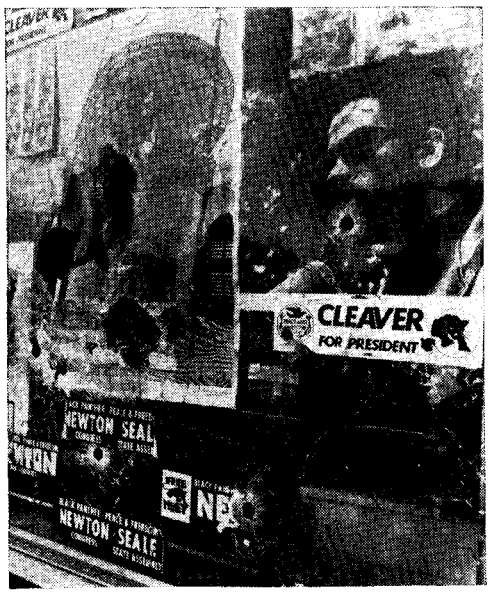

"You don't fight racism with racism, you fight racism with solidarity," says Bobby Seale, chairman and co-founder of the Black Panther Party. Next to Seale (top row, extreme left) are Kathleen (Mrs. Eldridge) Cleaver, communications secretary of the Black Panther Party, and Huey P. Newton, founder and minister of defense of the Black Panther Party. The party's national headquarters window in Oakland, Calif. (above, left) is shown shattered by police bullets Sept. 10, 1968. A few weeks earlier in Marin City, Calif., a Black Panther was feeding a child breakfast (above, right) while Panthers were marching (right). Illustrations are from *The Vanguard: A Photographic Essay on the Black Panthers,* by Ruth-Marion Baruch and Pirkle Jones (to be published by Beacon Press April 14.)

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police hatchetmen are threatened by the Panthers because the Panthers *do* want to destroy the so-called fabric of American society: the fabric of racism, economic exploitation, unjust imprisonment, inadequate medical care, militarism, and the production of useless luxuries when basic needs for food and housing have not been met. Moreover, the Black Panthers don't just talk about these goals in utopian terms: they have a program, which they have slowly but surely begun to implement. The program is simple:

1) We want freedom. We want power to determine the destiny of our black community.
2) We want full employment for our people.
3) We want an end to the robbery by the white man of our black community.
4) We want decent housing, fit for shelter of human beings.
5) We want education for our people that exposes the true nature of this decadent American society.
We want education that teaches us our true history and our role in the present day society.
6) We want all black men to be exempt from military service.
7) We want an immediate end to POLICE BRUTALITY and MURDER of black people.
8) We want freedom for all black men held in federal, state, county, and city prisons and jails.
9) We want all black people when brought to trial to be tried in court by a jury of their peer group or people from their black communities, as defined by the Constitution of the United States.
10) We want land, bread, housing, education, clothing, justice, and peace. And as our major political objective, a United Nations-supervised plebiscite to be held throughout the black colony in which only black colonial subjects will be allowed to participate, for the purpose of determining the will of black people as well as their national destiny.

Free-breakfasts-for-children programs, free medical care programs, campus struggles for autonomous Black Studies departments and open admissions, boycotts of consumer-cheating stores, support of black GIs, and armed resistance to police brutality are some of the ways in which the Black Panthers have implemented their program. They are trying to teach the people that when the state refuses to meet their needs, the people must organize to do it themselves.

Belief that this is possible implies a hopeful view of the world and a deep confidence in people. This is the essence of a revolutionary attitude. Earl Anthony, however, yields to despair—a contradiction that shows why his leaving the party was almost predictable. Anthony writes: "I kept thinking . . . about the ease with which Panthers were being killed, and I couldn't do anything about it . . . And I thought about the thousands upon thousands, reaching into the millions, of black people who have been murdered, and nobody could do anything about it."

It is not just an abstraction to call this an anti-revolutionary attitude. Events have already proven its foolishness. Since this book was written, the Panthers, through vigilance and action, have prevented numerous murders. Granted, two Panthers were brutally killed by Chicago police on December 6, 1969. But two days later Los Angeles cops tried to repeat Chicago's death-dealing early morning raid, and eleven well-armed Panther sisters and brothers held off some 300 police for five hours—with no Panthers killed. In San Francisco the next day, Panthers in the Fillmore office noticed strange police behavior for several hours. When a helicopter appeared overhead and police started to clear people off the street, the Panthers began telephoning everyone they knew. Within minutes nearly a hundred people crowded together on the sidewalk outside the door. Others hurried to the National Headquarters in Berkeley. There was no shooting in San Francisco or Berkeley this time; when peaceful means were available the Panthers used them, and again prevented police from killing them.

But the Black Panthers know that these measures are merely defensive. The only way to stop the murder of black people is to destroy the power of the murderers: both the gun-happy racist cops and the refined torturers—the corporations, landlords, financiers, hospitals, and insurance companies that slowly squeeze the life out of people struggling to survive. This means revolution, and revolution means that lives will be given in the short run so that lives can be saved in the long run.

Defeatism and political confusion are not the only flaws in Earl Anthony's book. Sad to say, *Picking Up the Gun* also lacks the precise details and intimate personal close-ups that might redeem its political shortcomings. The book seems hastily written and superficial. However, several better sources exist. Gene Marine's journalistic paperback is more accurate and complete, and back issues of *Ramparts*, containing Bobby Seale's reminiscences and articles on the party by Eldridge Cleaver, are much richer.

But if you really want to know about the Panthers, you will have to read their weekly newspaper, *The Black Panther*. It is here that their true history is recorded, and it is here that the brilliant development of their political theory emerges. Unfortunately, this development has escaped Earl Anthony, and this history has passed him by.

Marlene Charyn

DEMONSTRATION AT PUSHKIN SQUARE

by Pavel Litvinov, translated from the Russian by Manya Harari

Gambit, 176 pp., $4.95

IN QUEST OF JUSTICE: Protest and Dissent in the Soviet Union Today

edited by Abraham Brumberg

Praeger, 477 pp., $10.95

THE NEW RUSSIAN TRAGEDY

by Anatole Shub

Norton, 128 pp., $4.50

ONE PUTS THESE VOLUMES DOWN feeling utterly depressed. They detail the suppression and extermination of a particular class: those Soviet intellectuals who choose to dissent. One must go back to Stalin's Great Purge of 1936-38 or to the Hitlerian era to find a similar decimation of the intelligentsia. For the last fifteen years, since the death of Stalin, students of Russian civilization have claimed that an end to autocracy was at hand, and that an age of liberalization was about to begin. The first-person testimony collected here is a slap in the face to those of us who have indulged in such hopes.

The briefest of the three works reviewed here is Pavel Litvinov's notes on the 1967 trials of several demonstrators arrested in Moscow's Pushkin Square. The late Louis Fischer in his last book remarked of Pavel's grandfather, Maxim Litvinov, "In a land where the big and little lie was both policy and shield, Litvinov told the truth oftener than most, and at times it was sensational." The grandson in effect proposes that there is no longer cause for any lie, big or little: let the Soviet people hear the truth.

The reader involuntarily notes the parallel struggle between government

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and intelligentsia in both the USA and the USSR over what "truth" and how much of it the people shall hear. Whereas intellectuals in America have steadily increased their dominance over the media, their counterparts in the Soviet Union are losing their dearly bought gains.

The Litvinov transcript reveals how seriously today's Soviet autocracy looks upon the efforts of dissenters to communicate with the population. The Pushkin Square demonstration was staged to protest the arrest of earlier dissidents who had compiled and distributed a White Book on the Sinyavsky-Daniel case. The thread that connects all three of these incidents is the pitiful effort to challenge the régime's monopoly of the means of communication. If the media are inaccessible, then one must publish dissenting opinions abroad, or privately circulate typed manuscripts, or finally, in desperation, flagrantly violate Soviet mores by displaying political opinions on placards and banners in the street.

The demonstrators are described in the indictment: Khaustov ("thirty, Russian, secondary education, unmarried, non-Party, worker in a wallpaper factory . . ."); Kushev (twenty, non-Party, unemployed, recently baptized a Christian); Delaunay (nineteen, non-Party, free-lance correspondent of *Literaturnaya Gazeta*), etc.

The prosecution's closing summary reveals the government's reaction to their deviate acts:

> This year is a great date for us—it is the fiftieth year of the Soviet régime. The struggle for the maintenance of public order continues throughout the country. In Moscow, the maintenance of public order is particularly important. Imagine the astonishment and indignation of the citizens who witnessed what occurred in Pushkin Square. The place which these self-styled demonstrators chose for their activities—the vicinity of a great poet's monument—is a place which everyone holds sacred. Their gathering might have attracted large crowds—not, of course, of like-minded citizens but of curious onlookers. Had the *Druzhinniki* [civil patrol] not put a stop to it straight away, it might have led to a large disturbance.

The prosecutor raises the specter not of popular revolution but of mob violence against the demonstrators. He may not be exaggerating such a danger. Zbigniew Brzezinski has remarked, "Most Soviet citizens look upon the dissidents as 'effete intellectual snobs.'"

This pessimistic view of the public support Soviet intellectuals enjoy is shared by Abraham Brumberg, editor of *In Quest of Justice: Protest and Dissent in the Soviet Union Today*, the *chef d'oeuvre* of these books. In a thoughtful introductory essay, Brumberg admits that the dissidents are confronted by "a largely indifferent population, vast segments of which are imbued with a traditional suspicion of 'smart-alecky' intellectuals and 'Jews.'" Similarly, in the same volume Sidney Monas speaks of a "massive 'dark' population" in the USSR, which harbors a grudge against the intelligentsia because of their social and economic privileges.

It is not too early to predict that *In Quest of Justice* will rank as one of the decade's significant chronicles in the struggle for political liberty, and—barring an unlikely upheaval—the most detailed statement that is likely to emerge from the Soviet intelligentsia on the motivation and tactics of their protest movement.

Whereas Litvinov's work is a slim case study of the legal fate accorded a single moment of protest, the Brumberg volume harvests the political and literary expression of years of dissent. By Mr. Brumberg's wish, the date of publication coincided with that of his resignation as editor of USIA's prestigious *Problems of Communism*. The book is a worthy *Festschrift*. Brumberg's access to writings by Soviet dissenters is probably second to none, and he has assembled a half-dozen introductory essays by Western scholars, who provide the subsequent documents with context sufficient for a general audience and with analysis that will be useful even to specialists.

The collection contains a sampling of the best of the "underground literature"—poems, short stories, literary criticism—culled for the most part from the intelligentsia's clandestine journals. The items were chosen "either for their relationship to Soviet dissent in general or for their special literary merit." Unfortunately, we are given such tattered snippets of both genres that the reader would do better to read a Solzhenitsyn novel.

The bulk of the Brumberg volume documents the efforts of a handful of writers and intellectuals to propel the Russian political system into the twentieth century by means of law rather than violence. Eloquent trial statements by defendants, formal protests by friends and relatives, petitions

The Keepers

by David Wagoner

The drizzle and wind had driven the keepers
Indoors at the marine aquarium.
We stood between the seals and the whale tank,
Our games rained out like theirs.

But she climbed to the round catwalk
Ahead of me, and there was the sleek half-grown
Black-and-white killer whale, being heaved
And lapped by its own backwash.

I couldn't have closed my arms
Around its head, and wouldn't have dreamed
Of trying. It swam in a flat circle,
Surging, as though pacing a cage.

At the opposite side she knelt, held out her hand
Over the gray water, and called
Something I couldn't hear in the wind.
The whale went there and lifted its dark head

And opened its mouth a foot below
As wide as a window. From among the glistening
Perfectly pointed teeth there came
A thick blunt tongue as pink as a mollusc's foot.

She kissed it, as God is my witness. The whale
Sank back and swam as it had before.
She came toward me at the top of the stair,
As I braced against the wind blowing between us,

And offered me those same lips to be kissed.
And something I hadn't dared
Believe in, something deep as my salt
Rose to the surface of my mouth to touch them.

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from a growing number of Soviet citizens all testify to the intellectuals' frustrated efforts to communicate with the Soviet people.

The main cause of the apparently endless chain of trials was the resort by Soviet writers to foreign presses for publication of their political criticism. The focus of this criticism is evident in the titles of these documents: "For an Open Trial: Protest of Twelve"; "For a Truthful Press: Protest of Thirty"; "For a Truthful Press: Letter from Ginzburg's Mother to *Komsomolskaya Pravda*"; "Open Letter of Twelve to World Communist Leaders"; "Appeal by Five Baptist Women [to U.N. Secretary-General U Thant]"; "An Appeal from Representatives of the Crimean-Tatar People to the People of the World."

As Brumberg comments, "Letter after letter exposes the prevarications, inconsistencies, and distortions of both the prosecution and the information media." Unable to be heard in court, the Soviet dissidents appealed to their press. Rebuked by it, they turned first to foreign communist parties and finally to the non-communist world.

The catalytic agent in making relevant the opinion of intellectuals is mass support for that opinion. For this reason Stephen Weiner, in an otherwise pessimistic prognosis on the course of Soviet jurisprudence, believes the public protests over the trials are a harbinger of change. Unfortunately, since Weiner's essay was printed, the régime has shrewdly resorted to administering "justice" to dissidents in private, thus avoiding all the unpleasantnesses of publicity.

The Soviet régime—like all Russian régimes—studiously seeks to avoid publicizing its shortcomings. It is part of Russia's tragedy that the Soviets have been more successful at this than most earlier governments. Over a century ago Piotr Dolgorukov, a fellow exile and collaborator of Alexander Herzen, criticized this native tendency:

> Many of our compatriots say: "There's no need to tell the truth about Russia to a foreigner. . . ." These words, in our opinion, are completely opposed to logic, to personal dignity, to love of country, to true enlightenment. . . . People who want to hide and conceal their sores are like the critically ill who prefer to suffer and die rather than ask the help of a skilled doctor who could cure them and give them back their strength, refreshed and renewed. For Russia, this doctor is publicity.

The diagnosis is applicable today, and for this reason Anatole Shub's bitter account of his two-year effort to report the Soviet situation for the *Washington Post* is aptly titled *The New Russian Tragedy*.

As if refracting the Soviet experience through yet another facet of the same prism, Shub confirms Litvinov's account of closed trials and the more general charge in the Brumberg volume of a closed press. "For Russia's Orwellian nightmare state not merely keeps the ordinary Soviet citizen incredibly ignorant, but ends by blinding the Soviet leaders," Shub declares. It is the "inquisitorial censorship, the jamming of foreign broadcasts, the Iron Curtain barring travel," as well as the "crude, total saturation-propaganda of the Big Lie and bigger silence, the atmosphere of sycophancy, bluff, flattery, and mutual self-deception in 'higher circles' which help lead Politburo mediocrities to accept and perpetuate such nonsense as Lysenko's biology or (more recently) Jim Garrison's Kennedy 'plot.'"

These are harsh phrases, more suitable to a Heartland politician with an "anti-communist impulse" than to a sophisticated foreign correspondent. Unfortunately, many reports out of the USSR confirm Shub's judgment of Russia as "a gigantic circus in which the animals sit in cages, while the life of society is one long performance in the ring."

The foreigner's observations contradict the native dissenters' views at one critical point. Shub believes the USSR has already entered a "pre-revolutionary" phase of development because of "a basic contradiction between the qualities, attributes, and interests required by the jungle world of the party machine and those required by the objective needs of the Russian state and population."

But is revolution—peaceful or otherwise—feasible in a society where open media are not available to intellectuals as a bridge to masses traditionally alienated from radical political ideas? Indeed, as all three of these volumes so clearly reveal, the potential agents of change are themselves being exterminated.

In its typically ironic fashion, history has so ordered events that increasing internal Soviet repression coincides with several overtures for a détente with the West. Thus, as was the case with the Czechs for much the same reason, no outside support will be forthcoming for the Soviet dissenters. Not that we would have it otherwise. It is not worth starting a Third World War over. One does what one can—in Hungary, in Biafra, and elsewhere.

William Parente

"The Sanitation Department wants $500,000,000,000. They want to rocket radioactive garbage into orbit."

William Parente is associate dean of faculty at Antioch College.

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Fiction

COSMOS

by Witold Gombrowicz, English version by Eric Mosbacher

Grove, 166 pp., $5

THE DEATH OF WITOLD GOMBROWICZ last year at the peak of his creativity meant a great loss not only for Polish literature but for the world. Having lived outside his native country since the outbreak of World War I, Gombrowicz can be considered a truly international writer. His first novel, *Ferdydurke* (1937), created a stir for its originality and boldness. *Trans-Atlantic* (1953) and *Pornografia* (1960), as well as two books of short stories, three plays, a diary, and a book of essays, were also received with praise, although some critics had reservations.

Cosmos (1965) is his fourth and last novel. Winner of the Formentor International Prize for Literature, it stands out as Gombrowicz's crowning achievement. The plot is imbued with a suspense worthy of a detective novel: "A couple of lunatics," a student and a clerk, disgusted with their home life and saddled with serious personality problems, take off for a holiday at a boarding house in the middle of nowhere. They find two hanged objects —a sparrow and a piece of wood. Unable to solve the mystery, and irritated by boredom and summer heat, the young men imagine traps and pursuers in every bush. The youths spend the rest of the novel searching for an answer and finding none.

There are several subplots: the secret love of the student-narrator for the young married daughter of the innkeepers; the pitiful story of the master of the house, a retired bank manager who lives in the afterglow of his only illicit love affair, experienced years before; the tragic fate of the daughter's husband, a respected member of the new technocratic élite, who is found hanging on a tree; the plight of the female servant, whose mouth was disfigured by an accident. A colorful picnic excursion brings the novel to a surprising end. Gombrowicz manages to tie all these strings together, packing a lot of action into his short work.

Plot, however, is of secondary importance. In Witold Gombrowicz's own words, this is "a novel about the formation of reality." The unsolved mystery of the hangings—some of which defy any logic—underscores "the impotence of reason in the face of overflowing, destroying, enveloping reality. Everything was possible and nothing was impossible . . . The whole thing was illusion, chimera, moonshine." Gombrowicz seems to anchor reality first in the trite, everyday world of the isolated boarding house, then in the empty reveries of a henpecked husband, only to transfer it to the inflamed imaginations of the two lodgers and to the world back home they had tried to escape.

The violence that suddenly erupts at the end also brings into focus the thin line dividing the real and the unreal. For, even though we are not told who the murderer is (if there was one), we feel that everybody *could* have done it. Time and place are deliberately blurred. There is a strange obsession with bodily deformity and, for some reason, with the mouth. All this vaguely abnormal business underlines Gombrowicz's indifference to verisimilitude in the face of much more important philosophical questions. Hence the symbolic meaning of the title itself: the small world of several people thrown haphazardly together reflects cosmos, which is just as random, mysterious, and unsolvable, an absurd situation few understand. Gombrowicz's answer is simple though not reassuring: "By acting we shall create reality." In other words, reality need not be understood, only lived ("one is what one is").

Gombrowicz handles his theme with his usual infusion of the grotesque, irony, humor, paradoxes, and unexpected reactions ("for the sake of the incongruence"). He is interested in illuminating the dark recesses of the human mind. But above all he is a master of language.

A serious question about the method of translation must be raised here. The English version was made (expertly, to be sure) from the French and German translations, instead of directly from the Polish. Consequently, the freshness of the original has to a large degree been lost, having been sacrificed to readability. Is it too much to ask that the American reader be offered literature from abroad in unadulterated form rather than adaptations to our standards?

Even in this hybrid translation, however, the force of Gombrowicz's talent can be appreciated. A typical modernist, he is scintillating and original. Antagonistic to rigid thinking or ideology, he pleads for freedom of thought and artistic expression. No wonder that no book of his has been published in Poland since 1957.

Vasa D. Mihailovich

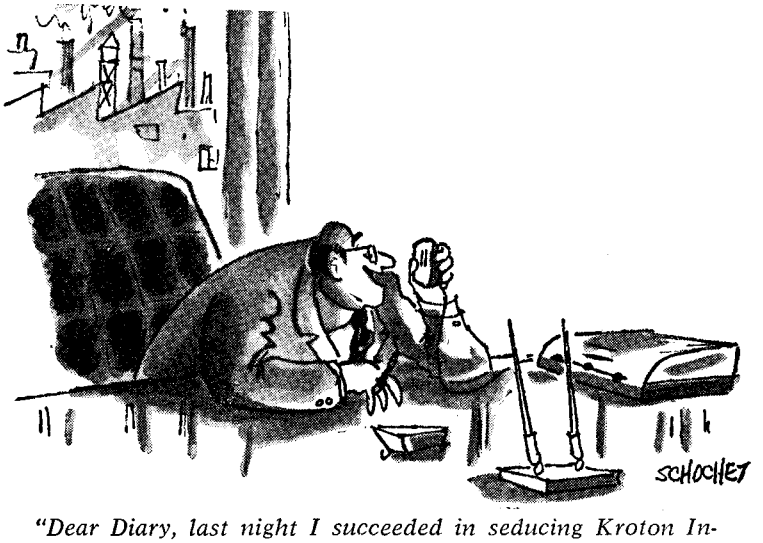
Vasa D. Mihailovich is guest editor of a forthcoming issue of The Literary Review devoted to contemporary Soviet letters.

A PLOT OF GRASS

by Lane Kauffmann

Lippincott, 221 pp., $4.95

IT'S LIKELY that the thesis novel is dying. The impulse that led a John Steinbeck to write *The Grapes of Wrath*, expressing in fiction his interpretation of the facts about the Okies during the Depression, leads a Peter Matthiessen to report on Cesar Chavez and the California grape workers in *Sal Si Puedes*, powerful journalism written with open bias. Surely there are as many national problems today offering opportunities for muckraking novels as there were for Upton Sinclair, or, for that matter, Mike Gold and the host of proletarian novelists who followed. But that kind of fiction is not being written. Instead, the "truth"—portraits and self-portraits, surveys and studies—fill the magazines and bookshelves. A great contemporary work, Norman Mailer's *Armies of the Night*, thoroughly absorbing in its scrutiny both of the author and of the confrontation between the two faces of America, adapts some of the techniques of the novel, but the account



"Dear Diary, last night I succeeded in seducing Kroton Industries and now I am the proud father of Amalgamated Ltd."

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is non-fiction from cover to cover.

Even when what might still be called a thesis novel is written, the form is turned inside out. Compare, for instance, tales told by two war veterans: Erich Maria Remarque's realistically detailed *All Quiet on the Western Front* and Kurt Vonnegut's sparse and effective novel of the horrors of World War II, *Slaughterhouse Five*. If nothing else, Vonnegut keeps his cool—or at least never raises his voice—whereas heat and involvement have heretofore been hallmarks of the thesis novel.

All this may serve as partial explanation of why *A Plot of Grass* fails to seem important, even though its subject pervades the national consciousness. The "grass" in the title is, of course, marijuana. Hardly a month passes without the publication of half a dozen works of nonfiction on the subject, and the sweet smell of pot is not new to fiction either, for it has occupied the background or foreground of several recent novels. But *A Plot of Grass* allows this generation's version of bathtub gin to occupy the entire stage, and attempts to present fictionally the pros and cons of both the use and the legalization of the drug.

It's a put-up job, with talky characters rising on cue to declaim designated points of view. All of them are so smugly decent, so cosily middle class, so comfortably liberal and suburban that it's hard not to take a snide satisfaction in their dilemma—a college-student son caught "holding" a large cache of marijuana. The questions the novel asks are legitimate and familiar: Why do young people smoke pot? How many of them smoke how much of it? Are parents responsible? Is it harmful? Is it habit-forming? Should pushers or users be punished? Should it be legalized?

Mr. Kauffmann has done his homework: a good many facts are painlessly introduced, and the suburban lending library patron may very well find the story a slickly satisfying explication of the surrounding scene. But it's a fake, really, having about as much relevance to the question of drugs in our society as, let's say, Neil Simon's latest play, *Last of the Red Hot Lovers*, has to the questions of sex raised by the so-called "new morality." If *A Plot of Grass* were as amusing as Simon's comedies, all might be forgiven. Unfortunately, it is merely competent commercial writing. The novel's greatest asset is that it neither pretends nor aspires to be anything more than that.

Cecile Shapiro

Cecile Shapiro is a free-lance critic.

Criminal Record

Fact

The Bridge at Chappaquiddick. *By Jack Olsen. Little, Brown.* $6.95. What happened on the night of July 18-19, 1969, when Senator Edward Kennedy's car plunged from the Dike Bridge on Chappaquiddick Island, taking Mary Jo Kopechne to her death? An experienced reporter recounts the events prior to, during, and following the tragedy (up to December 15, 1969). The high point of the book is Mr. Olsen's own theory (denied by the Senator), which, if it does not answer all the questions that still nag, at least might explain the time-lag between the accident and the reporting of it to the Edgartown police.

The Killing of Sharon Tate. *By Lawrence Schiller. Signet. Paperback,* $1. A recap of the bizarre murder of actress Sharon Tate and four others at her Hollywood home, followed by the "copycat" murders of Leno and Rosemary LaBianca twenty-four hours later. The fifty-two pages devoted to Susan Atkins's first-person account of the crimes lift this paperback out of the class of quickie publishing designed to cash in on a current sensation.

Fiction

The Necrophiles. *By David Gurney, Bernard Geis.* $5.95. If ever there was a justification for book-burning, this pornography for psychotics is it. In a mere 222 pages Mr. Gurney offers the reader homosexuality, incest, orgies, drugs, necrophilia, corpse mutilation, murder, satanism, and living sacrifice. That a man who can write would devote his talents to this book is Mr. Gurney's private tragedy; that Bernard Geis, who has long since mastered the dubious art of turning the sensational into profit, would publish this compendium of bad taste is a public disgrace.

The Laughing Policeman. *By Maj Sjöwall and Per Wahlöö. Pantheon.* $4.95. Nine people are gunned down on a Stockholm bus by a killer who leaves no clues. The solution involves police detective Martin Beck and almost the entire Swedish police force. This fourth novel by the Swedish husband-and-wife writing team is must-reading for anyone who claims to be an admirer of the very best in detective fiction.

Troubled Journey. *By Richard Lockridge. Lippincott.* $4.95. A widow motors south after her husband's leap from their apartment window. Is the lady turning paranoiac, or is someone out to get her? A slow trip either way.

Miss Seeton Draws the Line. *By Heron Carvic. Harper & Row.* $4.95. The English countryside seems to run to mildly eccentric little ladies who serve as magnets for crime. This time it's robbery and child murder, and Miss Seeton, art teacher, sees it through with only her brolly for protection. *Caveat emptor*: Miss Seeton's doings (this is the second book about her) are recounted at a rural pace, with village nattering and darker deeds given equal time.

Alp Murder. *By Aaron Marc Stein. Doubleday.* $4.50. Matt Erridge is witness to a head-on collision and murder as he drives along a lonely road in the Swiss Alps. Before you can say *Gott im Himmel!* he is caught up with a beautiful woman and a gold-smuggling plot. Somewhere beneath the verbiage and the corny, pseudo-tough narration lurks the suspicion that the plot is of a size suitable to the principality of Liechtenstein, where part of the so-called action takes place.

A Problem in Angels. *By Leonard Holton. Dodd, Mead.* $4.50. Father Bredder's seventh secular excursion into the world of murder and mystery begins with a death at a string quartet concert. The background of violins and their makers and repairers is fascinating. The mystery is fine, but the ending will annoy those who like a fair chance at beating the detective to who-done-it.

Wax Apple. *By Tucker Coe. Random House.* $4.95. Malicious mischief and murder bring ex-cop Mitchell Tobin to a halfway house for former mental patients. Where else could you hope to find a more suspect suspect list? Note to a forgetful author: on page 120, "Bob Gale and Jerry Kanter both made movements in their direction, as though to try to stop them, but I grabbed their arms to hold them back." Mr. Coe, your hero's right arm is in a cast down "to the middle of [his] fingers."

The Anderson Tapes. *By Lawrence Sanders. Putnam.* $5.95. The look and feel are almost that of on-the-spot reportage, as the robbing of an entire apartment house, consisting of two doctors' suites and eight apartments, is traced from the planning stage via transcripts from tapes, witnesses' statements, and the like. The realization that this is fiction does creep in, since just about every public phone, bedroom, and restaurant used by the criminals is bugged. But no matter, it's a crackling good yarn.

Sergeant Cuff

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—Drawing by Henri Matisse.

Religious Book Supplement

by ROGER ORTMAYER

At the center of the world's busiest airport, Kennedy near New York City, are three lovely buildings: Jewish, Protestant, and Roman Catholic chapels. But—caught up in the swirl of activity in the crowded terminals, along the ramps and boarding areas, in the hangars and on the runways—the throngs who use the airport are seldom aware of these little jewels on the lagoon. It is tempting to think of this as a parable of the religious scene at the beginning of the 1970s, including the publishing of religious books. The Kennedy chapels service nostalgia more than human needs—the notion that the sacred is to be found in houses of worship, and that it is best discussed in "religious" books.

In contradiction, much theological controversy during the last generation has been directed toward the breakdown of such categories as "secular" and "sacred," "religious" and "profane." There is no good reason, such argument claims, why anyone should visit the Kennedy chapels for other than essentially esthetic reasons. The ramps to the planes are surely as sacred as the isolated churches; probably more so, since they are related to what human beings do.

Yet, in spite of the collapsing of categories, there are identifiable religious activities for which specific space is necessary, just as it is required that books be specifically given to theological, ecclesiastical, moral and ritual discussions.

Basic to theology are the questions raised on page 46 by Isaac Asimov in his consideration of *The New English Bible: The Old Testament and New with the Apocrypha* as translated from the original tongues into contemporary English. Dr. Asimov, who is associate professor of biochemistry at Boston University's School of Medicine and a protean writer, is the author of 103 books. Among the several dealing with Scriptures are *Asimov's Guide to the Bible: Vol. I, the Old Testament* and *Asimov's Guide to the Bible: Vol. II, the New Testament.*

Even more likely to ignite dispute is *The Encounter*, by Malachi Martin, a former Jesuit who holds that not only Christianity and Judaism but Islam as well are "finished as major influences" on twentieth-century man. His arguments are evaluated on page 50 by *SR*'s General Editor Hallowell Bowser, an interested but uncommitted observer of the religious scene.

The divorce of the "secular" from the "sacred" is sharply evidenced in psychiatrist Ernest van den Haag's *The Jewish Mystique*, an ethnic study that Albert H. Friedlander, on page 52, charges with grievous errors of religious omission. Rabbi Friedlander is the author of *Never Trust a God Over Thirty: New Styles in Campus Ministry* and *Leo Baeck: Teacher of Theresienstadt.*

Almost any religious professional identified with the main-line American denominations knows that the racial confrontations in the last year or two have been the most disquieting and yet in some ways most exhilarating moments of his ministry. He has been attacked at his most vulnerable point —the object of his faith. Is it a white God he worships? Regardless of complexion, God, C. Eric Lincoln finds, is a viable force today only in the black ghettos (see page 69). A professor of sociology and religion at New York's Union Theological Seminary, Dr. Lincoln has written eight books interpreting the black revolution in America.

"Revolution," however, is not confined to race, as Frank White elucidates in his essay on current radical churchmen. Mr. White, a layman, is director of a National Council of Churches program called New Forms of Ministry.

An area we have not fully explored, and should have, is the excitement generated by novel rituals. "Celebration" is the word. Participation in liturgy has come back to life in multi-media, rock, jazz, folk, and even electronic and "happening" accompaniments. So, while the parable of the Kennedy chapels holds up on one hand, there is a new Reformation breaking out and, like a Kafka parable, its truth is too ambivalent to be true—or false.

ROGER ORTMAYER, who as guest editor has cooperated with *SR* in planning this section on religious books, is executive director of the Department of Church and Culture, National Council of Churches.

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An essay review of "The New English Bible: The Old and New Testaments with the Apocrypha" (Oxford-Cambridge University Presses, 1,815 pp., $9.95. Other editions available.)

Bettering the Good Book

by ISAAC ASIMOV

Producing a new translation of the Bible is a task that is as formidable as it is hopeless. Nothing can, and nothing should, replace or even threaten the Authorized King James Version in the hearts of anyone who loves the English language.

Never have the stately rhythms of a single book so molded a great language. For nearly four centuries the King James, plus the plays of Shakespeare, have set reasonable limits to the development of the language. However much English may change, how can it ever change sufficiently to make the King James and Shakespeare seem foreign to us? Our stake in Elizabethan English is so enormous that we can never give it up.

New translations may make the language of the Bible easier to read and understand, but never, never can the music be altered for anything but the worse. Consider what is, in my opinion, the supreme example of biblical poetry in translation, the famous 23rd Psalm that begins, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." It must penetrate the heart of even a confirmed unbeliever with a glimpse of the comfort that faith can bring. And its most stately and effective line is "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me." Twenty-two short words, as simple as language can be, yet impossible to read or say without being moved.

In *The New English Bible* the line becomes, "Even though I walk through a valley dark as death I fear no evil, for thou art with me." Nineteen words, still simple, still saying the same thing —yet falling short.

Missing is the initial "Yea," now archaic but making the emphasis the stronger for that. Also missing is the "will" in "I will fear no evil," which leaves us without the calm assurance that there is not only no fear now, but that there will be no fear in the future.

Most of all, "a valley dark as death" is clear English, but "the valley of the shadow of death" is a roll of drums as well. Who is so deaf to nuances as not to know that a "shadow" silently falls and enfolds and encompasses, blotting out the light of the world? A mere "dark" that already exists cannot possibly carry the same aura of an overwhelming fear that does not frighten —because God is there, too.

But having said all this in tribute to the King James, I come to an end. Although the King James may be supremely beautiful, it is not the word of God. Even if one supposes the Bible to be divinely inspired and that its every word is written in fire on some heavenly scroll, it is surely the original (essentially Hebrew in the Old Testament and Greek in the Apocrypha and the New Testament) which is so preserved. If the Bible is not the work of man, the translations certainly are.

In that case, one must ask how accurate the translations are, and the question utterly transcends any consideration of beauty and tradition, for the Bible is one case in which beauty or literary genius does *not* excuse all.

Armies, we know, have never gathered to kill each other over conflicting views on the divine birth of Achilles; the Spanish Inquisition has never sent anyone to the stake over the question of whether Don Quixote and Sancho Panza were two different individuals or two aspects of the same person; no old woman has ever been hanged as a witch because of the effect of the first scene of *Macbeth*.

So since the blood of millions cakes the pages of the Bible, we ought at least to know whether what we are reading is accurate or not—and the King James is not always accurate. Even where it isn't the very stateliness and mild archaism of the verses can lend it a spurious air of authority.

There is no reputable historian in the world, no archeologist, who accepts the first eleven chapters of Genesis as a literally truthful account of the early days of the earth. Yet how convincing is the thunder of those chapters.

Consider the eleventh chapter of Genesis, which begins, "And the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech." That flat statement has led uncounted numbers of earnest scholars to attempt to explain (without possibility of success) the facts of language in terms of origin from some single tongue at a relatively recent period.

The New English Bible, on the other hand, begins the eleventh chapter, "Once upon a time all the world spoke a single language and used the same

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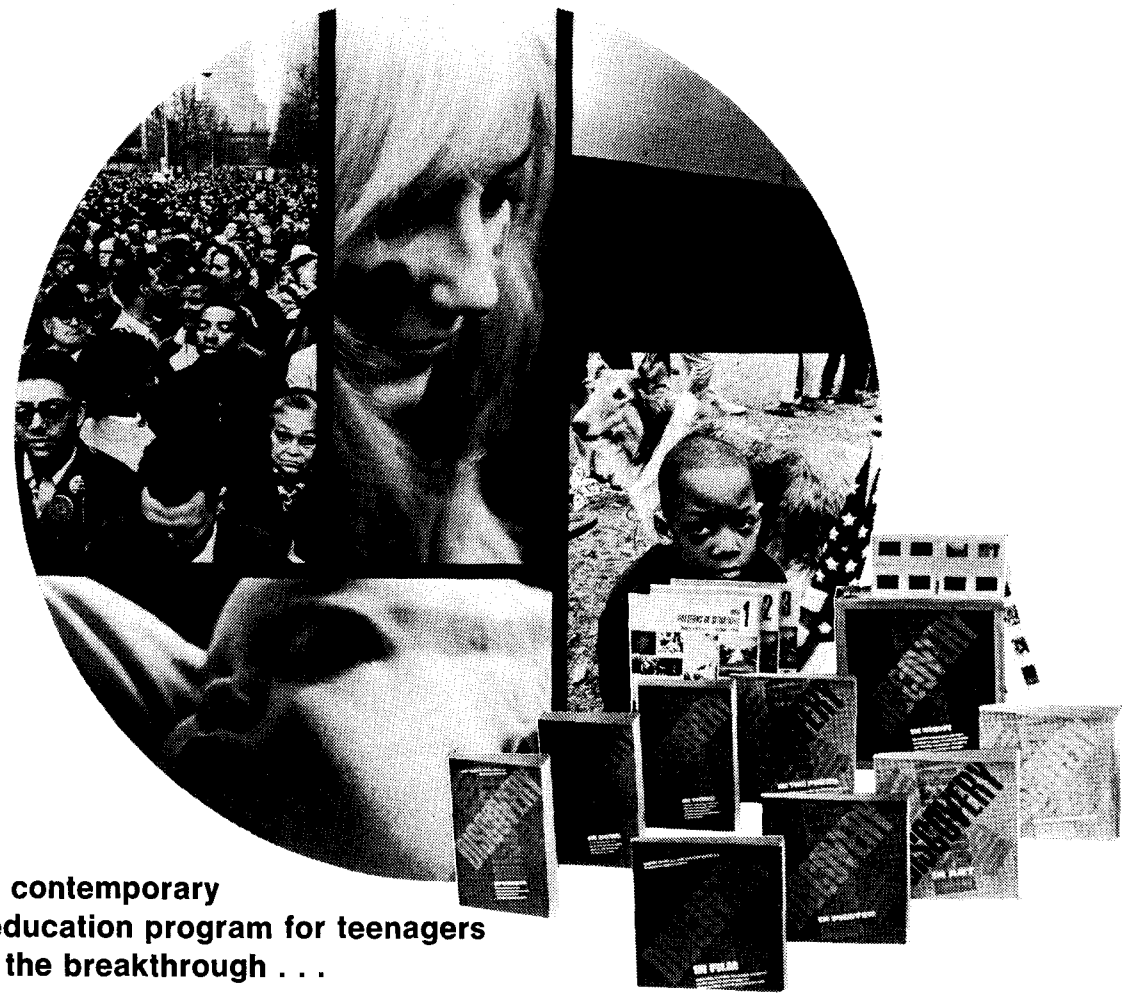

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words." Essentially the same statement but by beginning it "Once upon a time . . ." (a phrase inseparable from the folk tales we tell children) we label what follows legend.

That sentence of *The New English Bible* is a fair sample, by the way, of the style used throughout. It is very simple and without flourish, almost childlike. Biblical English has been eliminated completely in the prose sections and as far as possible in the poetic. The second-person singular, the "thou," "thee," and "thy" that bespatter the Bible so liberally, is removed except, alas, in addressing God, where the courage of the translators fails them.

(Whatever loss in poetry is involved here would be compensated for to an extent if only it encouraged men of the cloth to refrain from biblical English themselves. Many a perfectly amiable man, thoroughly acquainted with English, will, once he mounts the pulpit, drop his voice half an octave and deliver a warmed-over dish of biblical phraseology that grates unbearably upon the sensitive ear. Because Elizabethan genius created deathless harmony out of Elizabethan language does not mean that anyone can turn his dull thoughts into poetry by clothing them in archaistic cliché. Table-scraps from even the most heavenly banquet are only garbage, after all.)

The New English Bible also unmasks ancient euphemisms to allow greater clarity. In the tale of Lot in Sodom, for instance, the Sodomites gather about Lot's home and demand that he produce certain strangers who are visiting him. In the King James (Genesis 19:5), they cry out, "Where are the men which came in to thee this night? Bring them out to us, that we may know them."

To any modern youngster, reading the Bible with attention for the first time, this sounds like a perfectly reasonable request. Why shouldn't the neighbors want to greet the strangers and get to know them? And what do we mean by sodomy?

The same passage in *The New English Bible* reads, "They called to Lot and asked him where the men were who had entered his house that night. 'Bring them out,' they shouted, 'so that we can have intercourse with them.'"

Aha; now we know what's going on and what sodomy means. Of course "have intercourse" is also a euphemism, but it is *our* euphemism and we understand it. (I am sure, by the way, that under the circumstances described, the young toughs gathered round Lot's house would have used a much simpler and more direct word. However, let us not ask for impossibilities.)

To something of greater importance now: The first book of the New Testament is the Gospel of St. Matthew. Matthew, it would seem, was intent on interpreting the events of the life of Jesus in terms of Jewish Scripture and to demonstrate that the circumstances of his birth, life, and death were at every point fulfillments of predictions in the Old Testament.

Thus, when Matthew describes the virgin birth of Jesus he refers it back to Isaiah, saying (Matthew 1:22-23), "Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son—"

The reference is to Isaiah 7:14 (perhaps the most important verse in the Old Testament from the standpoint of its effect on history). Isaiah is speaking to Hezekiah, king of Judah, who is withstanding an attack from two kings in alliance. Isaiah assures Hezekiah that before a child, then being born, will reach very far in his development, the attacking kings will be destroyed. His statement begins, in the King James, "Therefore the Lord himself shall give you a sign: Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son . . . "

Isaiah's statement must refer to a birth then taking place. Still, it is possible to attribute different layers of meaning. It might be maintained that Isaiah is reassuring the king then and there and is *also*, through the inspiration of God, speaking of the far future.

The trouble is, though, that the Hebrew word *almah*, translated as "virgin" in this verse in the King James, does not mean virgin; it means merely "young woman." What's more, the young woman is clearly not a virgin for there is a Hebrew word, *bethulah*, that means "virgin," and Isaiah would have said that word if he had meant that word.

In *The New English Bible*, the passage from Isaiah is given: "Therefore the Lord himself shall give you a sign: A young woman is with child, and she will bear a son. . . . "

It seems quite possible that the statement of the virgin birth might not have carried such conviction if it were not pointed out that it was predicted by Divine prescience seven centuries before. And once the virgin birth was accepted, it became far easier to accept Jesus as divine.

Jesus was accepted by his followers as the Messiah, which referred, originally, to a human being, a descendant of David who was to rule over a liberated Israel as king. The word "messiah" means "the anointed one," which means either a king or a high-priest, since both are consecrated by anointing with oil.

In Daniel 9:25, there is a statement: "And after threescore and two weeks shall Messiah be cut off. . ." One is so used to accepting Jesus as *the* Messiah that this seems to be a reference to the crucifixion and was accepted as such for centuries. Actually, the most likely interpretation is that it is a reference to the assassination of the high-priest Onias III in 171 B.C.

The New English Bible has the verse read, ". . . after the sixty-two weeks, one who is anointed shall be removed . . ." In this form of phrasing it seems much less inevitable that it be a prediction of the crucifixion.

"Christ" is the Greek translation of "messiah," which is, in turn, a metaphorical way of saying "king" (as, in modern metaphor, we would say "the crown"). The phrase "Jesus Christ" is therefore most literally converted into English as "King Jesus," and it was for not straightforwardly denying the claim to that title (Matthew 27:11) that Jesus was crucified by the Romans.

Even the phrase "son of God" is but a metaphor for "king" since in Oriental monarchies the king was *ex officio* an aspect of the divine and, therefore, a son of God, so to speak.

The second Psalm is a coronation hymn. A king of Judah is being crowned, and in the seventh verse God is quoted as saying, "Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee." So reads the King James, with the word "Son" capitalized to make quite certain that the line is taken as referring to a divine Jesus.

In *The New English Bible* the same line is given, "'You are my son,' he [God] said, 'this day I become your father.'" Becoming a father is not

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quite the same as begetting a son. "Becoming a father" might easily imply adoption, and is a phrase that could be used without trouble where a man, in mature life, entered into a new relationship with God by becoming king. On the other hand, "This day have I begotten thee," by virtue of the frequent use of "begat" in the Bible, invariably raises the picture of a baby being born. Note, too, that "son" is not capitalized in *The New English Bible*.

If this reasoning seems too fine, one can point to the seventh chapter of the second Book of Samuel, where the prophet Nathan is reporting the words of God to King David. David has usurped the throne from the dynasty of Saul and needs some assurance as to the legitimacy of his position. Nathan quotes God as saying of David (2 Samuel 7:14), "I will be his father and he shall be my son." (This appears so in the King James and, word for word, in *The New English Bible* as well.) In other words, David is the accepted "son of God"; *i.e.*, the legitimate king.

To speak of Jesus as "Son of God" would mean, in the Hebrew tradition, no more than "messiah"—king. One might argue that this, and no more, is what Peter meant in his great confession of belief: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God" (Matthew 16:16).

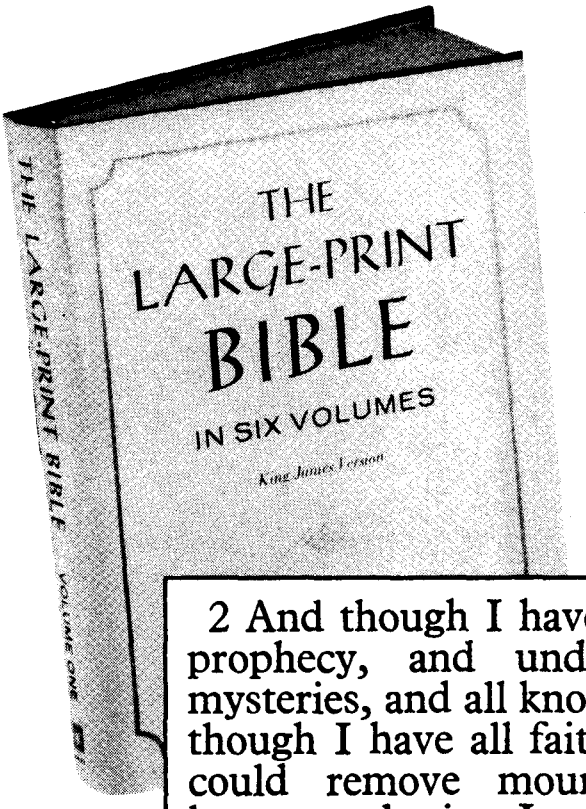
It was only to Greek thought (with the many tales in Greek legend concerning the sons of Zeus and all the other gods and goddesses) that a Hebrew metaphor could be reinterpreted into the literal meaning of a Divine Being.

Yet once the virgin birth and all that followed were accepted, could the mistranslations be corrected before modern times? Of course not. Why Matthew misread Isaiah one can't say, but since he did, the King James translators could not possibly have converted *almah* into "young woman." The stake would have waited. And even today it is quite likely that copies of *The New English Bible* will be burned by devout traditionalists as the work of the devil, for the sake of that one word, if nothing else.

A well-known biblical passage (John 8:32) informs us: "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

To feel comfortable with that passage, however, we must quote another line from that same gospel and raise a question which, through all of history, philosophers and scientists have pondered but which in the Bible is put into the mouth of an adversary and has therefore been derided.

For as Pontius Pilate asks (John 18:38, both King James and *New English Bible*), "What is truth?"



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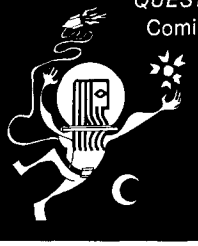

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An essay review of "The Encounter," by Malachi Martin (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 488 pp., $10)

Religion: Relic or Rising Star?

by HALLOWELL BOWSER

Malachi Martin's *The Encounter* is a vigorous, valuable, decidedly bearish critique of modern Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. Be warned: the book calls for a special sort of reader—one who has his thinking cap on, and who relishes a good stout tramp through the dense underbrush of religious controversy.

The author, a biblical scholar, foundation consultant, and onetime Jesuit, believes flatly that the traditional religions are outworn, atavistic, and unresponsive to the needs of modern man:

> There has . . . been a shaking off of shackles, a repudiation of traditional molds of thought, as if man had suddenly decided to be himself. . . . He is intent on encountering himself in the raw, not through the colored glasses of ancient mythologies or modern ideological presuppositions. This is *the encounter*. . . .

Knowing that this contention is bound to bring storms down on his head, Martin anticipates his critics by going all the way back to Abraham; he then comes forward slowly, showing how each of the three religions has (in his opinion) found its way, step by unfortunate step, into its present-day cul-de-sac.

This is all good scholarly procedure, and it makes for an invigorating, rewarding play of ideas. But too often it involves the reader in a veritable Serbonian bog of historical minutiae, theological phraseology, and categories-within-categories.

What is more, Martin employs a variety of odd—though often effective—rhetorical devices. These include (shades of Herman Kahn!) "scenarios"—passages that are "the intelligent imagining by a modern mind of events described as irretrievably past and unverifiable." The text is also studded

–Georges Rouault, "Miserere: In the wine-press, the grape was crushed," from "The Bite of the Print."

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with abruptly inserted poetic-prose episodes whose meaning is sometimes elusive.

This near crazy-quilt of odd effects and special terminology may, after a hundred pages or so, induce in the reader a sense of weightlessness, accompanied by a faint ringing in the head. At this point it becomes clear that the author has erred in not sketching out for us, in his introduction, a verbal road map to the book's quirky, eccentric structure and terminology.

But not to worry: it all "comes clean" and falls into place in the book's second half, where the language is plainer, and where the author, having sufficiently prepared the way, gets rolling on his memorable indictment of the traditional religions. Along the way, he deals with various lively subtopics—*e.g.*, the timely question as to who is a Jew; what Pope Pius XII should have done vis-à-vis Nazism; and why Islamic faith is a roadblock to progress. The analysis is exciting and unflinching, yet devoid of *odium theologicum*. The rights and wrongs of Martin's conclusions to one side, one has to be impressed by the enormous industry, inventiveness, and dead-serious concern evident here—as on every page of the book. Seminary students will probably crib from *The Encounter* for decades to come—if, that is, any seminaries are left then (Martin has an interesting "scenario" bearing on this point).

Granted Malachi Martin's dour conclusions about modern-day religion, why does he feel the several faiths have fallen on hard times? He thinks that each of the three religions has had its "priceless moment"— a turning point at which many directions were possible. In each case, he holds, they took the wrong turn, and their form and fate were thus determined.

In pursuit of this thesis, Martin opens *The Encounter* with "An Old Man's Dream," a passage vividly describing Abraham's evocation of God on the mountain-top, and the patriarch's subsequent founding of the Hebrew people. The Hebrews' destinies are then traced to the years 70-100 A.D., the "watershed" period following the Romans' retaking of Jerusalem. Judaism could then, Martin contends, have opted for such "scenarios" as assimilation or adaptation to its new environment. Instead, "In the end, it was the thinking of [the great rabbi] Akiva ben Joseph that . . . supported the course of action leading to the final catastrophic failure of Bar-Kochba's revolt in 135 A.D." Akiva stressed the law which "fixed the character of Judaism into hardened molds." The "testament embody-

(*Continued on page 66*)

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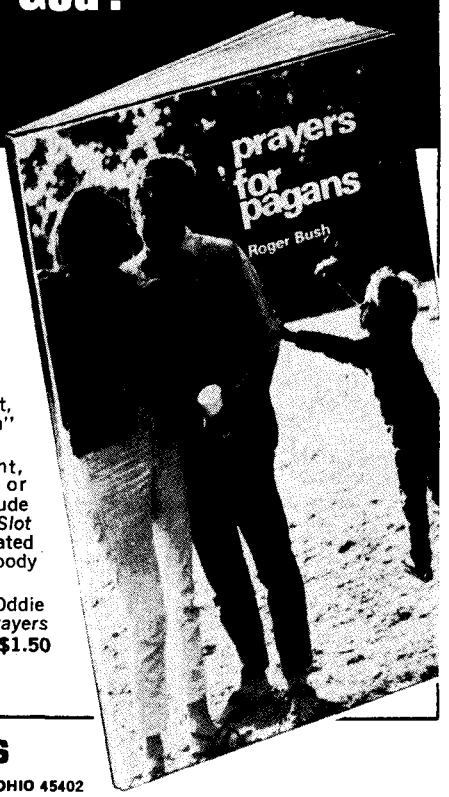

Prayers For Pagans

By Reverend Roger Bush

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THE JEWISH MYSTIQUE

by Ernest van den Haag

Stein & Day, 252 pp., $5.95

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG's engaging study is characterized by sympathy, learning, affection, and wit—and by ambivalence, prejudice, and inaccuracies. Partly, this reflects the subject: the Jew with all his contradictions stretched out on the psychiatrist's couch. Yet the analyst's predispositions also come into play, since his vision is confined to the image of the secular Jew in the secular world. The religious dimensions of Jewish existence have been firmly excised from consideration, and religious observances are primarily treated on the basis of social utility or as proof-texts for Freudian tenets. (The author's acknowledgments go to a number of writers, including "Freud and, above all, the authors of the Old and New Testaments. Without them, this book could not have been written." Yet it is clear which texts are considered canonical.) And when *Moses and Monotheism* prevails over modern scholarship, certain flaws of medium and of message are exposed.

The Jewish Mystique describes the contemporary concern with the Jew and his role in the world. Jewishness, anti-Semitism (Christian and Jewish, black and white), Israel, the Jewish Establishment, Jewish doctors, lawyers, hippies, usurers, saints, and sinners—all move across the stage. Their virtues are stressed and their weaknesses explained. Yet stereotypes, even when created with loving sympathy, remain stereotypes. The "Jewish mystique" discussed is obviously what others think about Jews. By itself, it is a valid and intriguing theme if placed alongside reality. Unfortunately, the reflection here blocks out significant aspects of that reality.

The discussion of circumcision, placed within the ever-popular topic of "Jews and Sex," can serve as an example. Disregarding inaccuracies of presentation (*e.g.*, "if you are not circumcized on the eighth day, it is too late for the rest of your life"), the thoughtful reader must at least confront the scholar's assertion that circumcision is a symbolic castration designed to mollify the father (or other gods). However, the psychoanalyst must also note that his own statement, "the son is. . . accepted as a Jew also. His body itself has become a symbol of their covenant," has a relevance outside the psychoanalytic discipline. In modern Judaism circumcision is *not* explained as just "a sanitary measure." The covenant of circumcision has a meaning within Jewish existence that goes beyond symbolic mutilation, and which van den Haag ignores.

The book can and should be enjoyed as a relaxed, nonscholarly causerie that attempts answers to questions frequently asked about Jews. "Are Jews smarter than other people?" "Yes"—because of a breeding process involving the marriage of scholarly young rabbis to daughters of rich merchants (who could feed a large family), whereas talented Christian youths with a bent for learning entered the celibate Church, depriving the genetic pool of many brilliant gentile minds. "Do Jews make better doctors?" "Yes"—because they can fulfill the needs of laymen who want the doctor to be a father figure; as Jews, they bear the burden of being the fathers of our civilization. "Who are the Jews?" On this question van den Haag is as unsuccessful as the Supreme Court of Israel. He also finds the Jew in his secularity. The religious tradition can always be brushed aside ("the popular idea . . . disregards theology and expresses what people *felt*."). A point is to be made here, since the definition of the Jew rises out of existence and out of essence. But when he excludes converts because "Jews are born, not made," van den Haag ignores not only the essence of Judaism, which built the messiah's family upon the convert Ruth, but also the existence of an increasing number of proselytes fully integrated into Jewish life (including rabbis, mothers of rabbis, even mothers of Jewish doctors). Understandably, the mystique of the Jewish stranger is shattered if cousin Christopher can become a Jew; but, despite existing intolerance on both sides, this does happen. The good doctor and most of his Jewish friends will not "feel" Christopher to be Jewish—but the decision will be made in Christopher's life, which he has placed under a covenant that is more than peoplehood. There are many failures, but the rules of kinship are also in flux today.

In the end, the "Jewish mystique" for Jews and for non-Jews may reside in the openness of an existence that resists definitions and rejoices in contradiction. Genuine lovers of the Jewish community—and Dr. van den Haag is one of them—may find that a mystique which they cannot capture is part of their own existence. The ambivalence of this book may then rise out of the difficulties of self-definition.

Albert H. Friedlander

(Reviews of other religious books continue on page 69.)

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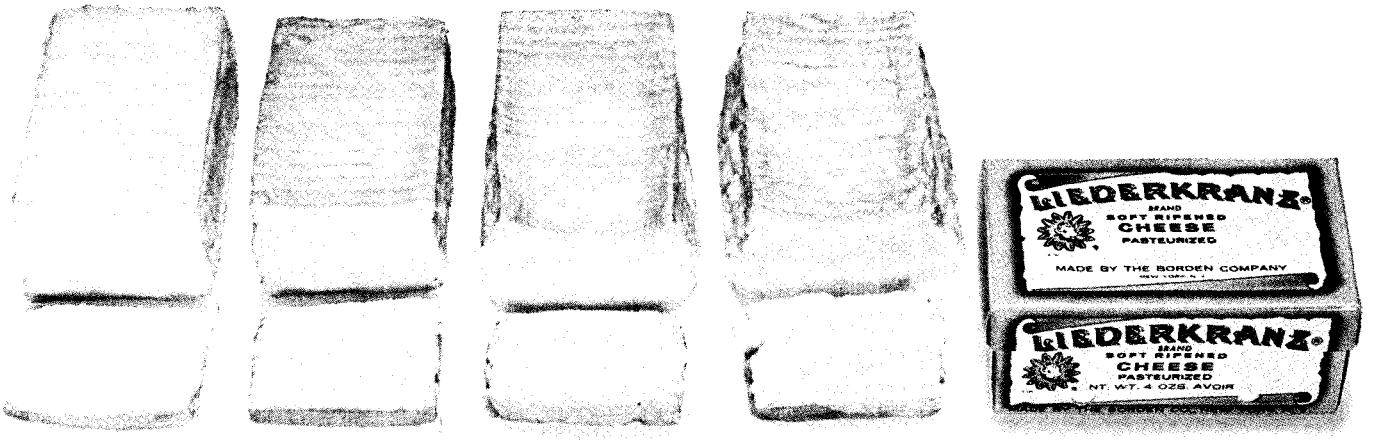
Think Cheese Think Borden

Lessons in Liederkranz



Liederkranz Cheese is an international delicacy. Made only by Borden. This is how it looks right after it's made, when it's fresh or unripened.

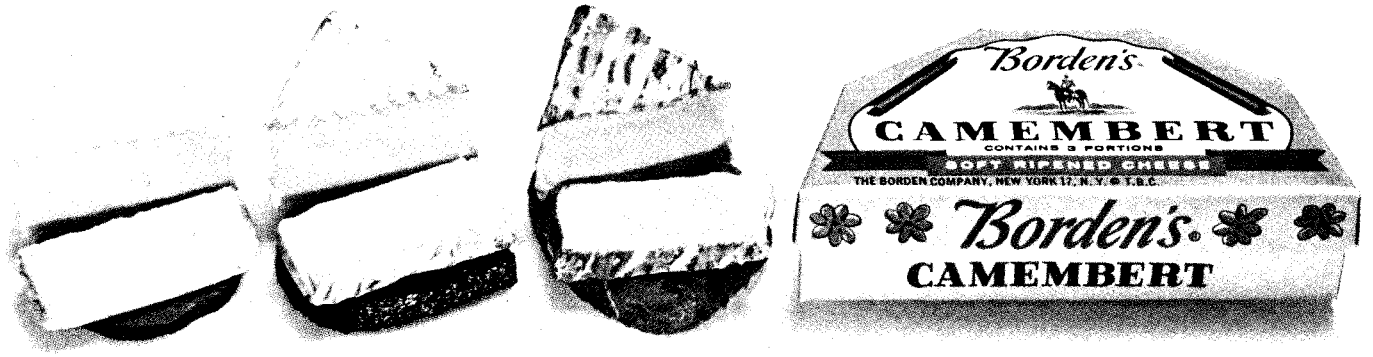
And here's how it looks when you buy it. Its center has changed to a pale yellow. And the flavor's a little more "tenor" than "baritone." Which, maybe, is just as well, if you've never had Liederkranz before.

Medium ripened Borden's Liederkranz changes to a golden yellow. Its center is softer and there's much more flavor. We know it looks good enough to eat. But real connoisseurs wait.

After a few weeks, Borden's Liederkranz is fully ripened. And tastes it. But the epicure knows how to enjoy its robust, baritone flavor and soft texture. Sliced pumpernickel, a glass of beer, and he eats it up crust and all.

Try some Liederkranz (Lee-der-kranz) and see how ripe you like it. Liederkranz was discovered by an apprentice cheesemaker named Emil Frey in 1892. We don't know if it was called Liederkranz because Emil's boss belonged to the Liederkranz Club in New York, or because nobody liked the name, Emil Frey cheese.

and Camembert.



Camembert originally came from France. But the last time we counted, 90% of the Camembert cheese made in the U.S. was made by Borden. This is how it looks right after it's made when it's fresh or unripened.

And here's how it looks when you buy it. Its center has changed to a creamy texture. And there's a more tangy flavor. We know it looks good enough to eat. But real connoisseurs wait.

After a few weeks, Borden's Camembert is fully-ripened. Many German people won't eat it fully-ripened. But the French and Italians won't eat it any other way.
A few crackers, some fresh apple slices, or a glass of red wine, and they eat it up crust and all.

Try some Camembert (Kam-em-bear) and see how ripe you like it. Camembert was first discovered by a French peasant girl named Marie Harel, who served it to Napoleon when he stopped for lunch in the commune of Camembert in 1791.

BORDEN

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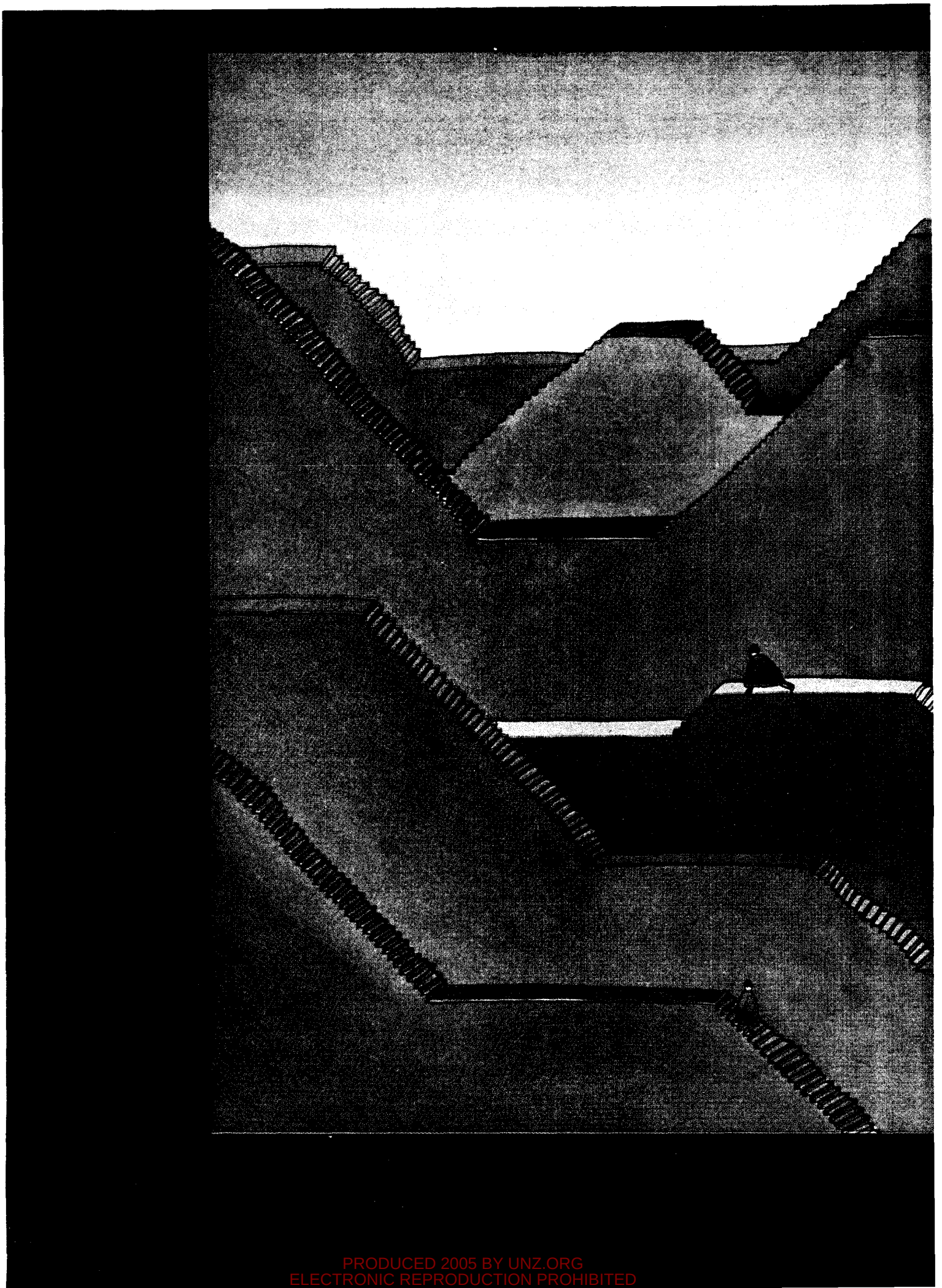

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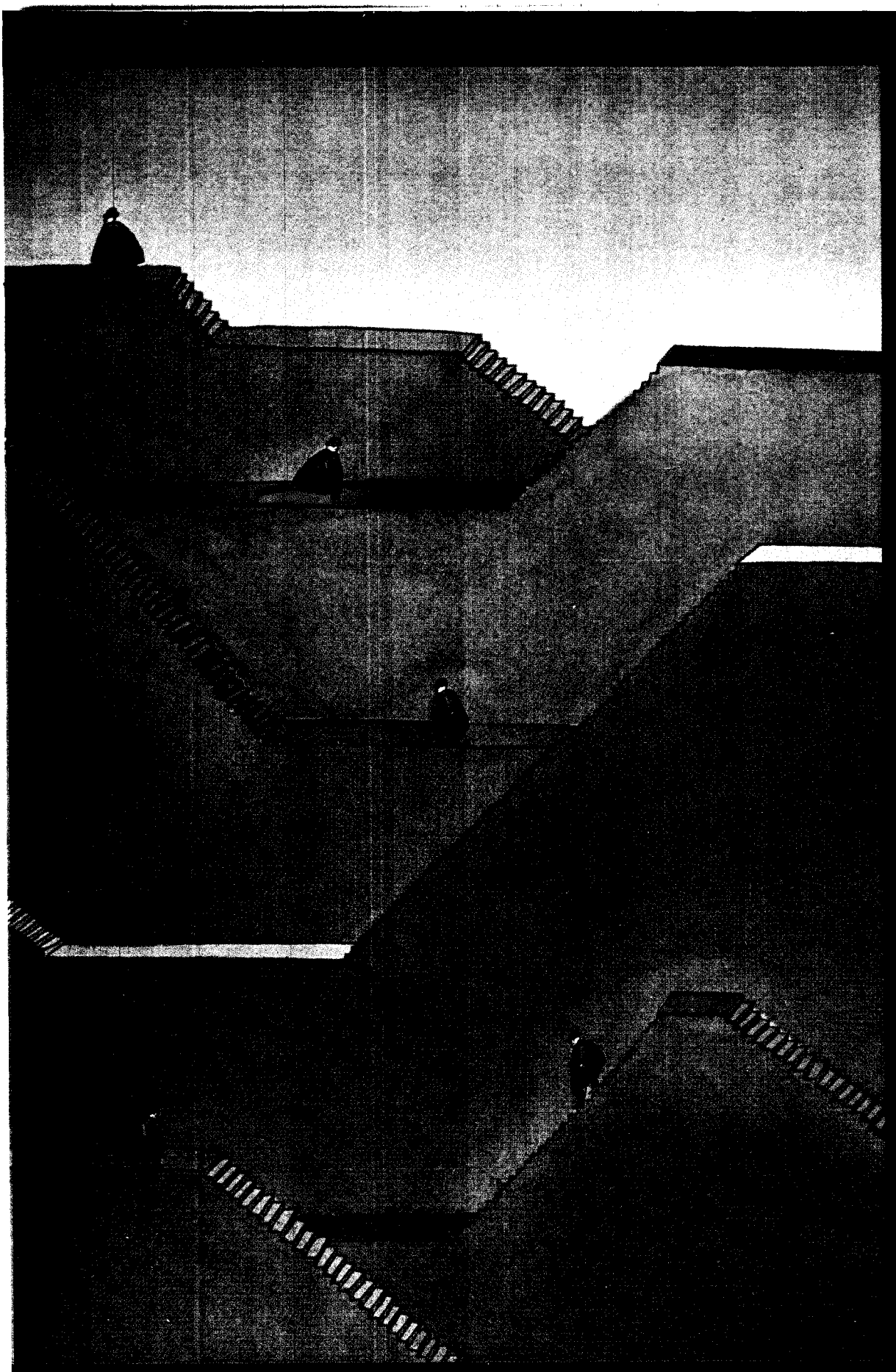

Meet someone halfway.
To communicate is the beginning of understanding.

AT&T

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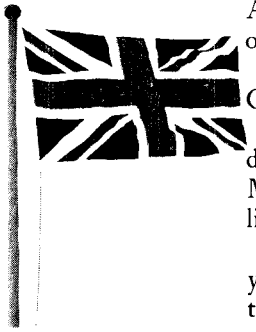

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You may have seen those magnificent young men in their poppy-red tunics in the movies, but there is no substitute for the real thing on a sunny London morning. Incidentally, the expensive-looking uniforms *are* expensive: the officers' cost $1,000; the men's $200 each.

Where Churchill spoke

Act 2: A debate in the House of Commons. Most visitors are content to stare at the awesome Gothic pile of the Mother of Parliaments from the outside. *You* be a little adventurous and go inside. Listen quietly to the debate from the Strangers' Gallery where Clemmy Churchill watched her Winston not so very long ago.

Where Elizabeth was sceptred and crowned

Act 3: The great abbey at Westminster, the family church of English kings. This glory of early English architecture

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continued from previous page

comes alive several times daily when services are held. To hear the great organs roll Bach's Toccata in D around the vast nave is the experience of a lifetime.

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A color party of Her Majesty's Foot Guards pacing the forecourt of Buckingham Palace.

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Adrift in the Rockies—II
Baghdad Comes to Jasper

WHAT I LIKE about the Banff Springs Hotel is that a man can get lost without really trying. No two rooms or hallways look alike, each one decorated to evoke a different period or style, many combining several in one swoop. By the time you've rounded a few corners and passed through the Elizabethan, Gothic, Flemish, Jacobean, and perhaps the Gothic age again, there's no turning back.

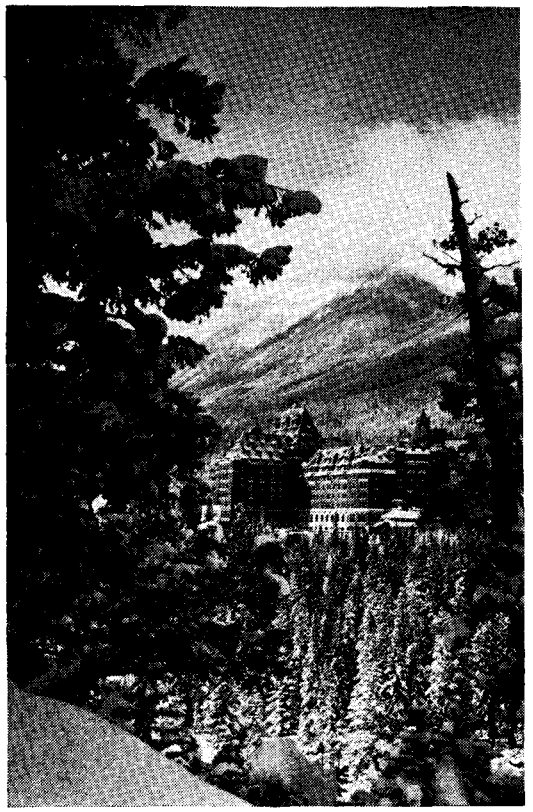
It won't help to ask directions of the elevator operator—a young lass in green tartan plaid—because she hasn't been around long enough to learn the floor plan herself. "Been lost five times in the past week," she sighed one evening last month as I sought the most direct route to the main lobby, an enormous two-story hall that somehow managed never to be in the same place twice. Her sidekick, who plied the shaft nearby, seemed equally in the dark. When they weren't running guests up and down on magic mystery tours of the splendid limestone castle, they were standing side by side in the foyer, either huddling for warmth or trying to keep one another from getting lost, I'm not sure which.

This being the first year the Banff Springs has stayed open beyond September, the conversion to a wintertime operation has been running, if you will, hot and cold. One pities the crew that had to put up all those storm windows, although the job could have been tougher if the management had decided to winterize the entire hotel. As it is, only 200 of 600 rooms have been kept open, the top four floors (there are nine in all) having been sealed off until spring. My room, as I stepped in the first time, enveloped me like a Finnish sauna, and it was all I could do to cross the floor and thrust open a window to admit a heavenly blast of mountain air. The window stayed up all night, and by morning I was fully acclimated to Alberta winters.

Under the same gabled roof one would be floating through an evenly heated hall or lounge, admiring a Medici print, a Flemish cupboard, or a tartan skirt, when a draft of cold air would rush past and be gone just as suddenly. Weather aside, though, the Banff Springs Hotel seemed to be bearing up well to its first full winter in business, a winter that may yet bring discontent to the Canadian Pacific seers who decided last fall to redo not only the hotel's heating system but a little of its image, too. In summers past, the Banff Springs bowed deeply to an old-faithful clientele, perennials in gray who came to hear nothing louder than the wind through the firs and the shuffle of checkers.

"To stay open this winter, we had to go for a different crowd," Lloyd Naess, the sales manager, told me over dinner in the Alhambra Room, a vast, velvety dining hall that brings a Moorish strain to this palace of diversity. That Naess wore a cardigan over his shirt and tie, and I a turtleneck without jacket, was proof enough the new order had arrived. Skiers of course won't bend to formality, not in the rugged environs of the Canadian Rockies, and it is skiers the Banff Springs hopes to attract, as word seeps out of Alberta that the Banff-Lake Louise-Jasper area has all along been hiding some of this continent's finest skiing.

Naess and other promoters of Canadian Rockies skiing claim they can match the Alps—or will be able to in a few years—in every important element except the one they want least of all: a kitschy commercialism. From the



Banff Springs—Formality bows out.

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sound of voices one heard sailing across the powdery slopes and après-ski lounges, Europeans are fast endorsing the Rockies. They are more often ski migrants than mere visitors, and nearly every one seems to find a flavor of his homeland in the high country of Western Canada. That includes Paul, a Czech, and John, a Yugoslav, who work the steep hills of Mount Norquay, near Banff, and the Scottish barmaid at the Timberline. Warming herself before a huge log fire in the lounge, her back turned to the flames, she may have been repeating a wintertime ritual of the Highlands. In fact, Banff was named for a town in Scotland by an early Canadian Pacific director, Lord Strathcona.

Night life at the Banff Springs carried well past midnight. The rock notes of a female duo sounded a wee bit odd pouring down the stately corridors, coming as they did from the elegantly appointed Riverview Lounge, where on summer evenings of old the faithful stationed themselves at writing tables to record the day's events for an heiress back home. Most of the customers this weekday night represented the local ski population and the staff of the hotel itself, a zestful gathering but hardly a quorum, I was told more than once, compared to the throngs that shake the chandeliers on weekends.

Those hotel guests who won't bother trooping up to Norquay, Sunshine Mountain, or Mounts Whitehorn and Temple at Lake Louise can skate on a rink just outside the Riverview Lounge, ski the highly negotiable terrain of the hotel's golf course, or mush into the hills by snowmobile. Indoor athletes can paddle about a twenty-five-meter pool only a glass wall removed from the outdoor summer tank, although I found more than enough splashing room in my own bathtub, a showerless one at that.

Striking northwest on a bright, mild morning, I picked up the Ice-field Highway outside of Lake Louise and drove through the noblest of Canadian mountain country, crossing the valleys of the Bow, Mistaya, Saskatchewan, Sunwapta, and Athabasca Rivers, a wilderness hardly touched since pioneer trappers and explorers cut their way through. I stopped at Lake Louise long enough to survey Canada's largest ski area, swathed with thirty-nine miles of trails including the six-mile-long Larch Hill run that meanders through some of the best powder in the West. Here my ear was tuned to another faraway sound, the New Zealand melody of Bruce McIntosh, Lake Louise Lifts' administration manager. We drove around in his pickup truck taking in the dramatic quietude of Mount Temple and Whitehorn, while he bemoaned softly a meager snowfall that had dumped only thirty-six inches on the mountains this year, sixty or seventy inches less than the usual depth for the period. Big building plans are in store for the town of Lake Louise, where an entire Alpine village will take root before long. As always, the National Park Service will oversee the project, making certain it stays within reason. Every inch of the territory between Banff and Jasper is national parkland, and as McIntosh declared: "We have to apply for permission to cut down a wee branch."

Canadian Pacific doesn't dare keep the Chateau Lake Louise open in winter, at least not until it sees how the Banff Springs Hotel fares in its maiden season. The chateau stood mute and aloof on the edge of Lake Louise, its broad front lawn and bright poppies of summer deep under snow. The lake, one of the most photographed sights in North America, in the luminous emerald glow of another season, stretched as flat and white and obscure as a wheat field a mile away to the backdrop of Victoria Glacier, which showed a trace of blue through the overcast.

On the road between Lake Louise and Jasper—a 140-mile run that has been kept open after dark for the first time this winter—a driver in January will encounter more wild animals than passing cars. Several times I stopped to watch some burly moose dusting off layers of snow from a luncheon of underbrush. Clinging to a hillside above the road, a family of Rocky Mountain bighorn sheep stood together in unblinking defiance of gravity, their curling horns bringing images of the Los Angeles Rams' "Fearsome Foursome" grouped in a goal-line stand. Pulling into Jasper, a spur of the Canadian National Railroad, I happened upon a trio of well-fed dogs lolling in a front yard near the heart of town. On closer inspection, they turned out to be deer.

This is also the first winter of the Jasper Park Lodge. In fact, its Canadian National overseers claim they had the idea first and that Canadian Pacific responded as only it could by heating up the Banff Springs Hotel all winter. The Jasper Park is a string of handsome cabins linked halfway around Lac Beauvert. Here, too, the wintertime pitch is skiing, nearby Marmot Basin beckoning particularly to beginners and intermediates, but also offering a good expert slope. Snowmobiling, a Canadian outdoor passion gaining steadily on hockey every year, takes Jasper folk from the comfort of the fireside to the chilliest slope no matter what the hour or terrain.

For the record, my choice of entertainment that first night in Jasper was: 1) watching a match at the Jasper Curling Rink; 2) taking a snowmobile safari into unknown land above the Jasper Park Lodge; 3) staying in the lodge to see a belly dance by an exotic named Asmara. My reasoning, based on lengthy fireside deliberation in my log cabin by the lake, was that curling and snowmobiling would still be around the next time I sampled a Canadian winter.

For the others who crowded into the lodge's ski club the choice, and a difficult one for a Canadian, was whether to watch the National Hockey League all-star game on the bar's television set or to give Asmara undivided attention in the casbah next door. A few, as I remember, straddled the middle and kept an eye on both, but the sports fans at my table, barely sated with a good steak and bottle of wine, opted unanimously for Asmara. Moments be-

Jasper Park Lodge—The pitch is skiing, but there are indoor athletics too.

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fore Asmara went on, Wilbur Wright, the hotel's bearded social director, was as flighty as his namesake. "I don't dare turn off the TV," he gasped. "I'll get lynched!"

He needn't have worried. Asmara, gliding and bumping to sounds seldom heard in these parts, wrapped everyone up in a swirl of silky veils. When she slinked off, there wasn't a man in the house who knew the score of the hockey game, or wanted to. We met afterward in the TV lounge, Asmara and I, and with my back to the tube I learned that she had never even been to Beirut, in fact, had never even been farther away than the Baghdad Lounge in San Francisco, where she had studied the art under one Jamila Salimpour. So where was home? Milwaukee.

I departed Jasper next afternoon on the daily Canadian National run to Vancouver, thrown off schedule by a freight wreck in a tunnel east of Jasper. The ride normally goes out in the early evening, arriving in Vancouver late the next morning. Canadian National has taken off its domed observation cars for the winter because of the stress the cold weather imposes on the glass top, but the mountain views are fetching enough from any window. One couldn't say as much for the conversation aboard, most of the passengers, farm folk from the prairie, dwelling on the price of livestock. Overheard: "Pigs are good."

"Are they still consistent with the price of barley?"

I didn't wait to find out.

WIT TWISTER #153

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

From War's old worship __ __ __ __ us, God!

Let hatred __ __ __ __, and bring to birth

__ __ __ __ upon this ravaged sod

An Eden-fresh and loving earth!

—A. S.

(*Answer on page* 99)

TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Clout Bout

"FORUM MAY HAVE the case, but WPIX has the clout," a network executive said to me at lunch recently. He then added: "In the end, it will be interesting to see whether the FCC goes for the case or the clout."

What he was referring to was a competitive application filed by Forum Communications, Inc., for the broadcasting license now held by Channel 11 (WPIX). A comparative hearing before an FCC examiner to determine renewal of the license is scheduled for late this month or early in March.

Channel 11 is an independent television station owned by the New York Daily News Syndicate in conjunction with the Chicago *Tribune*. Its clout lies—as with most incumbents—in its power, prestige, and influence.

Forum Communications describes itself as "a group of independent television professionals, performers, community leaders, journalists, and businessmen." Its roster is topped by Lawrence K. Grossman, a former broadcast executive, who currently heads his own advertising consultant firm and film production company. Other stockholders include Harry Belafonte, who plans to produce and appear in a program series, and Jose Garcia, a director, cinematographer, and producer (*World of Piri Thomas*), who would be public affairs director—if Forum wins the case.

Other Forum stockholders, active in television and community affairs, would be involved in the day-to-day operations of the station. They represent a knowledgeable consortium eager to demonstrate that the nation's TV market can be profitably served by a private enterprise committed to imaginative, entertaining, and informative programing.

Forum's case against WPIX rests on its having unearthed what should prove to be an impressive array of evidence regarding the incumbent's handling of news and public affairs issues, minority and suburban coverage, and the depth and scope of the station's survey of community needs. Charges include distortions of news stories, false labeling of film clips and correspondents' voices, and—if allowed to be entered by the examiner hearing the case—"payola" and "misrepresentations of consultations with community leaders."

Forum claims to have letters from at least ten prominent individuals denying that they had ever been consulted by WPIX on community needs and interests. At the hearing, the FCC's Broadcast Bureau will weigh the charges of news distortion, following its own investigation.

Forum's case notwithstanding, my luncheon companion found it difficult to think that a Republican-dominated agency such as the FCC—the agency is presided over by Dean Burch, a former national chairman of the party—would ultimately disengage so important a property as Channel 11 from a press-broadcast combine as full of clout as the redoubtable Chicago *Tribune* and the New York *Daily News*.

In past license challenges, clout easily won before the commission simply by making a new case for the incumbent. The pattern was that, once under attack, the incumbent would quickly shoot some public service adrenalin into its schedule—as WPIX has, indeed, recently done. The FCC, upon consideration, would then say in effect: "A demerit for the past, but the future reflects contrition. License renewed, for full or partial term."

However, the commission's recently promulgated policy governing license challenges precludes a station's raising its program ante while under the gun. This is the only unalloyed gain for the public in the new policy.

WPIX, must now run on its past record, and not upon its conversion, no matter how sincere. That record appears to be so dubious that it is difficult to see how the station's clout can win for it the first phase of the hearing. At the conclusion of that phase, the examiner hearing the case could find that WPIX's performance was "substantially attuned" to community needs, and summarily end the hearing and renew the license.

If he decides to the contrary and allows the hearing to encompass the total spectrum of issues in Forum's application, any clout would have to be applied under the shadow of the watchdog Court of Appeals as well as certain Congressional investigations.

Is there a New York television or radio station (commercial or educational) with enough clout of its own to pick up the challenge of broadcasting the hearings? They hold high promise of a revealing glimpse into the decision-making process by which a leading, independent television station determines what the general public wants.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

TV or Not TV?

NEW YORK CITY'S Regency Theatre is currently the scene of a potentially explosive experiment. While it has been generally the case that pictures created for theatrical exhibition end up on television, for the first time in this country an American film expressly made for—and shown on—the small tube has been released as a feature movie. *My Sweet Charlie*, produced by Universal, was NBC's "World Premiere" on January 20; according to production executive Sid Sheinberg, the immediate critical acclaim, as well as unprecedented ratings for the film, prompted his company to attempt the theatrical route. "Our industry has always claimed that 'word-of-mouth' is the thing that really sends people to the box office," Sheinberg said recently. "We'll soon learn if the word of the twenty million or so people who caught our picture on television can attract another hundred million or so who didn't."

Universal could hardly have made a better choice of a film for this unique trial run. Photographed entirely on location in Port Bolivar, Texas, it has the visual appeal of wind-swept grasses on a deserted shore, wavering shadows of rotted pilings at the water's edge, the gaunt, rusting hulk of an abandoned lighthouse, the eerie atmosphere of a summer colony closed down for the winter. More to the point, director Lamont Johnson makes constant and effective use of these details for dramatic purpose, so much so that one wonders if they possibly could have registered as well on the parlor screen. In addition, there are two extraordinarily poised and poignant performances, by Patty Duke and Al Freeman, Jr., that alone warrant the magnification of theater projection.

But best of all, there is the material itself, adapted as it was by Richard Levinson and William Link from a novel and play by David Westheimer. Into an empty summer bungalow stumbles a runaway teen-aged Southern girl—ignorant, prejudiced, and pregnant. She is soon joined by a young Negro lawyer from the North who has inadvertently killed a white man who attacked him during a protest march. For once, the scorn, the bitterness, the contempt that exist on both sides of the racial barrier are set forth in human terms. He scornfully corrects her grammar; she contemptuously refuses to cook for him or eat with him. As might be expected, their mutual needs bring them together, but the finale, unlike so much of television, is neither pat nor saccharine. Indeed, the entire film approaches racism with a quality of such emotional truth that, quite frankly, I am delighted it received the kind of exposure that TV can give. At the same time, I am even more pleased that this theatrical release is conferring upon the film the stature its message and craftsmanship deserve.

On the other hand, the script clichés, the uneven performances, and the all too predictably melodramatic climax of Ralph Nelson's and James Lee Barrett's *tick. . .tick. . .tick* make this film, which also deals with race relations, seem as if it should have gone directly to television. The basic idea is a strong one: Thanks to free elections in a small Southern town, a Negro has been elected sheriff, and now has to prove himself to both the whites and the blacks. Complicating the situation is the fact that the previous sheriff, a white man, was not only highly qualified, but holds a grudging admiration for his successor. Unfortunately, Barrett's script explores this theme not at all. Every plot turn seems a device calculated to demonstrate the stoic heroism of co-stars James Brown and George Kennedy; almost every line rings of a rhetorical flourish that Nelson's direction does little to deflate.

For what Pauline Kael likes to call a "movie movie," however, my nomination this week is Sidney J. Furie's *The Lawyer*, suggested—despite the usual credit title demurrer—by the Sam Sheppard murder case. More to the point, "the lawyer" of the title is suggested by the career and tactics of F. Lee Bailey; he is what the picture is all about. Playing with the kind of zest and bounce that Lee Tracy used to bring to similar roles, Barry Newman (who looks remarkably like a younger Danny Kaye) invests this young trial lawyer with a devil-may-care dedication that, quite properly, transcends the "whodunit" aspects of the sordid story to focus upon that basic tenet of American law wherein the accused is innocent until proved guilty. However, the real hero is director Furie, who makes the search for justice as visually exciting as that earlier scramble for the Ipcress File.

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Musicals Wanted and Wanting

TEN YEARS AGO about half of some thirty-five Broadway playhouses were large enough to house musical comedies. Since then five theaters have become TV studios and moviehouses, or been razed for construction, and it is predicted that in a few years Broadway will be down to fewer than two dozen theaters. If it were not for some help from New York City, which has offered builders zoning advantages if they included theaters in their new buildings, the situation would have been worse. Even so, it is estimated that most of the theaters lost will be the small intimate ones, and most of the theaters built will be as large as possible. Thus three-quarters of the playhouses will require more musical comedies to fill them.

During the Sixties the number of new musicals presented on Broadway in a given season remained remarkably constant, with a low of eleven and a high of fifteen. These plus a half dozen holdover hits from previous seasons kept the musical menu respectable. Also fairly constant was the number of hit musicals opening in any one season as revealed in the following list of what appear to be the twenty-two longest-running hits of the decade:

1960-61: *Carnival, Irma La Douce, The Unsinkable Molly Brown, Camelot*
1961-62: *Milk and Honey, How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying, A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*
1962-63: *Stop the World, I Want to Get Off, Oliver*
1963-64: *Hello, Dolly!, Funny Girl, What Makes Sammy Run?*
1964-65: *Fiddler on the Roof, Golden Boy*
1965-66: *Man of La Mancha, Sweet Charity, Mame*
1966-67: *Cabaret, I Do! I Do!*
1967-68: *Hair*
1968-69: *Promises, Promises, 1776*
1969-70: ?

Until this season, the expectancy that Broadway could provide more musicals on demand seemed reasonable. But by mid-February only four musicals had opened, and only one had survived. Was this just an accident or was the American musical in trouble?

On examining the situation, one finds that the costs of production have risen more rapidly than the ticket prices. One musical this season, *Jimmy*, is reported to have cost over a million dollars, which is at least three times what it would have cost ten years ago. Thus the investor must put up more money, while the odds against his making a profit are rising from approximately 3 to 1 to about 6 to 1.

Complicating the uncertainty is the trend away from the orthodox musical. The three most successful musicals of the past two seasons all used the music and lyrics of newcomers, opened with no star names, and differed in form and content both from each other and from the conventional musical comedy formula.

The latest musical entry, *Gantry*, is also unconventional. Adapted by Peter Bellwood from the romantic episode between Sharon Falconer and Elmer Gantry in Sinclair Lewis's 1927 novel, and with a score by Stanley Lebowsky and Fred Tobias, it emerges as a series of unconvincing revival meetings interrupted here and there for some not very dramatic plot details and for a few sung soliloquies.

Robert Shaw plays Elmer less as the hypocrite than as the victim of his own weakness. Although he does rise to a moment of effective dramatic insight with a quiet song called "The Promise of What I Could Be," he lacks the strong voice required for preaching or for robust singing. Furthermore, when he is being the common man from Nebraska he lapses into a British working class way of speaking. As Sister Sharon, Rita Moreno never rises to the kind of inspired passion the role demands. Indeed, she seems so tentative about her faith that when she performs a healing miracle, we find ourselves wondering, "How did she do that?"

Onna White has staged one entertaining number called "Foresight," in which four businessmen sing and dance their glee at having made religion serve their ends. Ann Roth's costumes catch the seedy quality of the Midwest in the Twenties, and yet manage to be frequently colorful. And Robin Wagner, assisted by lighting designer Jules Fisher, interestingly attempts to tie the show together by constructing everything out of tent canvas.

However, *Gantry* is firing ineffectually at old targets and is not apt to convert anyone to religion, atheism, or theatergoing. Its failure is one more small warning that some of the big new theaters now under construction may become empty tabernacles.

The Tour

by Hollis Summers

Having shot the bus driver
I meant to do away with all the passengers,
Their faces were painted on anyway, under
Expressions named Fear,
Anger, Wonder,
And a couple of Lusts who admired
My cause.

I did a few: a Luster
Who, as he died, kissed his newspaper;
Three Fears; two Angers.
Applause is a pleasure
To any performer.
I ended up with a Wonder
Who failed to join the hearty applause.

I asked everyone to call out his registry number.
They were delighted to cooperate.
I, too, was rather weary.
I drove the bus through the admirable weather
Back to my own borough.
Driving a bus is better than driving a car.
I let out my grateful passengers at separate houses.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Dame Margot and Her New Cavalier

BOSTON.

THE WORLD'S most celebrated ballerina and the most electrifying young *danseur* to stir and startle balletomanes in Europe and America in the last year danced on this side of the Atlantic together for the first time here in Boston. They were the very special guest artists of the Boston Ballet (founded and directed by E. Virginia Williams) for a short season (its sixth) in February at the Savoy Theater, a great old vaudeville house with lots of seats (on the way to 3,000), lots of marble, and lots of crystal chandeliers.

The stars were Dame Margot Fonteyn of Britain's Royal Ballet and Richard Cragun, the principal American male dancer of West Germany's Stuttgart Ballet. The two had danced together abroad in *Les Sylphides* and *Swan Lake* and will subsequently be performing in Stuttgart in a new work created especially for Dame Margot by the Stuttgart's superb choreographer, John Cranko. For Americans, however, Dame Margot is usually linked with Rudolf Nureyev, and Cragun with the Stuttgart's prima ballerina, Marcia Haydée—so it was that Miss Williams pulled off the dance coup of the year for Boston. Astutely, her own Boston dancers were placed alongside two of the great dancers of the day; something was destined to brush off on the local group; it did. For the Boston Ballet, lively, well trained, and by no means devoid of personalities of its own, provided the illustrious stars not only with an acceptable showcase but with a very handsome one.

Dame Margot Fonteyn of Britain's Royal Ballet and the American Richard Cragun of the Stuttgart Ballet in "Black Swan"— "As a team? They are, indeed, stunning."

—Photos: Ron Protas.

Dame Margot dances the "Prelude" in "Les Sylphides" with the Boston Ballet — "Poetry."

Dame Margot and Cragun, supported by soloists and corps of the Boston Ballet, danced in Fokine's *Les Sylphides* (Fonteyn had guested a few months earlier in the old nineteenth-century masterwork, *La Sylphide,* with the National Ballet of Washington, D.C.), and, as a duo, appeared in the "Grand Pas de Deux" ("Black Swan") from Act III of *Swan Lake.* Actually, they weren't quite an isolated twosome, for the figure of the evil magician Von Rothbart (mimed by Anthony Williams) was present to suggest the malevolence attendant upon Odile's seduction of the Prince in the scene itself. This introduction of a third figure in this particular *pas de deux* (I've seen it done elsewhere) was at the request of Dame Margot. I'm not convinced of its validity, let alone of its value, in something that becomes a showpiece entity when extracted from its dramatic surroundings. But with Fonteyn dancing, *"n'importe."*

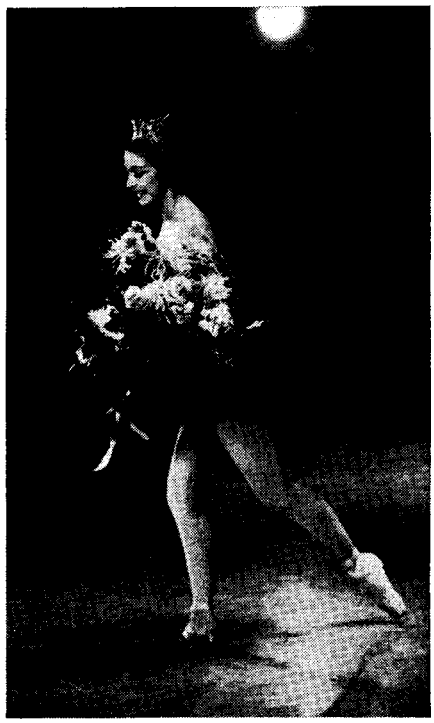
And what of Fonteyn and Cragun as a team? They are, indeed, stunning. The relationship is totally different, esthetically and balletically, from Fonteyn and Nureyev and Cragun and Haydée. Nureyev, though deferential to the great ballerina, is still sultry, ardent, impetuous, and his behavior brings out an impishness, a wonderful radiance in Fonteyn. Cragun, passionately on-par with Haydée, is a tender, almost reverent cavalier for Dame Margot. He does not underplay the romanticism essential to both *Les Sylphides* and *Swan Lake*'s "Black Swan," but he seems, as a poet, to celebrate as well as to cherish a marvelous being. It is beautiful to behold.

Poetry? Fonteyn, with only a breath-pause, goes from the ever-so-soft "Prelude" solo right into the waiting arms of Cragun in the "Pas de Deux." Poetry.

Les Sylphides, if it doesn't have an inner glow and an outer luminosity of line, can be pallid. Dame Margot brings both characteristics to it. The body line in all movements and poses is clearly defined, yet retaining softness, and the execution of each *enchaînement,* while technically precise, is effortless in sum effect. Cragun contributes invaluable assistance in this area of *pas de deux.* Not only does he dance beautifully himself and support the ballerina with adeptness and stylishness, he focuses his total attention upon her, and so we seem to see her through the loving light in his own eyes.

In movement attack, or stress, "Black Swan" is the antithesis of the Fokine piece. The choreography derived from Marius Petipa (it is generally agreed that Petipa choreographed

(*Continued on page* 99)



Fonteyn—"a manner found only in a true 'prima ballerina assoluta'." —"Audience, dancers, and stage crew cheered her to the rafters."

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Donizetti and Prima Donna-zetti; Tebaldi in Puccini's "Fanciulla"

As those acquainted with such works as *Lucia di Lammermoor, L'Elisir d'Amore,* and *Don Pasquale* will agree, there is Donizetti and there is prima donna-zetti. The difference is not always apparent to the naked eye—some practitioners of the first look surprisingly like examples of the second—but the differences are readily recognizable by even a moderately schooled ear, as in the concert version of *La Fille du régiment* recently presented in Carnegie Hall by the American Opera Society.

La Fille, for all its fame, is somewhat unfamiliar to current operagoers in New York, where it has not been staged at the Metropolitan for more than twenty-five seasons. Why this should be is altogether mysterious. It is full of the master's invention at its finest, containing some of the lightest, brightest music in the comic opera repertory. It would, indeed, be a happy choice for the New York City Opera in its suitably sized New York State Theater, with its suitably equipped resident prima donna. Lest it be assumed this is mere speculation, the concert version offered opportunity to audition Beverly Sills (as Marie) and Muriel Greenspon (as La Marquise de Berkenfield), both of the Rudel company, in happy collaboration with Fernando Corena, everybody's favorite *buffo,* as Sulpice.

Or, it should be qualified, when Miss Sills was singing Donizetti straight rather than prima donna-zetti diluted, the collaboration with Donizetti was a happy one. The best of this was in the cavatina "Il faut partir, mes bons compagnons" in the finale of Act I, in which her ability to sustain a legato line was expressively displayed. In the scenes with her soldier mates and Sulpice that preceded (and followed), Miss Sills's agility served her well, vis-à-vis the audience, if Donizetti less well. Indeed, it is possible that he might have recoiled in surprise from the top Cs, Ds, and Es in which Miss Sills indulged, none of which is in the score of the opera's 1840 authentic French form (the language of this performance). Some initial roughness of sound aside, her voice was remarkably disciplined to her will, but the insistent excursions into highest register disserved more than a little the kind of music Donizetti actually wrote for Marie.

The performance was conducted, with spirit and in style, by Roland Gagnon, who, as Miss Sills's adviser on matters ornamental, interposed no counterforce to her preferences. Corena merited more recognition than he received for the easy expertness of his Sulpice, and Miss Greenspon managed to trail garlands of nobility and flourish an invisible lorgnette in her amusingly characterized Marquise (she also played the piano capably in the second act scene where Donizetti employed it). A new tenor, Grayson Hirst, sang much of Tonio's music appealingly, though he, too, was led into some questionable high tones (for which he was not as well equipped as Miss Sills).

The Metropolitan week was productive of assorted oddities, including the season's first performances of Verdi's *Don Carlos* and Puccini's *Turandot* and *La Fanciulla del West.* The oddest, without question, was Renata Tebaldi's first venture as Minnie in *La Fanciulla,* a role she was wise enough to avoid when she was in her vocal prime and is unwise to perform in this period of uncertainty and contraction of range. "Labored" is the term of reference for her production when the written line ranged above A (a recurrent requirement in this score). In the more comfortable areas, the Tebaldi sound is now pinched and without luster. Dramatically, the effort was pitched at the personality level that Miss Tebaldi now substitutes for credible action. It did not, however, jar as much as it might have otherwise, given the harsh excesses of Giangiacomo Guelfi's Jack Rance on the one side of the operatic triangle and the tonally restricted Dick Johnson of Sándor Kónya (who fulfilled his obligation despite a vocal malaise) on the other. In the circumstances, the one performer who responded to Fausto Cleva's direction with total command was the admirable John Macurdy in the nostalgic solo of Jake Wallace.

Among the three programs that returned the Cleveland Orchestra to Carnegie Hall for its annual midwinter visit, there was a particular attraction for some in the one that presented Lynn Harrell as soloist in the A-minor Cello Concerto of Schumann. He is the principal cellist of the orchestra conducted by George Szell, a count of uncommonness in itself where a choice of soloist is concerned. But he is the bearer of a solid musical tradition that takes in the even more uncommon abilities of his father, the late Mack Harrell of concert and opera fame, and his mother, who, as Marjorie Fulton, attained professional rank as a violinist.

It is a well-established medical principal that performing ability cannot be handed down from one generation to another, but this does not exclude the possibility that a disposition can be created, an aptitude induced. In his sonorous, well-phrased, and professionally poised performance, Harrell did honor to his lineage and to the opportunity afforded to him. On this occasion, the opening work was Berlioz's *Roman Carnival Overture,* long rated a searching test for any orchestra's abilities. The orchestra responded with an effort compatible with its taskmaster's requirements, even though a new chain of command displayed young Daniel Majeske in the sensitive position of concertmaster.

Jacques Singer's Accompanist

BALDWIN

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The Fine Arts

Katharine Kuh

Maturity and a Touch of Madness

I CAN REMEMBER when the German Expressionists fired my blood. I looked on their acid color and warped forms as exciting emotional catharses. Their violence attracted me, but recently, after seeing a large group of their paintings, I find my enthusiasm ebbing. The years have not always dealt kindly with this school. What I originally mistook for passion now sometimes seems closer to overwrought posturing. Many of the distortions I once regarded as brave social comments impress me today as "modernistic" clichés.

Though it is dangerous to generalize about an entire movement, one cannot help wondering why so much of German Expressionism begins to look tarnished. Possibly our present cool attitude toward art makes us renounce all bouts with stark emotionalism. German Expressionism, so called because it blossomed in that country during the Teens and the Twenties, differed from similar movements elsewhere in degree and in its emphasis on romantic conventions, especially those abrasive deformations that were often superfluous structurally and psychologically. Expressionist artists deliberately took liberties with nature in order to "express" deep-seated feelings about a chaotic world instead of directly portraying that world, but at times their feelings seem scarcely deep seated enough to justify the liberties. Several outstanding members of the group, however, were not misled by stereotypes. Such men as Corinth, Beckmann, Kirchner, Kokoschka, and Munch invented corollary forms that parallel their passions.

Exhibitions can clue us in on new ideas or encourage reappraisals of old ones. Seventy-three twentieth-century northern European paintings from the Morton May collection shown last month at New York's Marlborough-Gerson Gallery offered an excellent opportunity to evaluate this school in present-day terms. All the right German names were there: Pechstein, Heckel, Hofer, Schmidt-Rottluff, Kirchner, Marc, Mueller, Nolde, Macke, and, of course, Beckmann—the last with by far the largest representation, too many paintings I felt for such an aggressive assault in comparatively crowded quarters. Mr. May, who lives in St. Louis, came to know Beckmann when the artist left Nazi Germany to settle in St. Louis and teach at Washington University. The Beckmann group overshadowed the rest of the show, partly because of sheer numbers, partly because of undoubted power, and partly because of an ambivalent brutality that characterizes much of the work.

Vacillating between semireligious adumbrations and censorious indictments, Beckmann's message sometimes is weakened by overstatement. With him everything is emphatic and final, yet at the same time ambiguous. His paintings, solidly constructed and vertically oriented, are so carefully composed as to seem inevitable. One feels they had to be the way they are. Deliberately compressing his figures and objects into overcrowded spaces, he created an aura of anxiety, almost as if his enlarged forms were trying to break out of invisible chains.

Devotees of Beckmann, and they are legion, discuss his work in terms of esoteric meanings. That his symbolism related closely to disillusionments sparked by both World Wars is clear. For that matter, most German Expressionism was directly related to catastrophic political and social events of our century. Beckmann's contorted figures, especially those in his triptychs, resemble actors performing ritualistically in agonizing morality plays, but plays that somehow elude us today. Grünewald, who was born 500 years ago, seems closer to us than Beckmann, possibly because the earlier artist was ushering in the Renaissance, while the twentieth-century one was looking back to the Middle Ages and specifically to those awkward medieval German prints that are among history's most portentous works of art. Whereas Rouault, the celebrated French Expressionist, was indebted to the sonorous stained glass windows and stone carvings of medieval France, the Germans reverted to their own heritage and especially to the unmitigated vigor of northern Romanesque and Gothic images. Early German art, preoccupied as it was with cruelty, dripping blood, and sadism, graphically foretold northern Expressionism and also the horrors of modern concentration camps.

For me, Beckmann excels as a portrait painter, surely one of the greatest our century produced. His self-images are stark comments on a troubled world. Here he had no need of obscure symbolism or medievalism, for in personifying his own stiff body, bullet-like head, and eloquent hands he required only himself to expose the suppressed tensions of an entire age. Beckmann's invectives were not muted during his years in America, though his German colleague George Grosz lowered his voice under similar circumstances and in so doing impoverished his art. With Beckmann there was no diminution of power. He was at his peak when he died in 1950, the year he painted "Self-Portrait in Blue Jacket," a canvas in the May collection that ranks with his best.

German Expressionism was fertilized by two non-Germans, the Norwegian Edvard Munch and the Austrian Oskar Kokoschka. If the May collection is long on Beckmann, it is short on these two precursors, for Munch is not represented at all and Kokoschka with only three canvases. Of the seventy-three paintings on view, I found Kokoschka's 1924 "The Painter (Artist and Model II)" the star. In this hallucinated double self-portrait the artist sees himself as a cross between a cadaver and a sculpture hacked from some nameless material. He even initialed his bare body with the familiar OK signature. Near him lurks a woman, possibly the ubiquitous Alma Mahler, whose overwhelming personality haunted Kokoschka for years, even after their love affair ended. He was an artist genuinely obsessed, whereas most German Expressionists were merely trying to be. Unlike Beckmann, Kokoschka did not concern himself with the age-old opposition of good and evil; he was too involved with himself and with the anomalous compulsions that dominate all human activity. He was less missionary than visionary.

In comparison, Nolde seems naïve today. His oil paintings, with none of the fluid spontaneity of his watercolors, are luridly romantic. One senses he was after savage emotions, but what he produced was often little more than sentimentality. Despite strident color, his pigment has a sticky, almost "gooey" quality like the primitive finger paintings of children. And yet this artist was not without force, which is more than can be said of such associates as Pechstein, Mueller, Heckel, Hofer, and Schmidt-Rottluff. Occasionally, it is true, these men successfully manipulated dissonant color surprises to communicate the intensity of their feelings, but, taken by and large, they adhered to most of the orthodox rules, and this despite their deceptively jazzed-up surfaces and misshapen figures. At heart, they remained academic; they only *seemed* to break the rules.

If their work appears dated, that of the French Fauves, who antedated and strongly influenced them, remains relatively timeless. Even lesser artists

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—*Morton D. May Collection of 20th-Century German Masters.*

"The Painter (Artist and Model II)," by Oskar Kokoschka

like Vlaminck and Derain produced vibrant, biting paintings in their Fauve days, paintings that never allowed emotions to overwhelm structure. Fauve color was as discordant, Fauve line as tough as that of the Expressionists, but the Fauves, for all their "wildness," insisted on discipline. With them, exaggerations of color and line created a new kind of flattened space and a new kind of magnified presence. In their work everything seems nearer, fresher, more immediately at hand. We are there participating, not at second-hand through the artist's emotions but through our own. The Fauves shared the German Expressionists' desire to shock the viewer, to give him new eyes, to free him from the monotony of naturalistic appearances, yet they were never possessed by the methods they used. The Expressionists often were. And the Fauves, too, were less introspective. The outside world concerned them more than involvement with their attitudes toward it.

A few Expressionists, to be sure, were not intoxicated by their own rhetoric. Kirchner in his early years and Corinth later made paintings that still come through to us with magnetic energy. Corinth's feeble (and too early) representation in the May collection gives little evidence of his eventual brilliance. His mordant introspective portraits and Kirchner's fierce early scenes epitomize the best of Expressionism. These paintings do not "express" simple emotional reactions; they dig deeper to penetrate recalcitrant layers of experience where sensations are too conflicting to be easily categorized. For, after all, what is Expressionism (German or otherwise) if not an attempt to divulge the inner workings of a man's personal relationship to his particular world? Artists of this group addressed themselves more to the feel than to the look of things, if indeed the two can be divided.

The undeniable master of the school was the Norwegian painter Edvard Munch, who relentlessly identified his own fevered nightmares with the cold, threatening landscape of the North. No one was better able to make outward appearances correspond to personal excesses and yet retain a rational stance. His portraits, often rigid, are filled with nervous turmoil, his frigid landscapes with untold terror. For him, outside and inside became one. The line was tenuous, but it held.

Almost always the most successful northern Expressionists were admirable draftsmen, although we tend to associate them more with color than with line. Munch, Beckmann, Corinth, Kokoschka, and Kirchner are distinguished as much for their drawings and prints as for their paintings. Each of them made line a personal form of calligraphy and frequently a virulent one. Beckmann and Kirchner slashed wide and deep, Corinth and Kokoschka concentrated on trembling, evasive illusions, and Munch's line was as cold and decisive as his color. At their best, these men never capitulated to the amorphous emotions that are the *bête noire* of orthodox Expressionism.

Expressionism is hardly a new idea. Though unlabeled until this century, the movement has been with us for a long time. Hellenistic sculpture, paintings by Grünewald, Rembrandt, El Greco, and Van Gogh all qualify for the title. If an artist lives long enough, he frequently turns to Expressionism, possibly as an antidote for old age but more likely because he has at last found security. With technical problems solved, he can afford to turn inward. Titian, Cézanne, Monet, and Degas, all allowed themselves greater freedom as they grew older. Brush strokes were looser, color moodier, light inscrutable, and focus more interior. To be an authentic Expressionist, regardless of period or place, demands always maturity plus a touch of madness.

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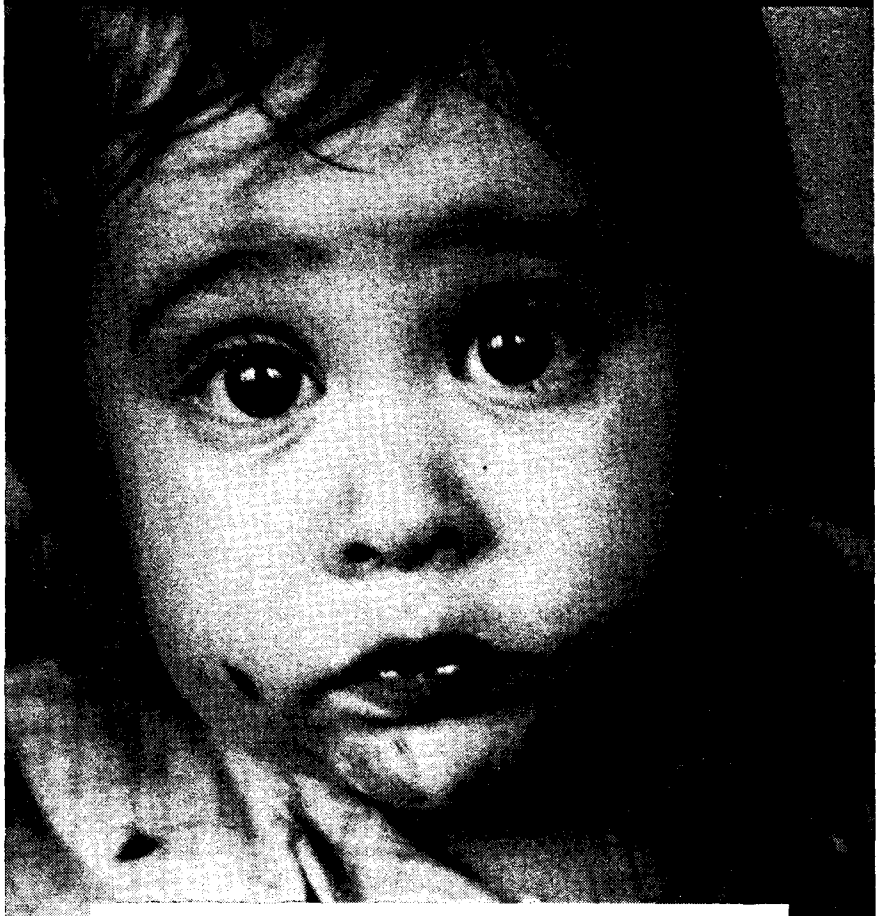

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Relic?

Continued from page 51

ing his decision is now the heavy and cumbersome load under which modern Judaism stumbles and is threatened with failure."

For Christianity, the "priceless moment" came roughly between 50 and 70 A.D., when the early followers of Jesus pondered their identity with, and differences from, Judaism. Their "scenario" alternatives were "total identification with Judaism, acceptance by the Jewish community, or total separation from Judaism." The Christians settled, finally, for the "judgment that Judaism as it was before the advent of Jesus no longer had any standing with God, any validity for human responsibilities. This was the decision made at Christianity's priceless moment."

Then followed the break between these "early follower" Christians and Judaism, "sometime between 66-135 A.D. . . . This was the saving of the sect. It could blossom only in an alien field. Christianity made one of several possible historical choices." Thereafter, ". . . each side hardened its position. . . . Christianity was now identified with a culture and a system of thought which were utterly alien to the culture and outlook of Israel and Judaism. By the sixth century . . . the drama was over. Usurpation was complete."

The Muslims faced their "priceless moment" upon Mohammed's death: should the faithful remain "an Arabian religious sect," become "an empire without religious ideology," or transform Islam into "a spiritual religion"? Mohammed's followers did none of these. Instead, "between 632 and 680 the community changed from a theocratic idealistic group to a theocratically inspired lay empire and dynastic power; this empire and this power split the ancient Greek world in two. . . . Henceforth, Christianity would think of Islam as a sword thrust into its soft underbelly . . . as a Johnny-come-lately and poor imitation of itself. . . . Islam, in turn, would consider Christianity as the enemy lying in wait beyond the wall, the alien and inimical country just across the water. . . ."

Martin then takes up what he feels is the tendency of the three religions toward "dominance," which he describes as that which "brooks neither rivals nor partner; it tolerates no equals; it knows only inferiors and superiors." Tied closely to dominance is the weakness of religions (and men) for thinking in "binary" terms—that is, in terms of either-or, polar-dialectical opposites, one of whose terms

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is good, the other bad (sweet-bitter, laughter-tears, straight-crooked). This predilection, Martin insists, leads the religions into harsh, unrealistic judgments, and conveys "a two-level picture of man and his cosmos: on one level man lives . . . and dies; on the other, man's spirit lives . . . but does not die." Thus religions tend, to their detriment, to be "absolutist, unique, total, and transcendental."

Next comes a section containing "historical evidence" of the Dominance theory; it has some spirited writing, as in Martin's retelling of the famous encounter (in 452) between Leo, the bishop of Rome, and Attila, at which Leo, without an army at his back, somehow dissuaded the Hun from advancing farther south into Italy. This anecdote is coupled with a passage titled "Pope and Nazi," in which Mar-

tin chides Pope Pius XII for not exhibiting, in the Church's relations with the Nazis, the same qualities of dominance shown by Leo when he faced down Attila.

In *The Encounter*'s third main section, "The Human Environment," Martin brings to focus all the arguments he has developed in earlier pages. This is the liveliest part of the book:

> The three religions failed. . . . None of them attacked slavery or race prejudice or other flagrant inhumanities . . . from the very beginning of their existence. The Arabs of today sanction slavery . . . as the Protestant ethic of the white American sanctioned the serfdom and degradation of the Negro race until the second half of the 20th century. Each religion has practiced the art of climbing on the bandwagon: only when lay and secular reformers . . . raised such a hue and cry that men's consciences were stirred, did the religions begin to turn their huge resources toward reform. . . . Islam's learned men . . . her much-vaunted principles of equality . . . have never been harnessed to effect an equal distribution of goods to the poor in Arab lands. . . .

The book concludes with imaginative scenarios, called "historical prognoses," which show possible alternative futures for religion—some of them heavily dependent on geopolitical developments in the Middle East, in the Cold War, and in major technology. Martin sums up:

> . . . no matter what any religion may attempt to do today, none of the three religions . . . is able to control the present development of man. . . . The end of religious dominance . . . could come only if the religions set about ridding their individual beliefs of all that is not essential. . . .

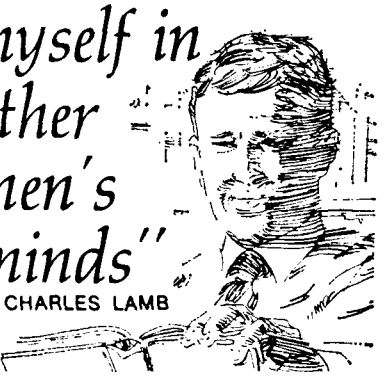
No doubt about it, Malachi Martin has opened up his mental iris diaphragm and given us a stimulating, wide-angle view of modern religion and its plight. But are his views as sound as they are stimulating? Probably not. Surely there is something eccentric—even Freudian and Rankian—about his notion that early turning-point decisions lock religions into unchanging trajectories, somewhat as if they were ballistic missiles, or wind-up toys.

Take Christianity: true to Martin's scheme, it pulled loose from local-parochial Judaism, transplanted itself to Rome, and "went public." But Martin neglects to say that in Rome, several centuries later, Christianity ran head-on into the Emperor Constantine, who gave it a decisive wrench-about that compares fully with the changes born of the religion's earlier "priceless moment." At the Council of Nicaea, early in the fourth century, the "convert" Constantine assembled more than 300 Christian bishops and bade them knock together a version of the Faith acceptable to him. The bishops seethed and muttered, but in the end bent the knee, and gave their temporal master what he wanted. (Wouldn't you have, with Constantine's legionnaires glaring down your throat?)

In exchange, Christianity was granted exclusive franchise throughout the Empire, was made the State's junior partner, and acquired that taste for worldly hegemony that has distinguished its subsequent outlook. In view of Constantine's evident power to influence Christian doctrine, the faithful can only be grateful that he was not a hollow-earth crank, or a believer in human sacrifice. (The emperor-convert's relationship to Christianity is distinctly remindful of the old story about the preacher who hooked into a fish so big that it dragged him right into the water. Noticing the struggling and splashing, someone on the shore asked, "Is that preacher fishing, or is the fish preachering?")

It is likely that Martin has underestimated religion's historic ability to make turns in mid-air. Keeping his gaze too firmly fixed on doctrine, on official stance, he undervalues the fact that beneath the rigid doctrinal shield the religions have always been as rubbery, amoeboid, and accommodating as they have to be. Thus, Martin may be dead wrong about religion's being irrelevant: so long as the secular power-centers find religions useful as rally-

"I love to lose myself in other men's minds"
— CHARLES LAMB



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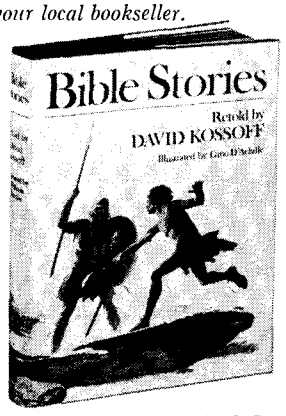

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ing points, or for the channeling public sentiment, the churches will never lack for friends and funds.

There is another reason why religion will die hard. Martin feels that modern man disdains the "binary," black-white, either-or thinking to which the ancient faiths are wedded. But is this true of anyone but the scientists, the technical élite, and the highly educated generally? The man or woman who comes dragging home from work physically or mentally dog-tired may not *want* to choose from among hundreds of equally valid "relativistic" approaches to his higher social and moral problems. Nowadays or in the twenty-first century, the bone-weary citizen is likely to leave "all that kind of thing" to his church or other opinion-headquarters.

The solution might be for society to upgrade and exalt the quality of the common life—for example, deliberately engineer into everyone's job life some feel for the variety, richness, and humanity of multivalued approaches.

Eventually, the religions may want to stress a new brotherhood ethic based on human compassion rather than on entrail-readings, visions on mountain-tops, and the other Hollywood-hysterical appurtenances so dear to classical religion. Martin hints at this possibility, but seems to share the nervousness many theologians feel about the notion that "brotherhood" figures prominently in religious doctrine:

> An element in the original message of Jesus, fraternal love, has been overstressed. For Jesus . . . brotherly love is a result and outcome of fellowship in Christ's salvation. It is not the principal purpose of Jesus' sacrifice.

Nonetheless, the brotherhood-of-man, Fatherhood-of-God idea (privately called BOMFOG by many conservative clergymen) may yet prove the long-sought (and long-overlooked) philosopher's stone of a new universal religion. When that day comes, acolytes of the new religion will surely regard *The Encounter*—for all its quirks and quiddities—as one of the indispensable precursors of the bright new outlook.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

IN THE BLACK

Each quotation constitutes the closing words of a literary work by one of the writers listed. George Ingram of Philadelphia, who chose these examples of "black literary power," wants you to assign each quotation to its author. Answers on page 98.

1. He heard the ring of steel against steel as a far door clanged shut. ( )
2. . . . all of the credit is due to Allah. Only the mistakes have been mine. ( )
3. . . . and from the bottom of my heart I thanked both races for this welcome back to the state that gave me birth. ( )
4. "I'm ready," John said, "I'm coming. I'm on my way." ( )
5. Yes, it is true that America has yet to sing its greatest songs, but it had better hurry up and find the key to the tune. ( )
6. ". . . You know you didn't see nobody do that." But I knew I had. ( )
7. But put on your crown, my Queen, and we will build a New City on these ruins. ( )
8. . . . we must turn over a new leaf, we must work out new concepts, and try to set afoot a new man. ( )
9. And the traveler girds himself, and sets his face toward the Morning, and goes his way. ( )
10. But the world is clearer to me now, and many of its features more easily definable. ( )

a. James Baldwin
b. Claude Brown
c. Eldridge Cleaver
d. W. E. B. DuBois
e. Frantz Fanon
f. LeRoi Jones
g. Malcolm X
h. Booker T. Washington
i. John A. Williams
j. Richard Wright

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Cranking Up Christian Living

by C. ERIC LINCOLN

In the foreword of Melvin Schoonover's *Making All Things Human*, William Stringfellow, a distinguished white Christian, defines "the condition of white Christendom [as] pathological . . . the state designated in the Bible as 'hardness of heart.'" Among the more articulate spokesmen of today's *black* Christendom, the most sympathetic response he could get would be stentorian cries of "Amen!" It is hardly necessary to point out to those who are shocked at the notion of a racial division of the faith that the American religious tradition has always assumed that white Christians and black Christians were of different sorts, sometimes of different origins, and possibly with different destinies. What is new is the growing willingness of black Christians to accept the difference imputed to them and to glorify it. Black scholars like Dr. James Cone *(Black Theology and Black Power)* and black clergymen like the Reverend Albert Cleague, who pastors Detroit's self-consciously black Church of the Black Madonna, are not impressed with the relevance of white Christendom—at least not in its American expression. In a forthcoming book on "black hermeneutics" (Lippincott, autumn, 1970), Dr. Henry Mitchell, Martin Luther King Professor at Colgate Rochester Divinity School, suggests that the superior quality of black religion is "due in part to the fact that the deeply spiritual world view of black people has not been contaminated by white rationalism and materialistic manipulation. The black faith towers above that of the [white] masters," says Professor Mitchell, "more because it is *black* than because it is Christian in the sense that white religion is an expression of Christianity."

At the same time some white churchmen are inclined to pooh-pooh the existence of a "black religion," or even the possibility of one, although they are wary of the black American's increasing independence of traditional "white" concepts and values, and of his inclination to do his own thing—in ebony. Some white churchmen are genuinely distressed at the failure to develop an inclusive church and, despairing of the prospects of rapid institutional change, have tried to make a personal witness in such a way as to express what they perceive to be the "universals" of the faith which are common to black and white Christendom alike.

One such churchman is Melvin Schoonover, pastor of a church in East Harlem, whose book, *Making All Things Human*, is itself intensely human. It is an account of the Reverend Schoonover's ten-year encounter with the police, the school board, the welfare agencies, the street gangs, the pushers, the prostitutes, and occasionally with his own church officers. The remarkable Mr. Schoonover, who pursued his ministry in the church and in the streets from the command post of a wheel chair—he is a lifelong invalid—crowned his accomplishments among the blacks by being made an "honorary blue-eyed soul brother." That his eyes were brown seemingly went unnoticed—a fair indication that maybe his skin did too, and that the brand of religion he brought to Harlem somehow made the color of his skin unimportant. *Making All Things Human* is an exciting book about a courageous and exciting ministry.

John Howard Griffin is a white man who once darkened his skin with chemicals and set out to learn what it was like being black in white America. He didn't like the experience. "Those who kill you will claim to be serving God," he observes in *The Church and the Black Man*, citing the facts, chapter and verse. Few blacks who read his book will need to be reminded. Of black religion, Griffin says, "It was not from faithlessness or shal-

Making All Things Human, by Melvin E. Schoonover (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 188 pp., $4.95); **The Church and the Black Man,** by John Howard Griffin (Pflaum, 133 pp., paperback, $2.95); **Fire and Blackstone,** by John R. Fry (Lippincott, 248 pp., $5.95, paperback, $1.95); **Justice, Justice,** by Rabbi Henry Cohen (Union of American Hebrew Congregations, 204 pp., paperback, $2.45, revised edition); **Black Manifesto: Religion, Racism, and Reparations,** by Robert S. Lecky and H. Elliott Wright (Sheed & Ward, 182 pp., $5, Search paperback, $2.45); **Reparations: The Black Manifesto and Its Challenge to White America,** by Arnold Schuchter (Lippincott, 156 pp., $6.95, paperback, $2.95); **Southern Africa: A Time for Change,** edited by George M. Daniels (Friendship Press, 96 pp., paperback, $1.95)

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low faith, but from deeply wounded faith, that black men began to hurl challenges to white Christians to put up or shut up." No, it was not from shallow faith. No shallow faith could have sustained the odyssey that is the black experience, and no shallow faith can challenge successfully a faith gone wrong.

John Fry is a Presbyterian minister who chose to "put up" in the hope that if he could talk long enough he could bring a Chicago street gang full circle to become a force for good in the community. What he put up was himself. John Fry. The gang he took on was bigger than the standing armies of several small countries, for the Blackstone Rangers have in excess of 4,000 members. *Fire and Blackstone* is a collection of "non-sermons" that illustrate Mr. Fry's ministry in a Southside ghetto in Chicago. From any perspective, it has not been an easy ministry. In 1968 the Reverend Fry was accused before a Senate committee of misusing OEO funds in connection with his work with the Blackstone Rangers. The white minister was charged with permitting these black youths to use his church as a sex-and-dope pad as well as an arsenal. But Fry calls the Rangers "fabulously cool young men . . . not as yet castrated." They "believe in nothing but themselves: their own strength, their own intelligence, their own beauty, their own future." To the Reverend Fry the street gangs represent "the real black power in America today. Scary. Risky and hopeful."

Mr. Fry does not see much to hope for from responsible Christians—"meaning by Christian, people who go to churches"—because they are mostly "frightened out of their heads" and "on the side of the blacklash." Further, the Christians who go to churches in the ghetto "have such a history of colonialism" as to have no credibility with the young blacks. Fry calls for "nonresponsibility" ("Do you know what? I am sick of Christian responsibility!") as a strategy for meaningful encounter in the ghetto. Nonresponsibility is "not really caring for all of those things that inhibit cunning and violent actions." It means digging in with the cool young blacks, "facing the terror they daily face, feeling the pressure—the hunger . . . pushing them hard to make the full range of their dreams come true." Fry's is not a book for the spiritually squeamish.

In *Justice, Justice* Rabbi Henry Cohen raises the question whether there is a distinctive Jewish view of the race problem, but does not probe it as deeply as one might hope. One of the chapters attempts to see black self-determinism against a background of Jewish nationalism, and another looks at black anti-Semitism. Although the rabbi marshals facts and opinions from all kinds of respectable sources, one puts the book down feeling that the black-Jewish story is yet to be told.

Two books deal with the reparations issue. Reviewed in *SR* Jan. 24, *Black Manifesto* traces the development of the most recent emergence of the reparations idea. The burden of the information is summed up in two sentences from a statement addressed to the National Council of Churches by the National Committee of Black Churchmen: "White churchmen have a problem. They have been confronted by an adversary whom they choose not to recognize, but whose message wreaks havoc with their consciences." That does seem to be the crux of the issue.

Arnold Schuchter's "Theology of reparations" is a serious and well thought-out approach to a mature kind of social ethic for white Christians who want to stop wringing their hands and do something. The author sees the Black Manifesto as an attempt to assert revolutionary black nationalism and the nationhood of blacks. But Schuchter, who is not at all awed by this, concludes that "the Black Panther's way of looking at American society and the need for revolution [see page 38] will appear much more realistic to alienated blacks than the Black Economic Development Conference and its Black Manifesto." The odds are that Mr. Schuchter is right, if for no other reason than that the Black Pan-

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thers have no fantasies about the American expression of Christian responsibility. Nevertheless, the weight of Mr. Schuchter's convictions seems to lie with the possibility that Christians may *want* to be responsible, for he details several plans that might be feasible in the economic cooperation of the affluent white church and the black community. His is an eminently sane approach to an issue that long ago became deformed in the heat of rhetoric and the frigidness of guilt.

Southern Africa: A Time for Change represents a shift of scene rather than concern, for the basic issues are substantially the same as those in America: white-over-black and what to do about it. Editor George M. Daniels is convinced that change in Southern Africa is imperative, and his book is addressed to the examination of "a blatant racism perhaps unparalleled anywhere else in the world."

Perhaps. Perhaps.

Dr. John C. Bennett, president of Union Theological Seminary and one of the contributors to *Southern Africa*, writes that "the key to the Christian's ethical decisions is to find the signs of the activity of God in the world and to move with them." Giving God the initiative, Christian living then becomes a "concentration on the dignity and welfare of people whom the world has neglected or exploited." The problem in Southern Africa and in America must then lie somewhere between discovering "the signs of the activity of God" and cranking up the system of Christian living which should flow from the knowledge that God is at work: *in the ghetto*. Which, as I recall, is where the ministry of Jesus found its fulfillment in the first place.

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Their three books make interesting reading because, while all say basically the same things, each author writes from a particular situation and in a quite different style. Both Morris and Torres live in societies where a small minority, which controls all the institutions of power—government, the military, communications, education and

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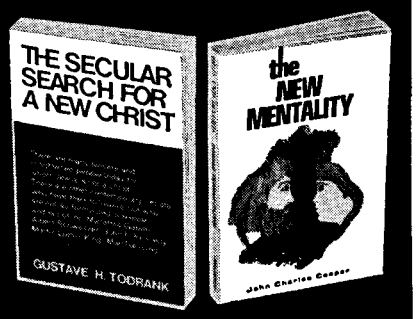

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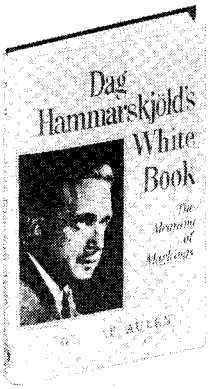

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the Church—rules a vast and poor majority. They write from the Third World—Africa and Latin America.

Novak, a Catholic teacher-theologian, finds a different and "unique" revolutionary situation in America. Here, he claims, "the enemy . . . is the tyrannical and indifferent majority: the good people, the churchgoers, the typical Americans, the ones who have been taught that to be an American is by that very fact to be moral, just, free, generous, and trustworthy." Novak wants to preserve the democratic process but senses a dilemma in determining how to do this while at the same time finding ways to "rearrange the power bases of American democracy, both economically and politically, so that changes can come rapidly and effectively." While not discarding armed revolution as a legitimate means for effecting change, Novak feels that in the United States "the moment has clearly not arrived." Instead the revolution for our time in our society is a "revolution in the quality of human life." It will be a moral revolution requiring conversions in "personal" and "social and political" consciousness.

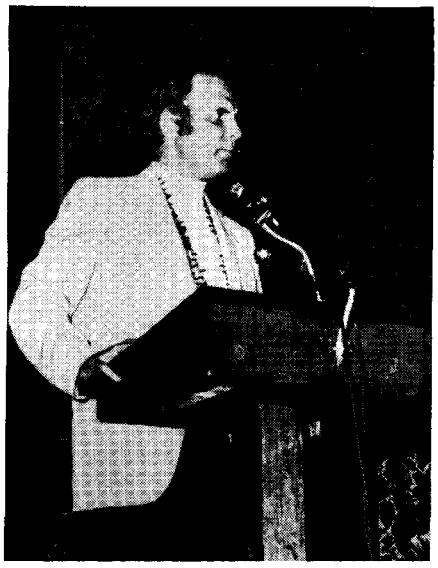
Religion, in the opinion of Novak, will or should play an important role in this revolution, but it will have to be a new religion—one that cannot be under "the God of American Christianity," which "has been the idol of inhibition, repression, and shame." The new Christianity, he asserts, must recapture religion through "a greater openness to nature."

Novak's title is a bit misleading, for the book is not a theology for radical politics but a critique of the present social and religious climate in this country, wth a clear call for radical change.

Camilo Torres, a defrocked Catholic priest, was killed in 1966 while serving with a revolutionary guerrilla band in the mountains of Colombia. He was also a sociologist, and *Revolutionary Writings* reflects this professionalism in its cool academic and analytic style. After discussing in the first two-thirds of the book the role of sociology in general, and why no true Latin American sociologists are willing to tackle the continent's most urgent and politically sensitive problems (they were all trained in the United States), Torres offers his own detailed analysis of Colombia.

Brilliantly presented, it led him to the conclusion that in Latin America "those who hold power constitute an economic minority which dominates political, cultural, and military power, and unfortunately also, ecclesiastical power in the countries in which the Church has temporal goods." Torres felt that it would be "a sociological absurdity" to think that this group would "act against its own interests." Therefore "the power must be taken for the majorities' part . . . . This is called revolution, and if it is necessary in order to fulfill love for one's neighbor, then it is necessary for a Christian to be a revolutionary."

Like most disturbers of the status quo in the Western Hemisphere today, Torres was labeled a communist by the Colombian government. But his writings clearly show (particularly in open letters to his communist friends) that he was not. He did, however, agree to cooperate with, even fight with them "for the common goals: opposing the oligarchy and the domination of the United States, in order to take power for the popular class." Torres's critiques of blanket anti-communism, the Church, the dynamics of power, unionism, the military, students, and inter-American economics



Michael Novak: "The enemy is the good people, the churchgoers."

Camilo Torres: "Power must be taken for the majorities' part."

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Colin Morris—"to be a radical church reformer is not enough."

are timely and revealing. And his comments as a priest on the role of the Christian when confronted with social injustice are moving.

While Novak may be read and Torres studied, Morris could well be flaunted by today's militant young of all colors. *Unyoung, Uncolored, Unpoor* is written in today's style, from the gut. The foreword is in the form of a letter to Morris from a black African who feels called to take up arms. He poses the question: "Should I as a Christian participate in the violence of revolution?" Morris answers with a resounding "yes!" As usual the author has been labeled a communist; as usual, he is not. From 1956 until 1963 Morris was a missionary in Northern Rhodesia (later Zambia), afterward serving as president of the United Church of Zambia. Recently he was named minister to Wesley Chapel in London, where John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, once preached. This appointment has unnerved many Methodists.

To Morris the enemy of the black revolutionary, and indeed the world, are those in power—the Unyoung, Uncolored and Unpoor. They include:

> capitalist tycoons in glass and steel towers . . . old communist campaigners growing corpulent in the Kremlin . . . twenty-quid-a-week London dockers striking to preserve the purity of British blood mongrelized centuries before . . . fray-cuffed fascist parsons who use the Bible to bolster their phoney racial theories . . . celibate old men in Rome who put into God's mouth macabre words about marriage to ensure an endless supply of scrawny kids for the glory of Holy Mother Church. . . .

The world problem, as seen by Morris, is "greed," which "writes its own laws, finds work for every human vice and demands the right to exploit any human weakness." Greed is an international as well as a personal evil. "The occasional charitable impulses of wealthy countries stand out like gold fillings in a mouthful of decay."

While Morris entertains only a little hope ("millions of mice are nibbling away at the extremities of a motheaten lion"), he calls upon Christians to join the struggle, violently if necessary, and even though the church will never do so (it has too much to lose). To be a radical church reformer is not, the author claims, enough. In fact, by assuming such a role one becomes a "real enemy of the revolution," for the radical reformer's aims are to "help Christians hang on to their faith in time of revolution" and "to ensure the survival of the church." Although these are "noble motives," they are "largely irrelevant to the task of getting justice for mankind."

Morris has two chapters, one on Jesus as a radical revolutionary and the other on nonviolence ("an exercise in public relations"), which will excite or enrage, but certainly, like the rest of his book, agitate the reader.

The recurring theme in all three books is that something is happening to the old order—that a revolution is already under way, and the church is on the wrong side of that revolution. Readers, and there should be many, will have to judge these conclusions and perhaps, in the process, themselves.

Frank White

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1386

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1386 will be found in the next issue.

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PT YQ HNNQIWY YQ GUXTFR-

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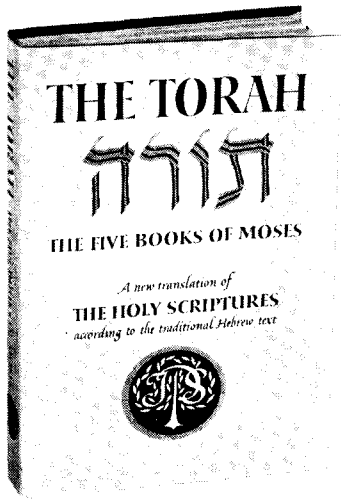

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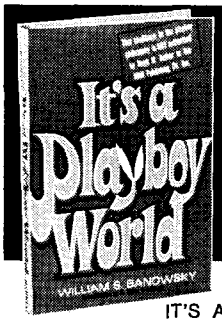

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Religion Notes

by ROGER ORTMAYER

Public Ethics: American Morals and Manners. *By James Sellers. Harper & Row. 349 pp. $8.95.* The pervasive influence of those theological-moral systems that held the individual morally accountable but thought societies were immutably immoral has resulted in mischievously dismal ethics. James Sellers protests such indignities and the accompanying dehumanization of space—*i.e.*, the area where we live.

Sexual Ethics and Christian Responsibility. *Edited by John C. Wynn. Association Press. 224 pp. $6.95.* An even dozen psychologists, theologians and sociologists take a look at the new sexuality that may find sleeping together as common as eating together. They also take a look at some of the new bitterness in matters sexual.

A Mind Awake: An Anthology of C. S. Lewis. *Edited by Clyde S. Kilby. Harcourt, Brace & World. 252 pp. $5.75.*

The Image of Man in C. S. Lewis. *By William Luther White. Abingdon. 239 pp. $5.95.* It was not so much the loss of the God-sense that drove C. S. Lewis as it was disgust with Christians in their smugness, their prudery, their apostate puritanism. Although it is better to read Lewis rather than about him, those of us who, because of our atrophied awareness of images, do not find Lewis competely lucid, need the William Luther Whites to stimulate our sensitivities.

Dag Hammarskjöld's White Book: The Meaning of "Markings." *By Gustaf Aulén. Fortress. 154 pp. $4.75.* The discovery, as one critic put it, that diplomat Hammarskjöld had "been moonlighting as a mystic" occasioned considerable astonishment and debate when his *Markings* was published. Aulén, distinguished theologian and friend of the Hammarskjölds, has written an engrossing commentary that illuminates the faith of the man.

Easter: A Pictorial Pilgrimage. *By Pierre Benoit, Elhanan Hagolani, and Konrad Leube. Abingdon. 156 pp. $7.95.* After a brief foreword about the Easter Feast and the places of religious pilgrimage the major portion of the book is given to photographic reproductions, some in color and each accompanied by related Scripture and picture identification. The illustrations include scenes, as well as architecture and art from the churches that have been built at the sacred locales. Although this is an interesting volume whether or not one is familiar with the sites, it has a curiously old-fashioned design, which the offset printing should have loosened up.

Secular Art with Sacred Themes. *By Jane Dillenberger. Abingdon. 143 pp. $7.50.* The most vigorous religious art in this century has not been created for the places of worship. Instead, it has grown out of the encounters of the artists with their world. The works of Derain, Chagall, Manzù, Picasso, and Newman discussed here have religious themes in the traditional sense, yet, like Newman's *Stations*, they are hardly records of objective events, but of soul struggles, the torment of individual psyches.

The Secret Archives of the Vatican. *By Luisa Ambrosini with Mary Willis. Little, Brown. 366 pp. $10.* The story of these archives, which the author compares to the Sisyphus legend, is that of the world's richest collection of original documents and records. "Very deep

On Learning More New Books Of Poems Are Stolen Than Sold At A College Bookstore

by David Wagoner

If we could figure out how to give ourselves
Away, we'd do it, though writing poems
Is a dead give-away already. Be reasonable:
Poems are sitting ducks and so are poets,
And going to jail can be a kick or a drag,
Depending on who ordered the kicking or dragging
And who's doing which. But going to jail for books
You haven't read yet is above and beyond
The call. Besides, if Art must ennoble the Masses
And inspire them to Useful Action, you're killing us:
You'll have our future Maximum Leader shouting,
"Makers of shoplifters, up against the wall!"

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is the well of the past." Very deep indeed, and fascinating.

Yearbook of American Churches for 1970. *Edited by Constant H. Jacquet, Jr. Council Press. 263 pp. $8.95.* A standard reference source, published since 1916, *Yearbook* comprises information gathered from local, state, national, and international religious organizations. It is the only single-volume publication containing a calendar of major religious observances, 1970-1973, for Christians and Jews; directories giving names, addresses, and offices of more than 200 religious bodies, church-related colleges, seminaries, periodicals and service agencies; church finance and membership statistics; public-opinion polls on American religion, and a survey of ecumenical trends.

Escape from Phoniness. *By Aaron J. Ungersma. Westminster. 127 pp. Paperback, $1.95.* The escape from phoniness is the locating of one's unique self—and being that self. Slough off role-playing, be free to live and love. To mature is to be able to choose between life absurd or life meaningful.

The Age of the Person. *By Dietrich von Oppen. Translated from the German by Frank Clarke. Fortress. 211 pp. $5.50.* Ours is the age of the Emergent Person rather than a time destructive of humanness, insists this sociologist on the theological faculty of Marburg University. The special demands of our pluralistic society call for responsible freedom that moves man out of routinization and away from totalitarianism.

The New Mentality. *By John Charles Cooper. Westminster. 159 pp. Paperback, $2.65.* Our world, asserts Mr. Cooper, has produced a really new creature, born of Freud, Jung, Hegel and Marx, and motivated by an existentialist Christian sense of purpose. Separated from the older conventions and symbols by his radical humanity, he is driven toward a new Christ mysticism, perhaps most alive in the underground churches.

Understanding the Prophets. *By Sheldon H. Blank. Union of American Hebrew Congregations. 138 pp. $2.50.* Both the casual reader and the serious stu-

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dent will be stimulated by this analysis of the prophetic movements and their contemporary relevance.

The Future of Roman Catholic Theology: Vatican II—Catalyst for Change. *By George A. Lindbeck. Fortress. 125 pp. $4.75.* A Protestant theologian at Yale University, Lindbeck predicts debate in the area of papal authority. In view of the increasing intransigence of the current Pope on the question of authority and the fact that some of the camaraderie of the post-Vatican I era has been diminishing, he is probably right.

Diaspora: The Post-Biblical History of the Jews. *By Werner Keller. Translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston. Harcourt, Brace & World. 522 pp. $10.* The People of the Book, what was their experience between Old Testament times and the emergence of the fighting State of Israel? It is a two-thousand-year story of scattering and coming together, of survival and identity in darkness and twilight and the dawn of new days—in sum, a frightening and joyous drama.

The Old Testament and Theology. *By G. Ernest Wright. Harper & Row. 190 pp. $6.* Sometimes it seems as if biblical theology has disappeared, or at least gone out of fashion. One can count on a scholar like Dr. Wright to strike back, insisting that there is a canon of Scripture which is theologically meaningful as a special kind of political understanding of the universe.

Saint Paul: A Study of the Development of His Thought. *By Charles Buck and Greer Taylor. Scribner's. 278 pp. $7.95.* This lucid, convincing attempt to reconstruct Paul's theological development as evidenced in the context of the letters forces some revision in the record as given in the Acts of the Apostles.

Impact and Image: How Man Comes Through in the Mass Media. *By William F. Fore. Friendship Press. 112 pp. Paperback, $1.50.* The church, as much as any of the structures of society, has a vast investment in grasping the grammar of "the media." Like the arts, it must learn how to use communications without attempting control. Still, being on the side of man, the church cannot allow him to be made a robot by his own creations.

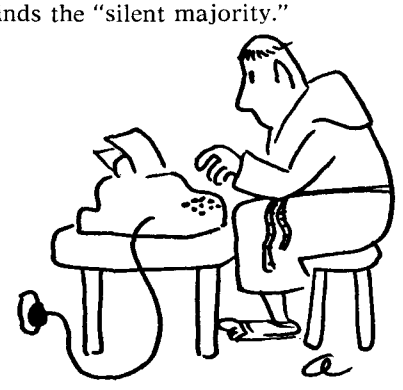
Unrest on the Campus: A Christian Perspective. *By H. Lynn Jondahl. Friendship Press. 96 pp. Paperback, $1.50.* Insisting that a Christian cannot be limited by local patterns of "law and order," the author sees campus revolt as a meaningful expression of the turmoil exploding in other areas of our culture. In his eyes the agents of unrest tend to emerge as prophets.

Reconciliation and Conflict: Church Controversy Over Social Involvement. *By Dieter T. Hessel. Westminster. 155 pp. $2.95.* This is a good job of problem identification, but the author's expectations of church responses are unrealistic. Hessel, a liberal, notes that "activist" Christians seem only to have enough time to read apocalyptic tracts about revolution, but the reacting churchmen ignore the social obligations of a reconciling ministry—the true task of the church.

The Spirit of Jewish Thought. *Edited by Bernard Evslin. Grosset & Dunlap. 312 pp. $9.95.* To an ollapodrida seasoned with aphorisms, witticisms, anecdotes with a point, history with contradictions, the editor throws in Genesis's "In the beginning . . ." and Leslie Fiedler, Cossack terrorism and black anti-Semitism, love-hate twists and rancor and skepticism and just plain wisdom.

Hyphenated Priests: The Ministry of the Future. *Edited by William H. Cleary. Corpus Books. 167 pp. $4.95.* The authors are Jesuit priests who are also professionals in other callings. They take their cue from St. Paul, who earned his keep by working at his trade, tentmaking, while following his vocation of teaching and preaching about Christ. What this and a lot of maneuvering among the clergy, Protestant as well as Catholic, signify is that the old bonds are loosening, the identities of areas sacred and secular are no longer as sharp and clear as they once were.

Celebration. *By Clarence Joseph Rivers. Herder & Herder. 112 pp. Paperback, $4.95. Celebration* is the word—a mixture of song, sight and comment. Celebration calls for participation, and it is of and in the world. People go to church to sing, dance, shout—but it must be admitted that those who do constitute a tiny, if growing minority. In most houses of worship one still finds the "silent majority."



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Uneconomic Man

Continued from page 28

creasingly, painters and sculptors are turning to a device common in New York in the nineteenth century: They are showing their pieces at parties or viewings in their studios, and serious collectors seek them out. The only public exposure many artists get is in large group shows where they compete for medals and "purchase prizes." Many of these exhibitions are arranged on a regional basis by museums in cooperation with art associations. Composers, like writers, have to depend on publishers for the distribution of their work. "I'm always looking for a publisher who is more interested in art than in money," a composer wrote, "and who realizes that I am more interested in money than in art."

The constant theme in the replies is "time." Time to work, time to be alone to think, uninterrupted time free of odd jobs and distractions, household chores and children. Money, as has been noted, can provide time, but then so can such an institution as the MacDowell Colony. By and large, the artists do not think that they are understood by nonartists, and, by and large, they don't see why they should be; they are happy to settle for being allowed to do what they need to do.

Not surprisingly, there is a far more relaxed attitude among those who are fifty or over than among the young artists. They have seen the avant-garde of their youth become the establishment, and the traditionalists (as one put it) become squares. They have settled, more or less, for the limits of their talents—some of them with humor. One mature composer wrote: "Since I always lacked a Wagnerian ego (and the achievement that went with it), I should hardly have expected to attain a Wagnerian success." They measure success by what they have created and not what they have acquired.

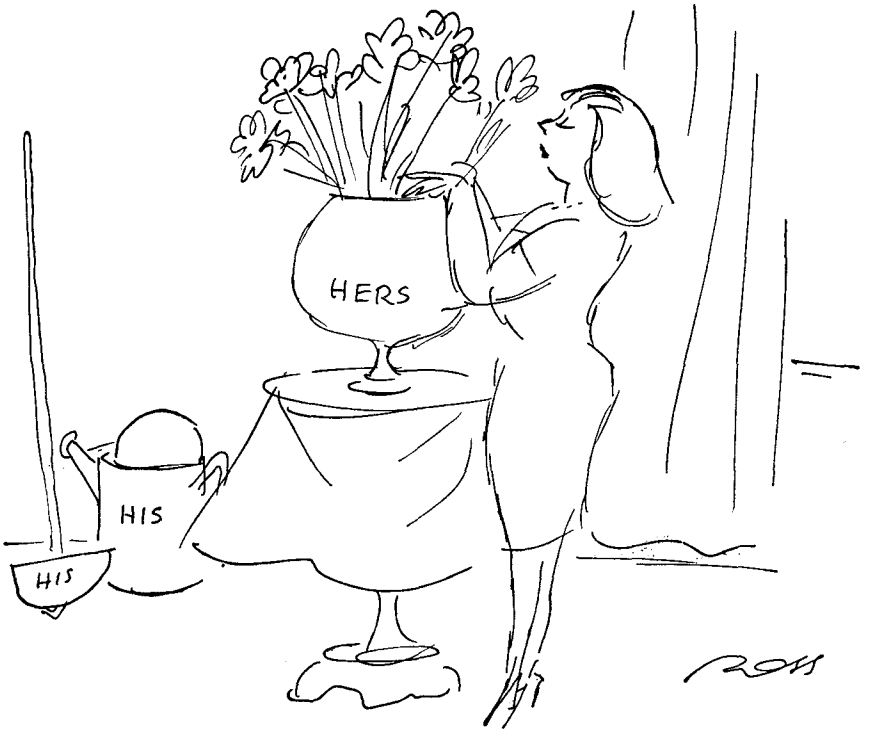
Probably because those who responded to the questionnaire are already recognized to some degree by their peers, if not necessarily by a wide public, they evinced little sense of revolt against the "system." There was some comment about the Vietnam War as a distracting, in some cases an interrupting, evil; there was little evidence of a desire to tear down the structure of society and substitute some other sort of government. They appear to believe that the artist is better off under the pressures of our economic system than he would be with the state controlling the press, art programs, ballet, opera, theater. That is not to say that they do not complain about failing to get their share of the affluence they see about them; and they resent the fact that publishers and manufacturers of sound equipment grow fat on their products as they grow lean on their thin share of the booty.

"By and large," a woman novelist wrote, "I believe that the situation of the artist in America is infinitely more favorable at the present time than it was when I first came to this country twenty years ago. At that time it struck me that, in comparison to Europe, the artist in America was in a wilderness. . . . I have only to compare the attitudes my husband—a top-flight cellist—had to bear with and the respect now shown to me (though I am not half the artist that he was) to realize how much things have changed."

In the past twenty years, the concept of support of the living arts (as compared to the incarcerated museum arts) as a community responsibility, and not just a rich man's indulgence, has changed the complexion of patronage and, in some degree, the public attitude toward the artist. However, in spite of the limited largesse of a few foundations, state arts councils, art centers, and corporations, grants to individual creative artists are just about where they were two decades ago. The Guggenheim Foundation, Tiffany Foundation, and Rockefeller Foundation give funds outright to artists. The Ford Foundation's grants have almost completely dried up, and those of the National Council on the Arts have disappeared entirely. The American Academy in Rome gives young artists fellowships and a place to work, and each year it has a few artists, writers, architects, and sculptors in residence on stipends. Whatever minor dent the new patronage may have made on the performing arts, it has made almost none on the creative arts. Artists may be better off on paper and socially more acceptable, but except for a very few who make headlines or who are artists on the side, their scale of living is nearer that of the untrained laborer than that of the craftsman—nearer to the car-washer than to the electrician or bricklayer or plumber.

Cultural barriers that the artist must surmount have diminished somewhat since Thomas Cole, the father of American landscape painting, complained in the 1830s that "the tide of utility sets against the fine arts." Art is fashionable today, as it was not then, and artists, while they may be looked upon with suspicion, are not necessarily considered disreputable. "Involvement with the trappings of culture is, in America, widespread," a novelist wrote. "Meaningful contact with the arts is not."

The attitude of the artists and writers and composers who answered the questionnaire is far from sanguine, but it is just as far from whining. Through all the answers runs an absolute confidence that what the art-makers do is essential to their own salvation and equally essential to the salvation of the society in which they somehow manage to live. They do not ask to be pampered; they do not want to be social parasites; they desperately want to be allowed the time to work and to be respected and remunerated for what they have to do.



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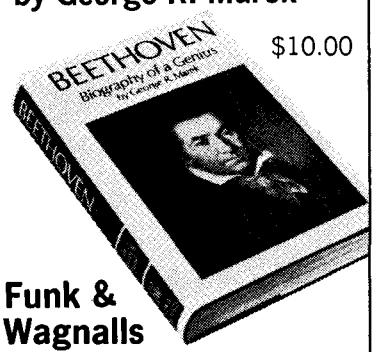

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Where the Dollars Go

Continued from page 24

four leading ballet companies, six major opera houses, twelve best nonprofit theaters, and twenty largest orchestras, all taken together. There is an American tradition at work here—Andrew Carnegie built libraries for communities that refused to buy books to put in them—but it's an unusually stupid one.

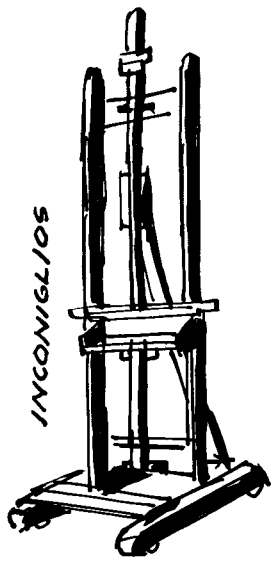
A forthcoming Twentieth Century Fund study, *Bricks and Mortar and the Performing Arts*, for which I was the reporter and Roger Stevens was a panel member, examines the ambivalent effect of the new theaters and arts centers on the performing groups that occupy them. Unquestionably, the new buildings have strengthened interest in the arts wherever they have been built, have increased audiences for existing groups, and have given impetus to formation of new groups. Unquestionably, too, they have increased the costs of operation for everyone who uses them.

Over the long run, the costs and benefits to the arts from construction projects may come into somewhat better balance than they have yet achieved. The presence of these elephants (usually white) has provoked the interesting idea that theaters and halls should be maintained at public expense, as museums and libraries are. Properly planned, the facilities naturally associated with such centers—especially parking and restaurant facilities which depend for their income on the attractions presented—can be made to contribute to performing expenses.

Kennedy Center in Washington expects considerable revenue from guided tours. In Milwaukee, county government makes up the difference between the revenues of the arts center (including rentals of its ballrooms and restaurant) and the actual costs of operation. In Seattle, Houston, and San Antonio, the performing arts facilities are supported essentially by profits from sports arenas and convention halls in the same complex. Montreal's busy Place des Arts is subsidized by the provincial and local governments; Ottawa's new National Arts Center enjoys a direct grant from the Canadian Parliament. In New York, by contrast, the city government greedily seizes the profits from the Lincoln Center garage (probably about $500,000 a year), even though the garage itself was built without a penny of municipal contribution.

Guaranteed low rentals are a more secure source of subsidy than annual appropriations. The benefits offered by most performing arts groups are overwhelmingly local, and decisions on relative levels of support should surely be as localized as possible. Ideally, the states should provide the necessary help, and it is not impossible that they will: Governor Nelson Rockefeller in his 1970 budget message proposed an $18-million annual appropriation for "aid to cultural institutions" in New York State. (By comparison, all the states together in 1969 provided only $7.6-million.) But the states are hard pressed, and support for such assistance is by no means assured in any legislature. Last September, on the day the Performing Arts Center opened in Milwaukee, a Wisconsin state legislator told the Milwaukee County Executive that if he needed more money for welfare he should cut out the few hundred thousand dollars a year the county spends on the arts: "I grew up," growled Assemblyman Kenneth J. Merkel, "without all that stuff." Whatever its faults, Washington operates on higher levels of sophistication than that.

On the horizon are problems nobody has really thought about. Video recording, pay cable TV, and satellite relay systems, which make transmission costs independent of distances, will eventually bring the world's most talented theater, dance, and opera companies to home screens at low prices. How well local lesser but live professional talent will be able to compete is something nobody knows. Among the factors certain to influence the answer are the degree to which the suburban sprawl will further disperse potential audiences, the quality of urban transportation systems, and the heightening or reduction of the fear of going out at night. Meanwhile, President Nixon has asked for $40-million, and the arts need what the President proposes, intelligently administered, just to stay alive. Everyone should give a heave and a ho on Congress for the money that will insure the chance of a future worth planning for.



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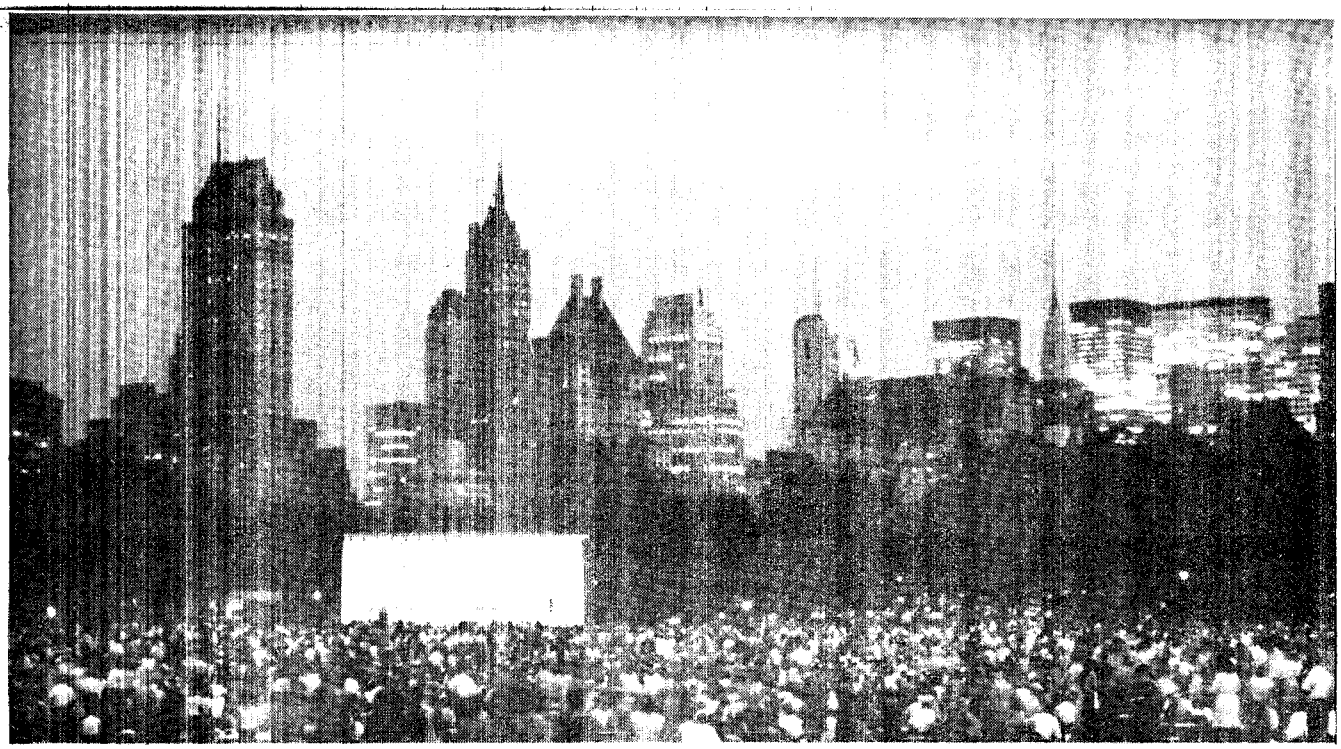

The New York Philharmonic performing in Central Park—"the orchestras of this country have greatly expanded their public service and educational work. . . ."

The Silent Spring of Our Symphonies

by AMYAS AMES

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There is more than one way to kill. A lake or a river can be killed by the outpouring of our wastes; birds—the singing of the oriole—can be stilled by our enthusiastic use of DDT; we can kill music by starving our orchestras, leaving our cities dreary places indeed. We can surround our cities with great traffic interchanges that cost $25- to $50-million apiece and not realize until it is too late that, for a fraction of the cost of a small one of these, we are depriving our people, committing them to lives without music. The silent spring came inadvertently. In the same way, music and dance can be stilled without intent.

That the nation's symphony orchestras are in serious trouble was dramatically demonstrated a few months ago when the presidents of the ninety principal orchestras of this country were invited to Philharmonic Hall in New York to discuss their plight. Almost to a man, these busy, public-spirited men from as far away as Hawaii, California, Texas, Florida, Maine, and Alaska dropped whatever they were doing and gathered. After two days of discussion, they formed a "Committee-of-the-Whole" and became united for the first time as a result of desperate crisis. They prepared testimony to present to Congress; an appeal for support to the National Endowment for the Arts; a request that, as a people, we support the performing arts of this country so that they may endure. Here briefly is what they are saying:

When we speak of the nation's symphony orchestras we are talking about some 1,400 different organizations, located in every state, in practically every city of more than 50,000 people.

We are speaking of a total audience of at least twenty million men, women, and children who attend more than 11,000 concerts a year.

We are speaking of aggregate expenditures totaling nearly $100-million a year and a veritable army of musicians and supporters—contributors and civic-minded men and women who serve the symphony. Nearly every member of our Congress has a symphony orchestra of larger or smaller activity "back home."

Our symphony orchestras serve their communities in many ways. They are the center of the musical world in their home communities. The musicians of these orchestras teach in the schools, colleges, and music institutes. The truly talented young of the area come to them to learn. The orchestra musicians organize chamber music ensembles that play throughout their communities. In some areas, orchestras serve as the sponsoring and financing body for the local opera society (as in San

AMYAS AMES is Chairman of the Committee-of-the-Whole: Presidents of Symphony Orchestras.

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Antonio) or as the parent organization for the local community chorus (as in Cleveland and Chicago, and many smaller cities). Symphony orchestras sponsor and give financial help to the local youth orchestra in their city. They search out and give awards, scholarships, and performing opportunities to young soloists and composers in the area.

Many of the orchestras' women's auxiliaries finance youth concerts. In Charlotte, North Carolina, the women actually have driven school buses in order to enable children to get to concerts. In Huntsville, Alabama, the symphony women go into the classrooms to help hard-pressed teachers acquaint the children with the music they are about to hear.

Some of our orchestras have taken their concerts to Indian reservations. They have played in hospitals, in ghettos, even in prisons; they have performed noon-day concerts in industrial plants and morning concerts in shopping centers to make it easier for young mothers with small children to attend. Other orchestras have organized jazz groups in order to serve varied tastes and interests. One orchestra presents a series of sacred music concerts each year. Another piles onto buses, traveling to small, isolated mountain communities, and plays concerts in any kind of building large enough to accommodate the musicians and an audience.

A generation ago, the subscription concert was the main activity of our orchestras. Now 70 per cent of the orchestras' activities are public service in nature. Last year, they gave 3,500 concerts for children and students, and another 4,000 concerts for the general public, in parks and on tours. Many were educational or special in nature. They sponsor and present hundreds of small ensembles from the orchestra personnel giving performances in public schools—often in individual classrooms.

So, the orchestras of this country have greatly expanded their public service and educational work, their playing for people, but they have received little help. Who pays for this new generation of concerts—for the young, in parks, on tours? The loyal supporters have done so in the past and will continue to bear more than their share, because they love music and want it for themselves and for their children. But the public service concerts cost money, and inflating costs increase the burden of support beyond what the local loyal supporters can bear. Without help from government, music—and the performing arts in this country—will wither.

The ninety orchestra presidents analyzed their operating problems, and presented figures to the Congressional committee. The significance of these figures can best be understood by scanning the following table.

90 Principal American Symphony Orchestras

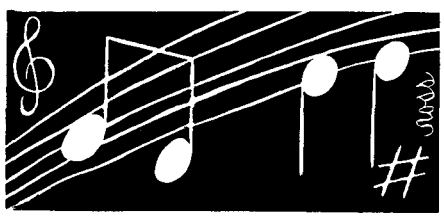
	Total Expenses	*Cash Loss*
1963	$28,820,500	$ 169,800
1969	66,794,500	5,215,800
1972 (est.)	87,090,000	13,222,000

Looking ahead to the year 1972, when the Ford Foundation grants that have so helped the orchestras will terminate, these figures show that:

Total Expenses will be up 30 per cent (to $87,090,000). The greater part of the expense of orchestras is the salaries of the musicians. There is every reason why the musician should have his compensation comparable to wages of other sectors of our society, and rising as those wages rise.

Income will be up 20 per cent (to $40,405,000). This figure includes income from tours, recording and broadcasting fees, etc., as well as ticket sales. Ticket prices cannot be raised much, for to do so would mean excluding large segments of the public—higher prices result in lost listeners; the number of seats cannot be increased; the competition from foreign orchestras limits income from record sales. Most important, the orchestras are undertaking many additional public service programs that produce little income. So, income will cover only 46 per cent of operating expenses in 1972. Symphony orchestras are confronted by the same problem that schools and colleges have had to contend with—to raise tuition enough to cover good salaries for educators would close them. And so with symphony orchestras; without new support many orchestras will have to disband.

Contributions will be up only 20 per cent (to $33,463,000). There is clear evidence that the giving by individuals cannot keep up with inflating costs, and may even be sharply restricted by rising prices and changes in the tax laws. Contributions by government are virtually microscopic when compared to either what other countries of the Western world do, or what we do for other interests of our people.



Cash Loss will rise 150 per cent. The present loss of $8,500,000—a cash loss that threatens bankruptcy for some orchestras—is jeopardizing the existence of many orchestras across the country. The loss of an estimated $13,222,000 in 1972 will begin to silence living orchestra music throughout the land.

The bitterness of the fruits of inflation is evident in these figures. Corporations can and do raise prices as wages rise; the government increases taxes to pay the inflating costs for everything it buys. Orchestras cannot raise prices and find the very foundation of their support—the generous giving of individuals—undermined by the effect of rising taxes and prices. Looking ahead to 1972, each of our most famous orchestras will probably have to find some $500,000 of new money in that year alone. That is not their doing, but the act of our society. We can kill them with inflation.

The amount of federal aid so urgently needed to maintain the orchestras' various activities is small indeed when compared to the practices long followed by other governments. Howard Taubman, the distinguished critic-at-large for *The New York Times*, in his report on symphony orchestras abroad points out that the orchestras of Munich, Berlin, Amsterdam, and the Hague are given annual government subsidies of approximately $1,200,000 each—or more than 75 per cent of their total budgets. The four London orchestras and the Manchester orchestra are supported by government grants of about 20 to 30 per cent of their total budgets.

In Austria, a high government official told Mr. Taubman: "The arts are felt to be a great, perhaps the greatest, adornment of the nation's image—for itself and for the rest of the world."

And Taubman goes on: "It cannot be too strongly stressed that the main objectives of the subsidies are to keep the orchestras in existence and to insure that their quality will not be diminished. . . . One might speculate that there might be no orchestras at all in most countries without [them]—and certainly not distinguished ones."

The financial comparison between Europe and America is not exact, inasmuch as we operate under different circumstances—but the spirit is largely the same. It is clear that the American orchestras must have government support. They have had remarkable success in finding the funds necessary to keep operating, but a whole new approach and development of a new set of priorities in this country are necessary to make these efforts successful in the future.

The request of orchestra presidents is not that our federal government as-

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sume responsibility for 75 per cent of the total operating costs of symphony orchestras as is customary in Europe, nor even for 20 per cent of the costs as is done in England. But rather that our federal government assist the orchestras in an amount less than 10 per cent of the current gross costs of our orchestras' operations—$8.5 million, an amount barely equivalent to the costs of one-third of a modern traffic circle.

Furthermore, the orchestra presidents recommend that federal funds should be used to support only those orchestras that 1) maintain a high level of earnings and local voluntary contributions for annual operations; 2) meet reasonable qualifying standards of operations and management; 3) maintain broad-based programs of cultural and musical services for the general public.

In light of the financial crisis, the orchestra presidents are asking for government support through the National Endowment for the Arts, and are backing President Nixon's request for $20-million for the National Endowment for the Arts, even though that request is extremely modest when compared to the critical needs of our arts institutions. It will permit the Arts Endowment to provide only $3.5-million of the $8.5-million currently needed by the orchestras, because the endowment is charged with responsibility to other arts fields of which the orchestras are but one segment.

Nevertheless, approval of President Nixon's request would achieve two goals. It would increase the actual dollar support available to the nation's arts efforts, and, secondly, challenge all other governmental entities (states, counties, and cities) as well as non-governmental contributors, by the tested principle of fund matching. The orchestra presidents in their testimony before the Congressional committee have asked for the flexibility that will permit them to come back for help if these matching funds cannot be realized.

Two hundred years ago, the people of this country fought for independence. Now we fight not only to save our rivers, our lakes, the very air we breath, but also to save our music. This must be part of the drive of the people of this country to enrich the total life of its citizens and to work "toward a reflection of the goodness and grace of the human spirit." The arts, like nature, are more part of us than we think. Why else would people in twelve hundred cities, in every state of the union, organize and struggle to support symphony orchestras?

It is time to act—to stand up and be counted as a backer of the arts. What we ask is well within the power of our government to give.

Donizetti, Sills, and "Devereux"

Bel canto opera, we have been told, is a ball park for the diva: a playing field on which the voice, though sometimes apt for passion and more often for *dolcezza*, is usually batted about for shining display. Or so the story ran until the discovery, barely twenty years ago, of fresh dramatic and psychological values in works once scorned. The old viewpoint, now crumbling badly, is likely to be leveled by Westminster's new release (stereo 323, $17.98) of Donizetti's *Roberto Devereux*, starring Beverly Sills. While Miss Sills proves effective as Elizabeth, Queen of England, it is Donizetti's opera itself that stirs the tidal wave, for this is mighty stuff.

Two recent, perceptive biographies of Donizetti—one by Herbert Weinstock, the other by William Ashbrook—offer partial preparation for the impact of this music, but only as actual hearing may reinforce their words. Opera on a large scale is in the balance; conclusions must be strengthened by a sounding of the notes. And an experience of three Donizetti works in big mold—*La Favorita*, with Bruna Castagna, many years ago on an obscure evening at the Philadelphia Academy of Music; *Maria Stuarda*, featuring Leyla Gencer as the Queen of Scots and Shirley Verrett as Elizabeth, last summer at the Edinburgh Festival; and a concert version of *Roberto Devereux*, with Montserrat Caballé, four years ago at Carnegie Hall—along with the thrust of this new recording have led me to believe that so powerful and individual a composer may no longer be consigned to the company of Rossini and Bellini in that traditional *pas de trois*. And thus it comes as no surprise that the central figure in the new recording should be not the prima donna nor even her vis-à-vis, Devereux, but the conductor. Charles Mackerras, directing the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and Ambrosian Opera Chorus, exercises superb control over the performance of a work near—whether consciously or otherwise—to the mood of total theater.

The excellent libretto is by Salvatore Cammarano, who has been typed in most biographies of Verdi, his frequent collaborator, as a poetaster. Donizetti's vigorous, often flaming music offers memorably broad lines coupled with subtly detailed elaboration that seem to have called forth in Mackerras a full affirmation. His conducting is masterly; taking precision as the point of departure, he goes on to eloquence and makes a prime contribution to the set.

And yet, owing to the style of the opera, he might have been topped had the Elizabeth been more commanding. Nothing in Miss Sills's performance may be faulted. She has intensity most notably in that terrifying shout of *"Va!"* during the finale of the second act. Her dramatically projected chest tones throughout demonstrate complete musicality and technical brilliance. Not having access to a score of *Roberto*, I have no way of charting the ornamentation she has probably added, but the color of her voice, its quality, its marrow are fundamentally wrong. In this age of random casting, the question of timbre is increasingly overlooked. Elizabeth is no lyric-coloratura but a near-dramatic (*spinto*) of clarion voice and rare agility.

If met on her own terms—that is, a warm, imaginative, relatively small scale version of the Queen—Miss Sills comes off most ably, for she belongs among the great professionals of the day. Her recitatives may lack the desired weight and contrast; but her characterization is adroit, and her singing possessed of the sheen so often cited. She extracts from the final scene much of its turbulent drama.

Robert Ilosfalvy, the Devereux, sings with sturdy sound and a manner of production—every note dead-center—ill-suited to Italian opera. He would be a dream Tannhäuser in Dortmund. The rest of the cast serves well, with Beverly Wolff as a charming and ultimately moving Sara, Duchess of Nottingham; Kenneth MacDonald in a first-rate character bit as Cecil; and Peter Glossop as a magnetic Duke of Nottingham, although for my taste he comes on too forcefully for the Donizetti idiom. And yet, the Glossop voice, dark and powerful, is a major element in the success of the second act trio for Elizabeth, Essex, and Nottingham.

The new album, handsomely documented, is recommended to all who would roll back the frontiers of opera and make contact with an important work. There are, of course, minor flaws: whipped-up entrance music in almost every scene, the inevitable formula construction. But these are secondary in the face of a score that breathes out dramatic genius.

—Robert Lawrence.

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The Complete Handel For the Violin

by BORIS SCHWARZ

GEORG FRIEDRICH HANDEL: *Violin Sonatas (complete). Eduard Melkus, violin. Continuo: Eduard Müller, organ and harpsichord; August Wenzinger, violoncello; Karl Scheit, lute.* Archive Production stereo, 198 474/5, $11.96.

THIS SET CONTAINS ten sonatas and is called "complete." The same claim is made for several other collections: fifteen sonatas are recorded by the violinists Julian Olevsky (on Westminster stereo, 9064/6) and Henri Temianka (on Everest stereo, 3143). Completeness is also claimed for the six violin sonatas performed by Arthur Grumiaux (on Philips stereo, 835 389 AY). A bewildered public may ask: How complete is "complete"?

Strangely enough, all these claims are justified. There are indeed fifteen sonatas by Handel entitled "Solos for a German Flute, Hoboy, or Violin, with a thorough base for the Harpsichord or Bass Violin"—Opus 1. Of these, six were assigned to the violin, two to the oboe, four to the recorder, and three to the flute. A certain interchangeability of instruments was common practice in the eighteenth century; both Olevsky and Temianka took advantage of this option by performing all the sonatas on the violin. Grumiaux limited himself to the six "authentic" violin sonatas. All fifteen were published in 1879 by Friedrich Chrysander as part (Vol. 27) of the monumental *Handel Edition.* Chrysander in turn based his collection on two editions published during Handel's lifetime: One appeared in Amsterdam in 1722, the other some ten years later in London.

In assembling Archive's "complete" set of ten violin sonatas, a somewhat different approach was followed. The "basic" six sonatas are, of course, included. In addition, two of the woodwind sonatas are claimed to be authentic violin sonatas, namely, the "Flute" Sonata (Op. 1, No. 1) and the "Oboe" Sonata (Op. 1, No. 6). These sonatas contain notes below the normal range of the instruments for which they were allegedly composed, and scholars have been puzzled about this "lapse." Now the riddle seems to be solved. Manuscript copies of these works were discovered bearing the inscription "violino solo" in Handel's own hand. In the case of the so-called flute sonata, the manuscript version has the piece transposed one tone lower, from E minor to D minor, which puts it definitely out of range of the "flute." On Archive, the work is recorded in the new key of D minor, but a comparison with the E-minor version as played by Temianka and Olevsky shows that there is no noticeable gain in effectiveness.

The Archive records are rounded out by two additional pieces of little significance: a spurious Sonata in G with harpsichord "concertato" (that is, a worked-out keyboard part in place of the customary figured bass), and a brief improvisational piece in two interconnected movements, sounding more like a fragment than a finished composition.

Of Handel's violin sonatas, little needs to be said; they are recognized masterpieces and belong to the indispensable core of the violin repertoire. Their technical demands are moderate. Not a professional violinist, Handel was uninterested in virtuosity as such. He was not inclined to experiment with complex double stops or high positions, in the way such contemporary virtuosos as Vivaldi, Veracini, and Geminiani were. Handel preferred the sonorous and expressive style of Corelli, whose Sonatas (Op. 5) of 1700 served him in many ways as a model. But Handel replaced Corelli's placidity with his own characteristic brio, vigor, and noble passion.

The Archive recordings are performed by a group of artists obviously expert in the field of Baroque chamber music. With regard to performance practice, certain basic decisions had to be made, which are stated by the violinist Eduard Melkus. The choice was between an unadorned, straightforward rendering of the familiar music, or a fully embellished execution in accordance with eighteenth-century performance practices. The latter style was chosen, and so we hear a richly ornamented melodic line, with all longer note values dissolved into a garland of shorter notes. Certain movements are barely recognizable, for the melodic line has been virtually rewritten. Embellishments are used not only in the slow movements, but in the fast ones as well. An interesting procedure is the introduction of variants whenever sections of a movement are repeated; it avoids the occasional dullness of a repeat, and often adds a new dimension to the music. For example, the finale of the F-major Sonata, an ingratiating gigue, is transformed into a *chasse* (a hunting scene) when Melkus repeats the sections in double stops. At certain cadential points, Melkus inserts brief cadenzas that add an improvisational touch, but his enthusiasm carried him too far in the lengthy and overly brilliant cadenza in the first "Allegro" of the G-minor "Oboe" Sonata.

All in all, this embellished version of Handel's sonatas offers many surprises, and might not be to everyone's liking. Ornamentation is a matter of personal taste, and *de gustibus non est disputandum.* A listener used to the unadorned version may feel puzzled and even alienated, and some might prefer a "straightforward" performance, despite all musicological entreaties. However, the practice of embellishment is an integral part of eighteenth-century music, and more and more contemporary performers are rediscovering this lost tradition.

Another exploratory approach of the Archive recording concerns the realization of the figured bass. In addition to the customary use of harpsichord-plus-cello, Melkus and his associates have assembled a number of instrumental combinations to support the solo violin. At times, no fewer than three instruments are used for the bass line—organ, cello, and lute. This is simply too heavy, and the violin sounds encased rather than supported. Other combinations work better, as for example the transparent sound of lute and cello in the "Oboe" Sonata (Op. 1, No. 6). The frequent use of the organ is not a happy solution; the instrument sounds obtrusive. On the whole, the bass realizations tend to be rich and rigid; they do not always match the greater sensitivity of the solo violinist and occasionally overpower him, as in the fugal movement of the D-major Sonata. Here, the cello seems to be too closely microphoned. Actually, all this clangorous apparatus runs counter to the instructions of the composer, who wanted "harpsichord *or* bass violin." The same, incidentally, holds true of Corelli's Opus 5 sonatas. Why force the violin onto the defensive?

This matter works to the disadvantage of Melkus, who does not aim at producing a "big" tone. He advocates the use of a Baroque-style violin (with a somewhat shorter neck) and a lighter eighteenth-century bow. He prom-

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ises us a "delicate, flexible sound rich in overtones," and asserts that such authentic equipment facilitates certain embellishments and bow strokes. Whatever the advantages may be for the player, they are not evident in the recorded sound. The violin tone, especially in the higher positions, seems to lack resonance and tends to be thin and distant, almost antiseptic. Better microphoning may have helped. The violin used by Melkus—an eighteenth-century model Aegidius Klotz built in Tyrol—cannot compare to a first-rate Italian instrument. One need only listen to the cello—a Cremona instrument built by Francesco Ruggieri in 1681—to hear the difference. But there can be no doubt that Melkus is a highly skilled violinist with a secure bow arm, agile fingers, and accurate intonation. His musicianship is excellent; his tempi are well chosen and on the brisk side, except for a strangely slow "Adagio" in the F-major Sonata. His associates are equally fine. August Wenzinger produces a rich cello tone, although he is inclined to push the tempo in fast runs. The keyboard player, Eduard Müller, sounds better on the harpsichord than on the organ. The lutenist, Karl Scheit, plays sensitively in the "Oboe" Sonata (Op. 1, No. 6), where he is joined by the cello; in larger ensembles he is inaudible. On the whole, the group plays with commendable unanimity; obviously, these performances were prepared with much study and thought, musical as well as historical.

The adherence to original sources brings one particularly pleasant surprise: In the finale of the famous D-major Sonata, we hear eighteen additional bars that are usually omitted (they are not even in the Chrysander edition). These measures were crossed out in pencil in Handel's manuscript, although not necessarily by the composer. They deserve to be reintroduced in all modern editions.

A Tract for the Operatic Times

by HERBERT WEINSTOCK

From the trickle of serious books on musical subjects (a "trickle" in comparison with the torrents of elaborate volumes about the visual arts), one that continues to stand out as monumentally useful is Winton Dean's *Handel's Dramatic Oratorios and Masques* (Oxford University Press, 1959, $26.90). That composition-by-composition history and analysis, occupying nearly 700 tightly set pages, continues to provide almost everything that it is helpful to know about some of the greatest music ever composed, aside from what can be learned only from score and performance. And so announcement of a new book by Professor Dean entitled *Handel and the Opera Seria* at once required a check mark indicating future acquisition. The book is at hand (University of California Press, 1969, $8.50). In one way it is a cruel disappointment: It does not deal with Handel's forty or so operas in anything like the detail with which the earlier book handles the oratorios and masques. But how could it, being only 220 pages long and having been derived from the Ernest Bloch lectures presented at Berkeley in 1965-66? Professor Dean must, sooner or later, do his undeniable duty by writing the book that the title of this one seemed at first to promise.

Nonetheless, exactly as we have it, this is an extraordinary volume. Packed with the wisdom that only long, wide familiarity with Handel's operas could provide, it brilliantly illuminates those shelves in the music libraries that contain treasures which, to our severe impoverishment, we continue to misjudge and therefore to neglect. It shows that the best of Handel's Italian operas, very far from being "concerts in costume" or congealed, undramatic display vehicles for now lost sorts of singing, are powerful music dramas—or would be if understood, presented, and listened to as Handel's librettists and Handel himself meant them to be. From these pages, for example, one can determine how and why the New York City Opera Company's very popular re-creation of *Giulio Cesare*, however in and for itself a fine example of imaginative stagecraft, nonetheless all but completely scants the dramatic elements that were this opera's prime reasons for existence in the minds of Nicolò Haym, its librettist, and Handel himself, the words having been transformed into a sort of sung ballet-pageant. No one who genuinely loves the art of lyric drama can read Professor Dean and not thereafter yearn to hear ten or twenty of Handel's operas (and very particularly *Orlando*) properly performed, with their inherent, undeniable problems solved in the same, completely practicable ways he sets forth.

But *Handel and the Opera Seria* is also, and not unintentionally, a tract for the operatic times (and also, if I may say so, for the *Times*). Professor Dean, though speaking of Handel's operas, really speaks of all operas when he says: "But if the operas are to yield their secrets, *they must be interpreted according to the style of their period* [italics mine], by the conductor, the stage director, the designer of scenery and costumes, the orchestra, the continuo player, and not least the singers. There are certainly a large number of wrong answers, and these have been prominent in modern revivals." Few would deny, I think, that far too many recent stagings of the operas of the past have suffered from director-sickness. And that ailment, Professor Dean demonstrates beyond rebuttal, derives from inattention to the wishes of librettists and composers, to a misbegotten need to tamper in the name of modernization, of "relevance" to our own times. It results from a misbegotten search for a way in which the producer can demonstrate his originality and gives us those dead "new interpretations" of what can remain living only when conceived as an unbreakable unit of libretto, score, setting, costuming, and singing in the style of its period.

To present *Carmen*, for example, as misstaged by Jean-Louis Barrault for the Metropolitan Opera is not merely bad taste, it is falsification of a masterpiece no less than rewriting *Middlemarch* in the style of Norman Mailer. To present Bellini's *I Capuletti ed i Montecchi* in the "version" by Claudio Abbado now sometimes heard in Europe, with a tenor substituted for Bellini's mezzo Romeo, is to force foolish "realism" upon a charming example of that art in which convention necessarily plays the largest role. (Romeo is not a character in a novel by Zolà or any of his naturalist descendants, and it is surely nonsense to say that a

(*Continued on page 98*)

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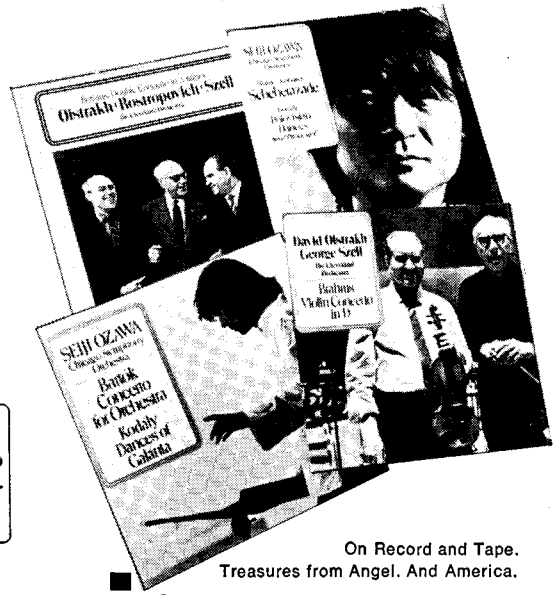

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Recordings in Review

Late Beethoven from Italy

BEETHOVEN: *Quartets in E flat (Op. 127) and F major (Op. 135). Quartetto Italiano.* Philips stereo, SAL 3703, $5.98.

THE NUMBER of expectable items from suitable sides (such as DGG's project to present, in recorded form, every note of Beethoven in print) in the ensuing months is bound to be augmented by the unexpected from unpredictable sources, all bent on doing the master homage in this 200th anniversary year of his birth year. In the latter category, I would cite this as one that would remain close to the top of the list when all others have been accounted for.

That is not because it is a perfect performance. Other than in the technical dimension (such as the Flonzaley ensemble), there have rarely been even perfectly executed performances of late Beethoven quartets; and those of the Flonzaley left some things to be desired in other respects. It is, rather, what it is *short* of being perfect—impassioned, ardent, consecrated, and meticulous. In the nature of the circumstances, something temperamentally almost as large as the Alps does geographically separate the North from the South. But the Quartetto Italiano's excellent personnel have penetrated that terrain almost as far as Bolzano (metaphorically speaking).

They do, in fact, almost reach the tree line of altitude by the fervor of the sound they command, its melting warmth and insinuating zeal. Slow movements are almost unfailingly insinuating and articulate; they ride lyric lines like winged birds on a downwind; they soar and wheel in beautiful precision when such a surge of emotion engulfs the group as a whole, and they respond with native ardor and intensity.

Where they are arrested and perhaps snow-blinded in this metaphorical journey is when science takes the place of emotion. An instance is in the first movement of the great E-flat Quartet where, at a certain point, Beethoven indulges in some elaborations of the melodic phrases previously set in motion, in patterns not merely very difficult to articulate but even more difficult to make meaningful. The Quartetto Italiano concentrates on the difficulties and solves them more than well—but in so doing, they lose sight of the structural function in the line underneath, or the meaning the passage has in the total work. There is a similar instance in the F-major (slow movement in this instance).

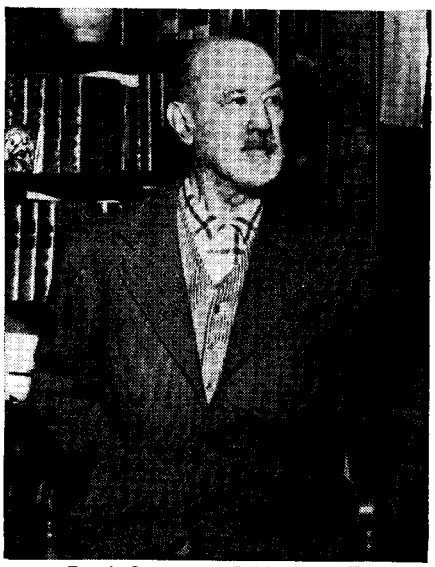
The only reason for directing attention to this kind of deviation from an otherwise impeccably high standard is to 1) recognize that high standard for what it is, and 2) indicate the levels of challenges that confront those who rise successively from one station to another on the way to the peak. There seems every good reason that the Quartetto Italiano can conquer these artistic Alps in good time. Maybe, however, they should start, at some appropriate time, from the German side and approach the top scientifically. It would then be downhill all the way.

Post-Posthumous Schubert

SCHUBERT: *"Grazer" Fantasie; Ländler,* MOZART: *Fantasie in C minor* (K. 475). *Fantasie in D minor* (K. 397). *Lili Kraus, piano.* Odyssey stereo, 32 16 0380, $2.98.

IN THE PERIOD when works of Franz Schubert were appearing in print thirty and forty years after they had been written, a French critic well phrased a common dilemma when he exclaimed, plaintively: "Who is this man Schubert who keeps writing masterpieces after he has been dead so long?" As a consequence "Opus Posth." has a significance in the Schubert literature clearly greater than in the instance of any other composer—especially now that a post-posthumous work has been added at the beginning of 1970.

Or more precisely, it was added, informally, in 1968 when a committee based in Tübingen, Germany, charged with arranging a truly "complete" edition of Schubert, pursued scholarly leads to a trunk in Graz, Austria (where the composer often spent holiday), which belonged to his great friend Anselm Hüttenbrenner. In addition to letters and other documents they discovered a previously unknown fantasie (in C). The handwriting was not Schubert's, but everything else about the music pointed to its authenticity. Internal and external evidence pointed to 1818, when Schubert was twenty-one.



—Frank Gerratana (Bridgeport "Herald").

Charles Ives—"respected as a writer of songs when his orchestral literature was barely known. . . ."

In the inevitable journalistic fashion, the discovery of the six-minute post-posthumous Fantasie became an "occasion," with the news displayed on page 1 of *The New York Times* and its first public performance confided to CBS-TV (last November). By an odd coincidence, the performer on the Columbia Broadcasting System's TV program was the same Lili Kraus who is heard on this disc produced by a Columbia Broadcasting System affiliate.

Whether Mme. Kraus was but an innocent victim of circumstances or not, she is very much the responsible party for a sympathetic, well-crafted, and thoroughly understanding performance of a charming but essentially minor work. How much greater piano music there is in the Schubert canon that is not currently available on discs only an expert could say. But for those whose passion is connecting missing links in a composer's chain of creation, this Fantasie may serve even better than it will to music lovers generally. If it is not a masterpiece, it is undoubtedly—as Rudolf Bing once said of a certain opera the Metropolitan produced by the most famous Russian-born composer not living in his native land—a piece of master.

The other elements of the disc are both prime works of their respective composers and specialities of the performer. It might be mentioned that, observant as they are, they give some suggestion of the Bruno Walter Syndrome. That is to say, at a certain point of his career, the late maestro was so infused with the spirit of the music he played that he tended to overplay it, dynamically, and point the already pointed dynamics.

Ives, Psalmist

IVES: *"Let There Be Light"; Psalm 14"; "Psalm 25"; "Psalm 54"; "Psalm 135"; "Walt Whitman"; "Duty" and "Vita"; "On the Antipodes"; "Luck and Work"; "Like a Sick Eagle"; "Tolerance"; "Incantation" (excerpt); "The Pond"; "At Sea"; "The Children's Hour"; and "The Rainbow." The Gregg Smith Singers with Adrienne*

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Albert, mezzo-soprano; and William Feuerstein, baritone. Columbia stereo, MS 7321, $5.98.

SOMEWHAT like Mahler, Ives was respected as a writer of songs even when his orchestral literature was barely known or performed almost exclusively in excerpts or single movements. Those who heard "Charley Rutledge," "General William Booth Enters into Heaven," and similar matters in the Thirties knew they were songs of consequence and could only speculate on the composer's capacities in other directions.

Now that almost all such speculation has been resolved, the continuing exposition of his vocal literature continues to stimulate as well as to satisfy. In this successor to *Music for Chorus* (Columbia, MS 6921), Gregg Smith and Chorus add chapter and verse to the prior evidence that the appearance of church-derived allusions in Ives's symphonies and other orchestral writings was neither irrelevant nor satirical (except in specific instances). These Psalms are imbued with feeling as well as trending, in several instances, far from the formalistic settings usually accorded them. "Psalm 54," for instance, compounds its texture of whole-tone scale lines and augmented chords, no lulling sound even today.

Side 2 of this not merely previously unrecorded but previously unheard material offers a strong response to Walt Whitman's lines beginning "Who goes there?" (Ives's only known Whitman setting, though the affinities of their natures would suggest many more), Keats's "Like a Sick Eagle," Emerson's comments on "Duty," and, as choice excerpts from Stevenson's "Home Book of Verse," Longfellow's "The Children's Hour" and Wordsworth's "The Rainbow." They have their variations of felicity, but of individuality there is never the least doubt. Much worth the owning, and the listening.

Zandonai, in Part

ZANDONAI: *Scenes from Francesca da Rimini. Magda Olivero and Mario Del Monaco; with Nicola Rescigno conducting the National Orchestra of the Monte Carlo Opera.* London stereo, OS 26121, $5.98.

SHADOWS of things past gather in clusters around this venture. The opera itself had a brief (nine performances) exposure at the Metropolitan in the 1916-17 and 1917-18 seasons during which Giovanni Martinelli and Frances Alda were the counterparts of Del Monaco and Olivero. The latter two

Montserrat Caballé—"suggesting a youthful, maidenly pervert."

were involved in a revival at La Scala in 1959. Del Monaco had not been heard at the Metropolitan during the Sixties, and Mme. Olivero not at all in these parts until she participated in an *Adriana Lecouvreur* at Hartford, Connecticut, during the fall.

Withal the live-est thing about this undertaking is the voice and artistry of Olivero. She has been in and out of the Italian opera scene since the early Thirties, and, though the sound is not pristine, the artistry with which it is used is considerable. She suggests to aural perfection the plaintive, unhappy Francesca, who is constantly singing music that suggests Liù in Puccini's *Turandot*. For his part, Del Monaco has rather more voice than one would have thought he could still command, but the effort of getting it out is considerable. The dramatic temperament is still there, however, likewise the sense of what it means to be a leading operatic tenor.

Reference to Puccini's Liú is inferentially supportive of William Weaver's statement, in his authoritative liner comment, that contemporary opinion regarded Zandonai as the "heir of Puccini." But this is, in my hearing of these excerpts, rather the exception to their general character. That darkness, pulsation, and prominent use of the orchestra recall to my ear more the quality of Montemezzi's *L'amore dei tre re* than of Puccini—though it may be that other parts of the opera are different.

Singer's "Salome"

STRAUSS: *Salome, with Montserrat Caballé, Sherrill Milnes, Richard Lewis, Regina Resnik, James King, etc.; with Erich Leinsdorf conducting the London Symphony Orchestra.* RCA stereo (tape), TR 3—5045, $10.95.

A COMPLETE recording of *Salome* without a single German vocalist; moreover, a *Salome* without one really Wagnerian voice? Somebody must be kidding—that is the first reaction. The second reaction, after sampling a reasonable amount of the outcome, is not really. Not for the special kind of *Salome* this is.

That is, simply, a singer's *Salome*, lacking the customary frenzies and overpowering outbursts in the orchestra which bring out the Krafft-Ebing in even the most composed listener. That is not to say that Leinsdorf is conducting anything like a chamber music performance of the score. But, by thoughtful microphoning, in which the voices are always out front of the orchestra and never blanketed by it, Leinsdorf has produced what is a decidedly pleasurable way of listening to this music—and the preferential one, until Birgit Nilsson has her turn.

The controlling factor is, of course, the voice of Caballé. Those unacquainted with her background as a Strauss singer (Marschallin in small theaters, a practiced performer of his lieder) may wonder what she is doing there at all. What she is doing is, simply enough, suggesting the petulant Princess as a youthful, maidenly pervert as she never could in the theater, of course. For the first third of the score, it is beautifully successful; in the next third, it continues credible; but one has to accept the restricted range of power available to her in payment for the lyric sound she commands in the closing scene.

Around this absorbing if hardly ideal kind of *Salome* sound Leinsdorf has built a steady surge of lyricism from the insufficiently deep but superbly high voice of Milnes as John the Baptist, the whining likeness of Herod developed by Lewis—sometimes in a startling likeness to the sound of Julius Patzak, one of its great interpreters—and the practiced and highly effective Herodias of Resnik. Other contributions of quality may be credited to James King (who gives to Leinsdorf more voice, as Narraboth, than to many other conductors in a full role), to Neil Howlett and David Kelly as fine-sounding newcomers to fame as The Two Soldiers, and especially to the London Symphony. But the German enunciation of all—including the orchestra—could be bettered.

Thus, if there is less than a full likeness of the psychopathic frenzies that the score contains, there is, alternatively, a remarkably polished rendering of the pure lyricism in the work which gives this *Salome* a special distinction among all its predecessors and, very likely, any successor. RCA has rarely offered its customers cleaner, more distinctive, resonant sound than is contained on the tape from which this performance was evaluated.

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Orchestral LPs

Data	Report
Beethoven: *The Creatures of Prometheus.* Yehudi Menuhin conducting The Menuhin Festival Orchestra. Angel stereo, S-36641, $5.98.	Thanks to Menuhin's good feeling for this music and the conviction with which it is articulated, this performance takes a place of priority among those now available. Indeed, it makes so much of the musical material and its dramatic suggestions that thoughts of a balletic revival (especially in this Beethoven year) dance in the mind—if not on the stage. The components of Menuhin's results are, in equal part, sensitivity to the orchestral values in the score (substantially those of the Second Symphony) and an awareness that the performing elements for which Beethoven was writing at the time of the work's composition (1800-01) were late eighteenth-century rather than even early nineteenth. So far as a check with entries in *Kinsky's Thematic Catalogue* reveals, the sixteen sections are presented without omission. (No liner notes are available at time of writing.) Highly successful reproduction.
Mendelssohn: Double Concerto in D minor. Carroll Glenn, violin; and Eugene List, violin; with Ernst Maerzendorfer conducting the Vienna Chamber Orchestra. Westminster stereo, WST 17166, $5.98.	Those interested in the ever absorbing subject of prodigy development are certain to find this example of Mendelssohn's fourteenth year rewarding. The rich soil in which his genius was rooted is already evident, and there spring from it, every so often, typical growths of his own. For others, however, the repetitions, overwriting, and understandable-but-no-less-beguiling lapses in compositional discipline take their toll of attention and enjoyment. Most rewarding of the movements is the "Adagio," in which a characteristically Mendelssohnian melodic formulation is led, surely and resourcefully, to its fulfillment. The performance is, on the whole, good, though Miss Glenn is guilty now and then of unexpectedly uncertain pitch. The recording is passable, but not as good as it could be.
Mozart: Concerto No. 23 in A. **Beethoven:** Concerto No. 4 in G. Walter Gieseking, piano; with Herbert von Karajan conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Odyssey mono, 32 16 0371, $2.98.	In response, no doubt, to the current boomlet in Beethoven, this reissue gives priority to the artistic interchange of Gieseking and Karajan in the G-major. And artistic it is, too, one of the great versions ever of this work in which the newly emerged Karajan (his first recordings had begun to reach the U.S. a few years before) shows all the traits of the workmanship and musical insight that are today world-famous. However, the material available for technical reworking into the present form is not nearly so responsive as is the Mozart, a somewhat later release. Also, in its original 1951 form, the Beethoven covered both sides of the LP on which it was offered, and the compression into a single side may have been accomplished at cost to such fidelity as it possessed. The Mozart (originally issued with the Franck *Variations symphoniques*) is in every way excellent, and, in itself, worth the basic asking price. Sampling might be a useful procedure: The copy herein reviewed had a pitch waver at a couple of points that could have been a fault not found in other issues.
Rota: *Romeo and Juliet* music. Conducted by the composer. Capitol stereo, ST-400, $5.98.	This score may not satisfy all the criteria that qualify many works as "classics"—it is neither overlong nor dull, and its content has attained the popularity to be listed on the "chart" denoting sales success—but it has merits that qualify it for consideration, nevertheless. Nino Rota, after all, is a conservatory product (not merely of his native land, but of the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia during the Rosario Scalero period), and he pursues a steady, pedagogic course even today as director of the conservatory in Bari. Thus, there is craft as well as tunefulness in this derivative from the current film (directed by Franco Zeffirelli). Originality is not conspicuous, but Rota earns credit for his application of sophisticated means to readily assimilable ends. As for the conducting discipline, he was—long before writing music for *La Dolce Vita, 8½, La Strada,* etc.—a pupil of the late Fritz Reiner at Curtis. The recorded sound is outstandingly good. (Needless to say, the "Love Theme," which has won an independent place among much played items, is properly prominent.)
Schubert: Symphony No. 1. **Mendelssohn:** Symphony No. 1. Louis Lane conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Columbia stereo, MS 7391, $5.98.	Were there some way of doing so, this should also be identified as "Louis Lane Symphony No. 1," for it is, as far as I recall, the first pairing of such works by the able assistant conductor to George Szell. He has been progressively exposed in short light works, long light works, short heavy works, and such a long "heavy" work as the D-major Divertimento No. 17 of Mozart, all with growing credit. He discharges this assignment with similar credit, though with varying results relative to the content of the two scores. In the wake of the Double Concerto (see above), this example of early Mendelssohn rouses relatively reserved enthusiasm. Its interest is related to growing technical command, of which there is an abundance. On the other hand, the Schubert "First" deals primarily in growing musical individuality, and of that there can never be a surfeit. Facility and workmanship characterize the direction and performance.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 3. Igor Markevitch conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Philips stereo, PHS 900-224, $5.98.	Recordings of the Tchaikovsky Third are neither unknown nor in great abundance; there have, within recent years, been two included in the complete cycle of the symphonies conducted by Antal Dorati and Lorin Maazel. The special distinction of this one is Markevitch's awareness that, if it deserves any nickname, it is not "Polish" (which has been attached to it in England) but "Balletic," by which it could be identified anywhere. It is, indeed, a creation of the period in which *Swan Lake* was being conceived (1875 for the symphony, 1875-78 for the ballet). It bears the marks of that concurrence in scurrying passages that suggest the hunters gathering in pursuit of their prey as well as much rhythmic detail that is dance-related. The skillful performance by Markevitch puts all these elements into proper perspective. He cannot, of course, simulate a symphonic context which Tchaikovsky did not provide, but he does make a diverting and rewarding experience of the material it contains. —Irving Kolodin.

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Simon & Garfunkel: The Singers and the Songs

by ELLEN SANDER

Now that pop has been through over a decade of mass exposure and growth, it can be seen that there certainly are songs that have become classics, songs that cross musical and social barriers, that have been adapted into jazz, semiclassical, and valid interpretations by other artists. There are pop songs that have become movie themes, TV specials, and 3 a.m. favorites at the local pub, none of which has anything to do with rock as an idiom, but all of which have to do with the purpose and direction of music that is good. Assimilation is one of the true tests of any art form so basically interrelated to a culture as is rock, and the durability in size, shape, and holding power of the best of the pop songs produced speaks well of its most prominent artists.

In general, though, songwriting is the main weakness of most rock bands, compounded by their reluctance to turn elsewhere for good material. There are notable exceptions, such as Blood, Sweat and Tears, who have both the humility and discretion to judge both internally produced and other material on the basis of musical merit. But on the whole, there are hundreds of groups recording today, all of which can play great blistering rock 'n' roll but which have neither the talent to produce nor the taste to look elsewhere for good solid songs.

In music it has always been the singer and the song, and, while there is a wealth of quality in both areas, in pop they are often lost to egotism and greed. Identity, durability, and personality are premium qualities in pop (witness the sudden proliferation of "supergroups" dominating a scene full of newcomers who for the most part can't cut it), and in this respect Simon and Garfunkel stand as a monument in the field.

Though their time as innovators has passed, S&G as a recording and performing unit and the material they created and arranged have withstood the test of time and timeliness. Their records are still pertinent, colorful, and among the most articulately produced in the business. Those LPs are solid capsules of distilled thoughts and feelings that have held up against scores of albums which have momentarily overshadowed them. Frequently I think they're a bit tame for the times, but the fact (and the duo) remains, continuing to make records that are adventurous, spirited, musical, and full of great songs.

With the ability to turn the New Jersey Turnpike ("America" from *Bookends*) into a piece of pop Americana as pointed as their Dylan spoof ("A Simple Desultory Philippic" from *Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme*), S&G can cut lean, facile slices through the facade of most pop too limited in reference or scope, with the delicate but secure complexity of fine, functional, and beautiful machinery. *The Graduate* may have saved *Bookends* from dissolving into its own sense of self-pity, but the association of the album with the film and the huge success of both elevated and expanded Simon and Garfunkel's audience and musical influence. It certainly wasn't the die-for-the-moment rock 'n' roll I live for, but then again, I'm not Mrs. Robinson either. Rock has to be considered in terms of the larger audience it is now reaching, and in this context S&G have emerged as troubadours for urban Everyman.

Their latest album, *Bridge Over Troubled Water* (Columbia stereo, KCS 9914), is a model of consistency and professionalism. The title song, opening the album, is both sad and mighty, disturbing and comforting in one tonal exercise. It breaks happily into "El Condor Pasa," an arrangement of an eighteenth-century Peruvian folk melody that is charming, childlike, and rings with an exquisite faraway happiness. The simplicity and taste of this arrangement are handled with the same stability, deftness, and homage to the source as was their treatment of "Scarborough Fair/Canticle" on an earlier album (*Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme*). This into the upbeat coquettishness of "Cecilia," a hand-clapping, nutty rouser with its at-the-zoo silliness and effervescence. As the shape of the album begins to take form, it becomes a song for children, for the child in all of us. It ceases to be music bound by generational conceit and loses nothing in the process.

"Keep the Customer Satisfied" is one of those Paul Simon novelettes that

Simon & Garfunkel—"a monument in the field."

eludes and delights with bits and pieces of image, feeling, character, and sequence. Sad, lonely, and unaccepting, "So Long, Frank Lloyd Wright" closes the side on a note of reflection:

> Architects may come and
> Architects may go
> Never change your point of view
> When I run dry
> I stop awhile and think of you
>
> © 1969 Paul Simon

It's a retrospective, almost amusing view of the artists as song stylists, growing, changing, marking off the passage of time in tune. Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel are the architects of songs, building rather than blurting, shaping, defining, and contouring their pieces so the listener can live in them for a while.

Side 2 contains two of their recent single hits, "The Boxer" and "Baby Driver," crackling tight pop songs, Perfect Singles both, flashing with the spitfire of rock dynamics, yet smooth, tasty, and engagingly melodic. The balance of thematic contradiction in words and music is a trick they've mastered well, and, though they employ it as a formula much of the time, they always come up with the ingenuity to pull it off.

Their voicing hasn't changed much over the years; it is still the sweet, two-part harmonic treatment, the aging choirboy innocence they have always infused into their songs. The sound is a pillar of contrast to the ever changing time and temper of the rock which surrounds them.

It's a relief to have some secure

(*Continued on page* 98)

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report	
Haydn: *Sinfonia concertante* in B flat (Op. 84). Emanuel Hurwitz, violin; Keith Harvey, cello; Peter Graeme, oboe; Martin Gatt, bassoon; and The English Chamber Orchestra conducted by Daniel Barenboim. **Mozart:** *Sinfonia concertante* in E flat (K. 297b). Peter Graeme, oboe; Thea King, clarinet; Ifor James, horn; and Martin Gatt, bassoon; with Barenboim conducting. Angel stereo, S-36582, $5.98.	This pairing (to be found also in the version of Ormandy and The Philadelphia Orchestra on Columbia) is a practically insuperable way of having as well as hearing two closely interrelated works. The oddity is that, contrary to an offhand impression of seniority and precedence, the work of Mozart predates that of his older colleague. It was written in London in 1792, a year after Mozart's death. It is thus a collateral product of the impulse that produced the first six "London" symphonies, and coequal to	them in musical craft and artistic value. The "Andante," certainly, shares many traits of the best slow movements in those symphonies, and the recitative that precedes the finale is Haydnesque in the highest sense, as is the finale itself. On the whole, it draws a more gratifying response from Barenboim than the Mozart, whose values are more subtle and to that extent more difficult to adjust (Angel's predecessor on this label was the famous one of Karajan). Excellent recording in both instances.
Haydn: Sonatas Nos. 33, 50, and 62. Alexis Weissenberg, piano. RCA stereo, LSC 3111, $5.98.	Weissenberg's fingers make contact with the note patterns of these works as easily, surely, and swiftly as they did in prior issues of works by Rachmaninoff, Chopin, Debussy, et al. The aural effect, however, is rather too much a matter of "more of the same," with insufficient stylistic adjustment. There is no real justification for accusing him of underplaying the substance of the music, for	there is hardly so much substance to be dealt with (except in the E-flat, No. 62, which he plays very well). But in the D-major, No. 50, the only one that could be described as reasonably well known, the headlong rush of notes allows altogether too little time for breath, dynamic differentiations, or other defining values. Very good piano sound, and also very good reproduction of it.
Satie: *Sports et divertissements; Gymnopédies; Celle qui parle trop;* Nocturne No. 3; *Danse cuirassée ; Le Piège de Méduse; Premier menuet; Gnossiennes* Nos. 1, 2, and 3; *Véritables préludes flasques; Españaña;* and *Embryons desséchés.* William Masselos, piano. RCA stereo, LSC 3127, $5.98.	In a round of round discs in square packages, nothing is a greater rarity than one whose content cries out for preservation. That is the case with this happy pairing of creator and re-creator. Some might find some other recorded performance of *Gymnopédies* or *Gnossiennes* more to their specialized tastes, but, as a totality, the elegance, refinement, and polish of these performances are something of which Masselos can be proud and his public appreciative. For my part, I prefer the Satie of the wit and innovation of	"Sports and Divertissements." Masselos's response to both the wit and innovation is immediate and persuasive. Some may question the attribution of "innovation" to those pieces in this group dated 1914 that parallel Debussy's *Children's Corner* of half-a-dozen years before. But this is a trick of the calendar, for Satie was doing similar things years before. Let's hope that RCA keeps this "available" long enough for the news of its quality to be properly circulated.
Schoenberg: *Verklärte Nacht.* The New Vienna Quartet; with Siegfried Führlinger, second viola; and Fritz Hiller, second cello. Quartet No. 2. New Vienna Quartet; with Evelyn Lear, soprano. DGG stereo, 139 361, $5.98.	The sponsors of this series (see RECORDINGS REPORTS I, *SR*, Oct. 26, 1968, for comment on Schoenberg Quartet No. 1) may think they have, in these Viennese, a group that can re-create the spirit of the Schoenberg to whom those haunts were native. However, there have been better versions of *Verklärte Nacht* made in Hollywood and New York, among other places. For atmosphere, the New Vienna Quartet substitutes diligence, and for the	spirit of the music, scholarship. It all comes out placid and overlong, the choices of tempi being what they are. More of the same prevails in the Quartet, where it doesn't matter quite as much, the music being the product of a less ardent, impassioned impulse. On the whole, the best performance on the disc should be credited to Miss Lear, who delivers the Stefan George text with conviction and insight.
Stravinsky: *Le sacre du printemps;* Five Easy Pieces (1917); Three Easy Pieces (1915). Bracha Eden and Alexander Tamir, duo pianists. London stereo, CS 6626, $5.98.	That there should be not one but two recorded versions of this esoteric item (a descendant of the version Stravinsky prepared for rehearsal purposes while the orchestral score evolved) must seem like a fantasy to those who recall when there was not even one version of the great work available in its authentic form. Likewise, that there could be much difference in emphasis in this or that rendering of what is only by courtesy piano music. However, there is such a difference, and my preference remains firm	with the Thomas-Grierson version that Angel introduced some months ago. Eden and Tamir are, after all, a celebrated ensemble pursuing a public career, orientated to scoring points on behalf of their rightly admired virtuosity; Thomas and Grierson are merely two excellent musicians bent on pointing the virtues of a score in which they are involved as enthusiasts. Thus, I prefer the motivated drive and impact of Thomas-Grierson to the more carefully considered interpretation of Eden and Tamir.
Wolf: *Mignon* I, II, III, and "Kennst du das Land?" Christa Ludwig, mezzo; with Erik Werba, piano. *Harfenspieler* I, II, and III. Walter Berry, baritone; with Werba, piano. **Schumann:** *Liederkreis* (Op. 39). Ludwig and Berry; with Werba. DGG stereo, 139 386, $5.98.	Side 1 of this pairing is decidely appealing in its combination of content and performance, with Christa Ludwig in fine form for the *Mignon* songs (only "Kennst du das Land?" tends to overpower her, rather than vice-versa) and Walter Berry a suitably somber singer for the verses of the Minstrel from *Wilhelm Meister.* And the sequence of songs themselves is a formidable brief on behalf of Wolf's greatness as a songwriter. Side 2 poses somewhat different questions, not only in respect to the material and its performers, but in respect to the basic procedure itself. There is no precedent known to me for a division of the twelve songs between two performers—which, of itself, does not preclude the possibility of its being both a new	and good idea. The justification, artistically, would appear to repose in the textual circumstance that "Waldesgespräch" and "Die Stille" are clearly the expressions of a woman emotionally directed toward a man. But what of the other four sung by Ludwig? The female voice has no greater claim to them than the male. Indeed, if the division were on the basis of vocal suitability, "Frühlingsnacht" should certainly be formed by the higher, more agile voice. What emerges is, therefore, more in the nature of a kitchen compromise than an artistic conciliation. Werba does his work conscientiously, but with rather thick sound by comparison with Gerald Moore's collaboration with Fischer-Dieskau. —I.K.

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Trying to Cross the Country by Cassette

I guess it's every American boy's ambition to cross the country in his own car. By the time this ex-boy bought a car and tried it, a subsidiary ambition had been added to our four-wheeled culture: to float across the country in a bath of interference-free taped music—preferably in stereo.

I didn't quite make it across the country (to my surprise, I enjoyed myself so long in Ohio that I only had time to reach Wisconsin before heading back). And I didn't quite do it in full stereo style, either.

As to the stereo, my first problem was time, and my other two both concerned space: I hadn't the time before my spur-of-the-moment trip to install a regular stereo unit; so I selected one that could slip into an under-dashboard bracket (and slip out again when I left the car, to foil the light-fingered legions of the Midnight Auto Supply). I hadn't much space inside my Fiat 850 (a 58-horsepower, 150-inch Gran Turismo peanut), and so selected a player that would take compact cassettes, rather than the somewhat bulkier 8-track cartridges.

And, as it turned out, I hadn't space under the dash to hold the under-dashboard bracket, which leaves me with more experience of the portable capabilities of the cassette unit I tried than of its auto-radio utility.

As a portable, the Panasonic Royal-Aire I took with me was a gem. It both recorded and played back cassettes (handy for dictating notes on articles, this one included); it also picked up (and could record directly) both AM and FM radio.

Its performance was good. In my apartment, it could pick up as many FM stations on its own antenna as my Dynatuner can with rabbit ears. Tone was rich, clear, and pleasant, with surprisingly good bass for such a small machine, and the tone control varied the effect appreciably. The Royal-Aire's 1.5 watts of audio output, though little enough by hi-fi system standards, was adequate for any situation where I had the privacy to listen (portables should *not* be loud enough to drown out city traffic, or some fool portable-owners will override the traffic's din with a cacophony of their own).

The microphone is a unidirectional (cardioid) type, which makes for easier recording in noisy surroundings, since it is relatively insensitive to sounds from any directions save the one it is pointed in. The plug on the microphone does not match that used by most other Japanese recorder makers, limiting the potential choice of accessories, but it appeared to be a sturdier-than-standard type of plug.

About the only problem that I had with it was that it was too easy to turn the sound down and forget it without turning the unit off entirely; consequently, I ran through several sets of batteries by leaving the set on all night. Suggestion: Portables should have volume controls that don't *quite* turn the sound off. A trickle of sound would be a good reminder that the batteries are draining.

As an automobile accessory, of course, the Royal-Aire uses the car's own battery, once it is plugged into the bracket. In fact, all sorts of interesting changes happen then: Audio output power rises from 1.5 to 2 watts, to help counter the high noise level of a car interior at highway speeds. A light illuminates the tuning dial (it doesn't work in portable operation because the dial light would probably draw more current from the batteries than the transistors do).

The bracket also connects the Royal-Aire to the car's antenna, and to speakers, if any, built into the car. (If there are none, a switch permits use of the Royal-Aire's own 6-inch oval speaker.)

Most of the controls are well thought out for automobile operation. All of them are on the front panel, and the record level indicator is a flashing light that a driver could monitor out of the corner of his eye. For radio operation, the bracket holds the unit snugly

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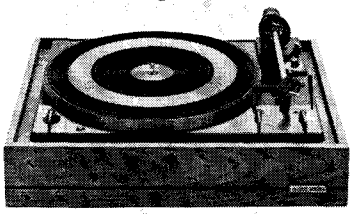

This comment by Hirsch-Houck Labs sums up their test report on the Dual 1219 automatic turntable, printed in Stereo Review, December, 1969.

We had anticipated that the 1219 would get a warm reception from the testing labs. After all, it retains all the features that made its predecessor "widely regarded as one of the finest record players available." (As Hirsch-Houck also said.)

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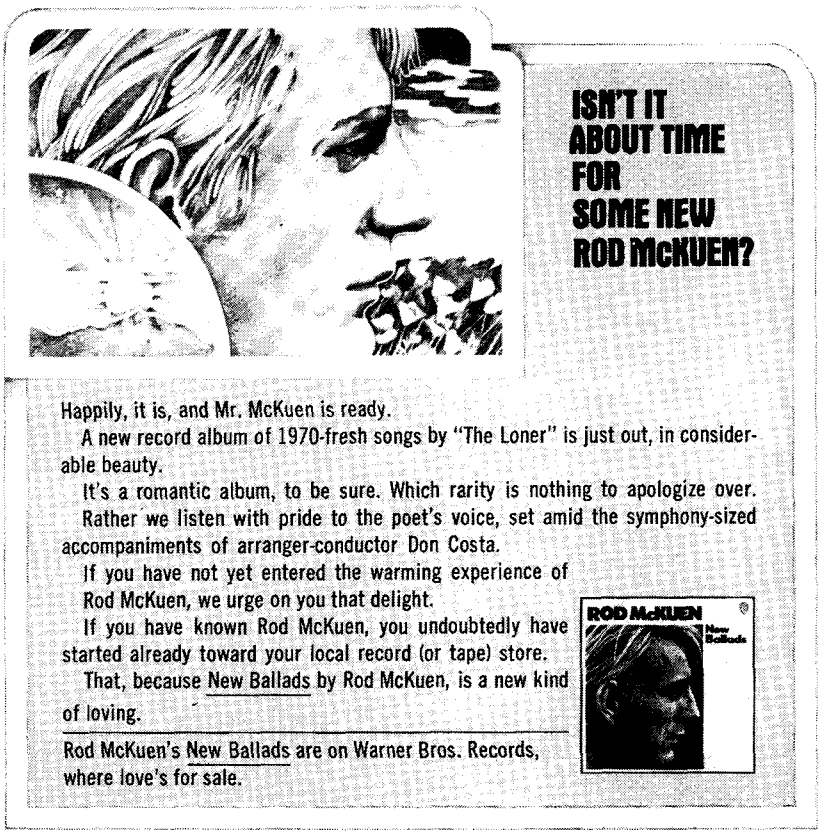
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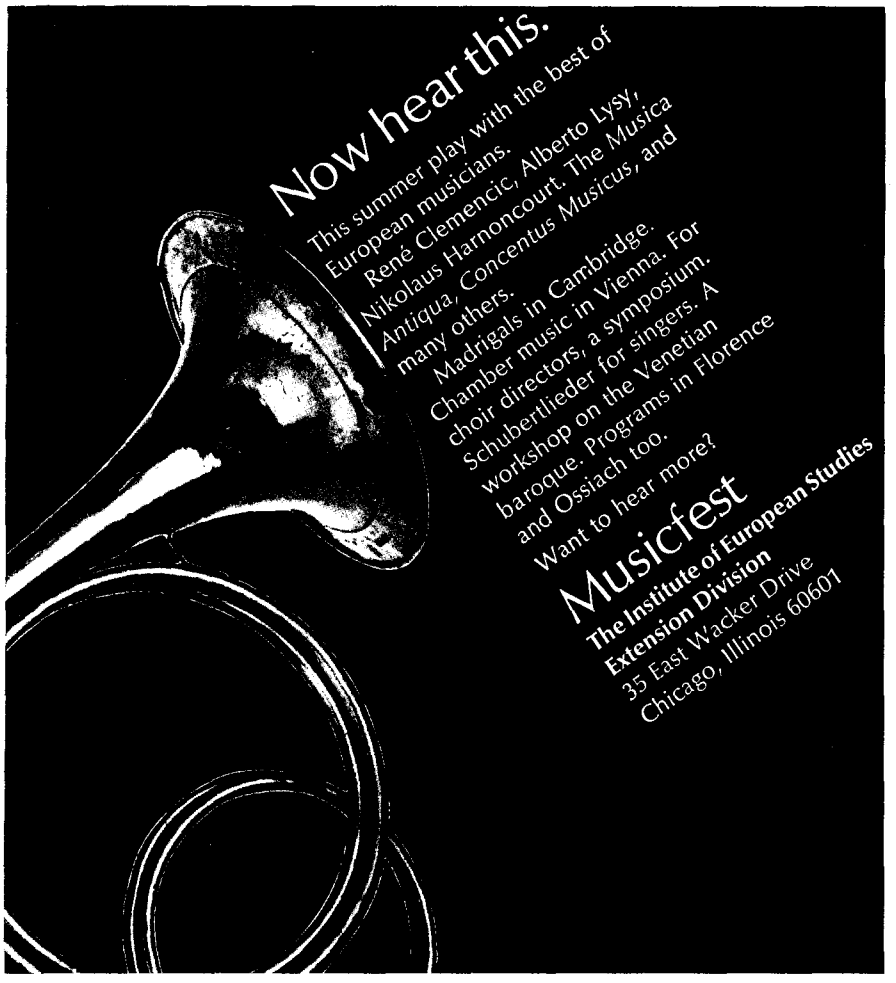
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under the dash; to load and operate the cassette section, the bracket swings out a few inches. (An electrical lock holds the unit in the bracket whenever the ignition is off, to foil thieves; the bracket itself, however, could probably be ripped out of most installations by a determined looter.)

Without the bracket, of course, I wasn't able to estimate the Royal-Aire's performance in the car to any fair extent. The unit seemed to flutter slightly on FM as I sped down the pike, which might have been prevented had I had access to the stronger signal the car's antenna was capable of picking up. And on AM, I had lots of interference, but since I get nearly as much on the car's own radio, I suspect the car may lack some of the normally required interference-suppression equipment.

I could see several minor areas where Panasonic had slipped up, as far as automobile operation went. Although they picked the best possible record level indicator for an automobile unit, why didn't they put in an automatic record level control? Why was the tuning knob farthest from the driver? And why not distinguish the controls from one another by shape? (Although in fairness to Panasonic, that basic idea in human engineering still hasn't penetrated to most automobile makers, either.)

Such improvements would not have appreciably increased the Travel-Aire's cost ($125; bracket about $25; 117V AC adapter $12). But if Panasonic had been interested in making a more expensive product, they could have made it a far better automotive unit. Automatic signal-seeking tuning, for instance, was developed largely for car radios; Panasonic puts it on some other portables. If the Travel-Aire had it, the driver could tune in new stations simply by tapping a button on the radio's front panel. And a connection could be provided in the bracket for an accessory tuning button or pedal, to be placed wherever the driver could reach it most conveniently.

Stereo would be another improvement that might well be worth its cost. Stereo portables, of course, get bulky, but there's no reason why a *slightly* larger Travel-Aire could not be made to play as a monophonic portable, yet be a stereo tape and FM player in the car.

These quibbles aside, the Panasonic Travel-Aire is a good, portable FM/AM cassette recorder that can be an adequate performer in a car. It is perhaps an even more attractive buy for people who own several cars not used simultaneously. Plus they could have duplicate brackets in their boat, airplane, snowmobile . . . .

—IVAN BERGER.

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Strauss to Schuh: Letters from the Last Years

A musically gifted Swiss high school boy traveled to Vienna from Berne in October 1919 to be at the dress rehearsal and world premiere of *Die Frau ohne Schatten*. In this way, Willi Schuh was introduced by his teacher of composition, Eugen Papst, to the friendly composer.

But it was not until seventeen years later in Munich, when failure of the stage equipment forced an extended delay in a Strauss-led production of the same opera, that Dr. Schuh, music critic of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, had the opportunity for a longer and equally pleasant meeting. Having read a series of Schuh's reviews of his works, Strauss was prepared to give the critic his wholehearted attention.

Beginning with these talks, a deep friendship grew between the two during the following years, despite all the storms of time and several hectic discussions about the worth of what Strauss judged negatively as *zeitgenössische Musik* ("contemporary music"). The discussions continued in an unbroken stream until the composer's death on September 8, 1949; and these years of cordial friendship and argument are now open for examination by the recent publication of the correspondence between the two men (published by Atlantis-Verlag, Zurich and Freiburg im Breisgau).

Strauss, writing from Vienna in December 1941, confirmed to his correspondent that he "might now undertake my authentic biography. You have been familiar with my life's work for a long time, and your being at one with the poet [Hugo von] Hofmannsthal, your experience, your discretion, and your tactfulness are assurance that from your work, the material for which my son and I will place at your disposal at any time, will arise a life's description which will be handed down to posterity as a true picture of Strauss the artist and the man."

Schuh, now retired, is completing the biography that he hopes will be published in a year or two. From nearly 200 letters that Strauss wrote to him between 1936 and July 1949, Schuh has selected those with the greatest general interest. Most of Schuh's replies are reprinted only in extract form, but this thoroughly stimulating, human, and significant dialogue is comprehensible and informative to the reader.

The intelligently annotated material extends through the gloomy but sel-

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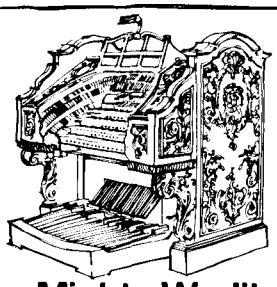
dom completely hopeless periods of the composer's last years. His position between 1933 and the end of World War II has been misunderstood and attacked; after the collapse of the Third Reich, when in material need, he received the advice and help of Swiss friends and was able to take refuge with his wife in "dear Switzerland."

From his home in Garmisch, on May 10, 1945, Strauss wrote: "Our poor, dishonored, destroyed Germany has now been free from twelve years of slavery for eight days, yet two months after the sacred house of Goethe and my dearly treasured opera houses of Dresden and Vienna had to fall in rubble and ashes." He continued: "In any case, the Americans behave with extreme kindness and generosity. I can scarcely save myself from the autograph requests — I have had to give the *Rosenkavalier* waltzes frequently, and once my main theme from *Don Juan*. An honest and knowledgeable choral director from Minneapolis even brought me a 1944 program listing performances of *Till Eulenspiegel* and some of my Lieder! Funny, isn't it? Now, perhaps, my children will live to see a better future. My life is at an end: thirty beautiful new opera houses —I will never see. . . ."



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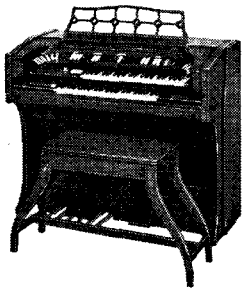

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Two years earlier, Strauss had already been extremely pessimistic: "With *Capriccio* my life's work is ended, and the notes, which I have smeared together only for my estate as a 'wrist exercise' (as Hermann Bahr used to call his daily dictation), have no significance for musical history at all."

Nevertheless, in the time left to Strauss, and especially during the years in Switzerland, works appeared, none of which could by any means be called insignificant.

For a long time, the Swiss revenue office, which controlled his royalties, put the composer's patience to a severe test. "The mills of the Swiss bureaucracy grind even slower than those of our dear God," he complained, "who, quite aside from Napoleon, Hitler, Attila, and Frederick the Great, still sends rays of sunlight to an earth besmirched by generals and politicians."

A few months later, at the end of 1947, referring to the Berlin "concert affair" of March 1933, Strauss felt the need to write to Schuh: "A Mrs. Brandenburg, daughter of the Jewish concert manager Luise Wolff, lives in Zurich. I met her last year at a Tonhalle concert and she told me without my asking that the story took place exactly as I described it to you. State Secretary [Walter] Funk was never mentioned, but Mrs. Brandenburg came to me in the Hotel Adlon one morning, and I strongly advised her that I would not take over [Bruno] Walter's concert. In the evening she came again, accompanied by a few musician friends and also Dr. Julius Kopsch. They said that no last-minute replacement could be found and that the last subscription concert would have to be cancelled. They begged me to help the orchestra out of this predicament. I gave in only out of love for the orchestra with which I had been closely associated since 1891. I turned Walter's fee of 1,500 marks over to the orchestra."

Revealing, so far as his work was concerned, is the precise description Strauss gave to his friend and biographer of the private dress rehearsal of *Die Liebe der Danae* that took place on August 16, 1944, before the closing of the Salzburg Festival Theater. But significant clues are also to be found concerning other works. For example, Strauss writes of the characters in *Der Rosenkavalier*: "Baron Ochs, a sturdy bass with a somewhat rustic manner, must right from the beginning take second place to the young, elegant town aristocrat so far as Sophie is concerned. The character is drawn strongly enough by the poet, so that the person who sings the role should rather make the character milder and more attractive instead of underlining his roughness and unpleasantness. The motto for the Marschallin lies in the words, 'I want to make it easy for you and me; one must take it lightly, with light heart and light hands'—what the conductor should always remember, too—'hold and take, hold and relinquish . . .' and she says this only in a fleeting mood of sadness, without suspecting that her parting from Octavian is so near at hand. She is only upset because of her hairdresser! Thus light, flowing tempi, so that the singers are not forced to race through the text; in short: natural dialogue without sentimental Viennese rigmarole — Mozart, not Lehár. In other words: aristocratic, not plebeian execution! No fishwife-sentiment! 'And in the "how"—there lies the whole difference.' "

Twice, Dr. Schuh learned of Strauss's uneasiness about his attitude toward the so-called "new music," and twice the objective music critic of Switzerland's leading daily sought to clarify for Strauss his professional responsibility with regard to the "other gentleman of the twelve-tone row" next to whom Strauss was a weathered composer. He wrote: ". . . the music historian knows that in each age the same thing happens—what is new is not understood but is rejected as non-music and nonsense. It happened around 1600 when the new monodic forms appeared and had nothing in common with polyphonic formations; it happened after Bach, it happened after Mozart, after Beethoven, after Wagner, and it is happening again. It is the natural, unassailable right of the creative man to see his own work as special. That this in your case must be especially true has always been clear to me. Your work brings to an end the great epoch of European and, above all, German music. The music historian of today sees himself in a completely different position from thirty years ago: for our musical life embraces for all practical purposes at least four hundred years and varied styles. In place of the 'partisan' who was a Schumannite, Lisztian, or Straussian, a new type of musical observer has stepped into the picture. He has it certainly not easier but more difficult, and has completely different demands made of him. In answering these demands, however, he should not be a 'night of commerce'."

Strauss was easily "reconciled" again. In the years of his Swiss exile, frequently weakened by illness, often sparked by work, lectures, and performances of his music, the composer had Willi Schuh, always the helpful, understanding, and best possible friend. The existing literature on Richard Strauss has been enriched by this valuable and touchingly human collection of letters. —ROBERT BREUER.

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Letters to the Recordings Editor

Lansford and Shenandoah

RICHARD GEHMAN's account "The Brothers Dorsey" [*SR*, Jan. 17] and the story of their early life in the coal mining region of northeastern Pennsylvania brought back memories of my own early days in Lansford, Pennsylvania. I am puzzled because, when I was in high school in the early Twenties in this small mining town, several blocks up the hill on Abbot Street lived Thomas Dorsey, Sr., his wife, and his two sons Tommy and Jimmy, as well as a younger sister. I didn't know them well personally, but I remember the father leading the town band in Lansford, not Shenandoah, and Tommy and Jimmy playing for some after-school dances in the school gym for 10 cents' admission in Lansford, not Shenandoah. I remember, too, that in their late teens they left Lansford to start their career on the road with the Scranton Sirens. But they left Lansford, not Shenandoah. They returned occasionally to the family home on Abbot Street.

In several other accounts I've noticed, this discrepancy about Lansford, where the family lived most of their lives, is not mentioned. Why?

JOHN CHARLES EDWARDS,
Baltimore, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Lansford is suburban to Shenandoah, where the Dorsey Boys were, by record, born.

"The Wren" in Person

IN JULY 1937 I took a picture of Josephine Tuminia beside a window display in San Francisco's then leading music and record store, Sherman & Clay, in connection with a promotion campaign which launched her unique 12-inch red label Decca disc of "The Blue Danube Waltz," which, in those days, was the "plug" side, because, presumably, far fewer potential customers had ever heard of "The Wren" on the flip side. I agree with your Mr. Gehman that "The Wren" is the better side.

There are two reasons why I happened to have been involved in this: 1) Miss Tuminia was a friend of mine, and 2) in those thirty-three-year-old days I was promoting 78s as a moonlighting supplement to my regular, low-paying job as an eager, young radio writer-producer.

A year or so earlier, before getting semi-permanently involved with Bing Crosby and the Kraft Music Hall, which led to the doings with Dorsey for Decca, Miss Tuminia had made her operatic debut as Gilda in Verdi's *Rigoletto*. The mighty chandelier of the War Memorial Opera House shook with the bravos that acclaimed the daughter of the local North Beach barber following her sparkling rendition of "Caro nome che il mio cor." San Franciscans loved their girl, taking the same sort of proprietary pride in her they took in such civic institutions as Joe DiMaggio, the Palace of Fine Arts, and the Golden Gate Bridge.

Anyhow, what this is all leading up to—if you folks at *SR* need any moral support in any campaign you may be thinking of launching to get Decca to reissue "The Wren," consider me in!

PAT KELLY,
Director of Public Affairs,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Where's George?

I WAS READING through Burt Korall's review "Everybody's Talkin' About Nilsson" [*SR*, Jan. 17] in the same fashion as I listen to a newly purchased record album—with interest and enthusiasm. Everything was going smoothly until I came to the part which dealt with the influence on Nilsson of the Beatles or should I say the "awesome threesome"—John, Paul, and Ringo. The record came to a screeching halt. Paul is not dead. George is. In fact, according to Burt Korall, George never was. Pure hype.

DON SAMPSON,
Salem, Ore.

Subsidy, plus Distribution

APROPOS the discussion of the new Ford Foundation contemporary music recording grant in Robert Jacobson's "New Means for New Music—II" [*SR*, Jan. 31], I should like to make the following observations.

From the time of the very first commercial recording of the Louisville Orchestra for Mercury Records in 1950, through my association with Composers Recordings, Inc. (CRI), which lasted for almost ten years through mid-1967, I have been involved in one way or another with subsidized recording activity, mostly in the contemporary music field.

While I feel that the Ford Foundation—along with many others including the Koussevitzky Music Foundation, Rockefeller Foundation, and Martha Baird Rockefeller Fund—is deserving of high praise for its action, I should like to venture the suggestion that such subventions are needed not just for the initial recordings per se, but more especially for what amounts to a program of guaranteed distribution of the finished discs to organizations and individuals who will make the most effective possible use of them, in terms of easy and permanent accessibility for study and research. I have FM radio stations, libraries, and music educational institutions particularly in mind in this connection.

Funds should be available for purchase and gratis distribution to these institutions, as well as to critics and acknowledged specialists in the field, of all such foundation-subsidized recordings. For the facts of life in the contemporary music recording field—with few exceptions—are that specialized record labels, such as Louisville First Edition, CRI, and Dr. Karl Krueger's Society for the Preservation of the American Musical Heritage (which is doing a yeoman job for forgotten American music of the past), lack the operating capital for widespread advertising and distribution of their product. "It's in Schwann, but I can't find it at my local record dealer." Is the burden of written complaint reaching these companies? On the other hand, the major record labels who have done honorable work in this same area, backed by foundation subsidy—such as Columbia, Mercury, Nonesuch, and to a lesser extent RCA—have allowed a large percentage of such contemporary music recordings to go out of print, since they are in business to sell product, not to subsidize commercially unprofitable records over an indefinite time period by keeping them in permanent inventory.

There is, in reality, a two-fold problem to be dealt with: 1) subsidizing a sufficient initial free distribution of new contemporary music recordings so that they not only get into the right hands, but also—in the instance of the small specialized labels—further cut down the cost burden to the issuing company; 2) guaranteeing permanent catalog availability of the recordings in question.

Forgive this lengthy dissertation. I trust, however, that it will serve both to provide a somewhat broader view of the contemporary music recording subsidy picture and to call attention to the need for subsidy of distribution as well as initial costs.

DAVID HALL,
Wilton, Conn.

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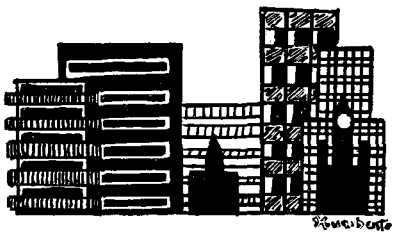
Simon & Garfunkel

Continued from page 91

musicians in pop, individuals who neither feel compelled to compete with the Beatles, bulldoze The Stones, nor twist the listener's head into submission. From the start, they've had one good thing going for them, and they haven't thrown out the baby voices with the bath water. The result is a sense of distance and perspective only a matured team could produce.

"Bye Bye Love," the great Everly Brothers hit of the Fifties, is recorded live, with the cheers, stomping, and clapping along of a buoyant and feverish concert audience as part of the music. The energy the live audience interjects gives all that precedes "Bye Bye Love" a feeling of joy, tying up the loose ends of the sad wandering moments of the album. It was Simon and Garfunkel who spanned the musical bridge between the Everlys and the Byrds, opening the door to the folk rock that spawned contemporary rock at its most righteous. Here they've brought it back together again, right next to their most current creations, intact, whole, forever new, and young. It's a delight, but there's little surprise that it works perfectly.



A lonely, bewildered, and sad coda, "A Song for the Asking," closes *Bridge Over Troubled Water* with thoughtfulness and a very intimate pang. Paul Simon always seems to counterpoint his music with wistfulness, a curious persistence on the part of so successful and prolific a writer.

When Simon and Garfunkel first emerged on the scene, there was all this talk of the pop-writer as poet and pop lyrics as poetry. Be that as it may (and to my mind it may not be), Simon and Garfunkel have taken the poetry and given it back to the lyrics. They have created songs, not opera, the text of which is lyric, not poem. They're printed on the back of the album jacket for any pedant who wants to read, analyze, compare, or expostulate. But, no matter. In twenty years, singers will be singing them. It's the singers and the songs that will survive and prevail.

A Tract for Operatic Times

Continued from page 85

mezzo Romeo—*when singing Bellini's intensely expressive music exactly as he composed it*—will be rejected by audiences who accept Cherubino and Octavian.)

If the important operatic creations of the past are to be kept alive by performance, they can be saved from falsification only on Professor Dean's terms. They must, that is, be staged by dedicated people "according to the style of their period." The outcome of that sort of production can be revitalization, as, for example, is demonstrated excellently everywhere but in the pit by the Metropolitan's recent Franco Zeffirelli staging of *Cavalleria Rusticana.* The sheer rightness of Professor Dean's book would indeed be difficult to overpraise. For example: "It is a mistake, in opera or any other art, to write down virtuosity as a defect. This idea is a legacy of Puritanism. The trouble comes with the misuse of virtuosity to express nothing but itself, to create a spiritual vacuum; and this is a sin against art, not against morals." Or, again: "Nothing is easier than to form a false judgment from a cursory reading of the score or from a performance that obscures the composer's aim, whether by insensitive cutting, distorting the texture, or playing ducks and drakes with the plot." Or: "The more restricted a convention within which an artist works, the greater the scope for achieving the maximum effects with the minimum means, always provided he has the stature to command his materials."

At the end of such a performance as the writing of *Handel and the Opera Seria,* one wants to shout *"Bravo!"* and perhaps even to take a hint from certain opera standees and wear a lapel button reading *"Viva Dean!"* He has written a very rich and rewarding book, then, even though not quite the book hoped for. It should become required basic reading for all incipient operatic directors, not to say certain now famous ones who impose twentieth-century personalities upon works of art that not only do not require such treatment but also are gravely damaged by it.

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Saturday Review

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1 j, *Native Son.* 2g, *Autobiography.* 3h, *Up from Slavery.* 4a, *Go Tell It on the Mountain.* 5i, *This Is My Country, Too.* 6b, *Manchild in the Promised Land.* 7c, *Soul on Ice.* 8e, *Wretched of the Earth.* 9d, *Souls of Black Folk.* 10 f, *System of Dante's Hell.*

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World of Dance

Continued from page 62

Acts I and III of *Swan Lake* and that his brilliant assistant, Lev Ivanov, did Acts II and IV) demands technical virtuosity and bravura performing style. Dame Margot dances it with bright incisiveness—even her falsely gentle measures, where Odile imitates the forsaken Odette, are edged—and in a manner found only in a true *prima ballerina assoluta.* An unfamiliar stage and some blinding lighting caused her only passing trouble during the sequence of thirty-two *fouettés*—later she said, "I know there was a slip and a miss, but that will be corrected at the next performance"—but the audience, and dancers, and stage crew who cheered her to the rafters knew that they were in the presence of one of the great dancers of the century.

Cragun, too, was cheered, and rightly, for not only did he partner Dame Margot with the same worshipful attitude, plus an ardor that the second role

demanded, but he displayed his soaring *grands jetés,* his multiple *pirouettes,* and his fabulous triple *tours en l'air* to storms of applause. A virtuoso? No doubt about it. An artist? Yes!

The Boston Ballet itself did honor to Dame Margot and Cragun in their neat and stylish dancing in *Les Sylphides* and won their separate honors in the macabre, modern dance oriented *Suspicion* (choreographed by Saeko Ichinhoe) and in George Balanchine's rousing *Stars and Stripes* (it's more gutsy than the New York City Ballet's original). There were other ballets given during the short season, among them a new staging of *Peter and the Wolf* (choreographed by Samuel Kurkijian), with Joan Kennedy, wife of the Senator, as narrator. The Boston Ballet, as in the past, was fortunate in having one of the top-notch ballet conductors of our day, Hugo Fiorato, associate conductor of the New York City Ballet, in charge of all musical matters.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 59: wean, wane, Anew.

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(Continued on page 100)

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(Continued from page 99)

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(Continued on page 102)

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EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

(Continued from page 101)

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(Continued on page 104)

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SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

(Continued from page 103)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1873

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By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Record of sorts (comp. and word)	8 20 44 54 72 76 81 92 96 116 127
B. Extremely strict judge	141 145 168 32 34 38 45 53 80 98 16 22
C. Potentially explosive situation (2 wds.)	36 111 114 123 148 159 178 195
D. Court officer	198 13 18 27 113 174 183
E. Bright and industrious; on the go (comp.)	83 43 52 66 107 137 170 186 203 6 9
F. The Fate who spun the web of life	202 206 2 17 33 49
G. Scolding, vicious old woman	64 69 87 90 117 122 146 171
H. Ravaged; emaciated	12 23 51 91 106 134
I. She defied her uncle, King Creon	191 1 99 125 158 185 31 26
J. Eager beaver; powerhouse (2 wds.)	95 135 176 181 63 154 164 189
K. "With prudes for proctors, ——— for deans." (Tennyson, "The Princess")	143 5 129 194 25 41 50 70
L. Globe, Drury Lane, and Ford's, for instance	102 130 140 196 204 58 74 169
M. Chief city of N Israel	188 199 207 88 103
N. Family of Parisian and Genevan printers of the 16th and 17th cent.	119 136 144 179 28 192 46 86
O. Reify, hypostatize	131 24 105 175 94 121
P. Straight man	182 193 21 109 126 142
Q. Cape on the SW coast of Spain	150 197 39 108 115 124 7 57 104
R. Town well known for the *fact that people dance on* its bridge	201 73 209 78 82 138 118
S. Major-league, heavyweight, high-class (comp.)	56 67 71 153 157 84 163
T. Beat, whip; excoriate	172 60 208 85 30 29 161
U. Perplexing state of affairs; confused heap	11 155 59 200 10 97 4 133 89
V. Arrange in classes or castes	14 112 110 62 3 100 48 205
W. Goodness gracious! June is famous for them (2 wds.)	151 47 55 139 65 19 180 77 35 79 173 101
X. Paddy Chayevsky, Ernest Borgnine, and Delbert Mann won awards for this 1955 film	120 42 61 128 149
Y. Marshall Is. atoll about 200 mi. west of Bikini	165 75 166 68 93 210 15 40
Z. *Gr. myth.:* wise king of Pylos, father of Antilochus	132 152 211 147 37 184
Z¹ "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, / I dearly like ———." (2 wds., Burns, "Of a' the Airts")	160 162 156 167 177 190 187

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

		1 I	2 F	3 V		4 U	5 K	6 E	7 Q		8 A	9 E	10 U		11 U		12 H
13 D	14 V		15 Y	16 B	17 F		18 D	19 W		20 A	21 P	22 B		23 H	24 O	25 K	26 I
27 D	28 N	29 T		30 T	31 I	32 B		33 F	34 B	35 W		36 C	37 Z		38 B	39 Q	40 Y
41 K		42 X		43 E	44 A	45 B	46 N	47 W		48 V	49 F	50 K		51 H	52 E	53 B	54 A
55 W		56 S	57 Q	58 L	59 U	60 T	61 X	62 V		63 J	64 G	65 W	66 E		67 S		68 Y
69 G	70 K		71 S	72 A	73 R	74 L	75 Y		76 A	77 W		78 R	79 W	80 B	81 A		82 R
83 E	84 S	85 T	86 N	87 G		88 M	89 U	90 G		91 H	92 A	93 Y		94 O	95 J	96 A	97 U
98 B	99 I		100 V		101 W	102 L	103 M	104 Q	105 O	106 H	107 E		108 Q	109 P	110 V		111 C
112 V		113 D	114 C	115 Q	116 A	117 G	118 R	119 N		120 X	121 O		122 G	123 C	124 Q	125 I	126 P
127 A	128 X		129 K	130 L	131 O	132 Z		133 U		134 H	135 J	136 N	137 E	138 R	139 W	140 L	141 B
142 P	143 K		144 N	145 B	146 G	147 Z		148 C	149 X		150 Q	151 W	152 Z		153 S	154 J	155 U
156 Z¹		157 S		158 I	159 C	160 Z¹		161 T	162 Z¹	163 S	164 J	165 Y		166 Y		167 Z¹	168 B
169 L		170 E	171 Q	172 T	173 W		174 D	175 O	176 J	177 Z¹		178 C	179 N	180 W	181 J	182 P	
183 D	184 Z	185 I	186 E		187 Z¹	188 M	189 J		190 Z¹	191 I	192 N	193 P	194 K		195 C	196 L	197 Q
198 D	199 M	200 U	201 R		202 F	203 E	204 L	205 V		206 F	207 M	208 T	209 R	210 Y	211 Z		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 15 of this issue.

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